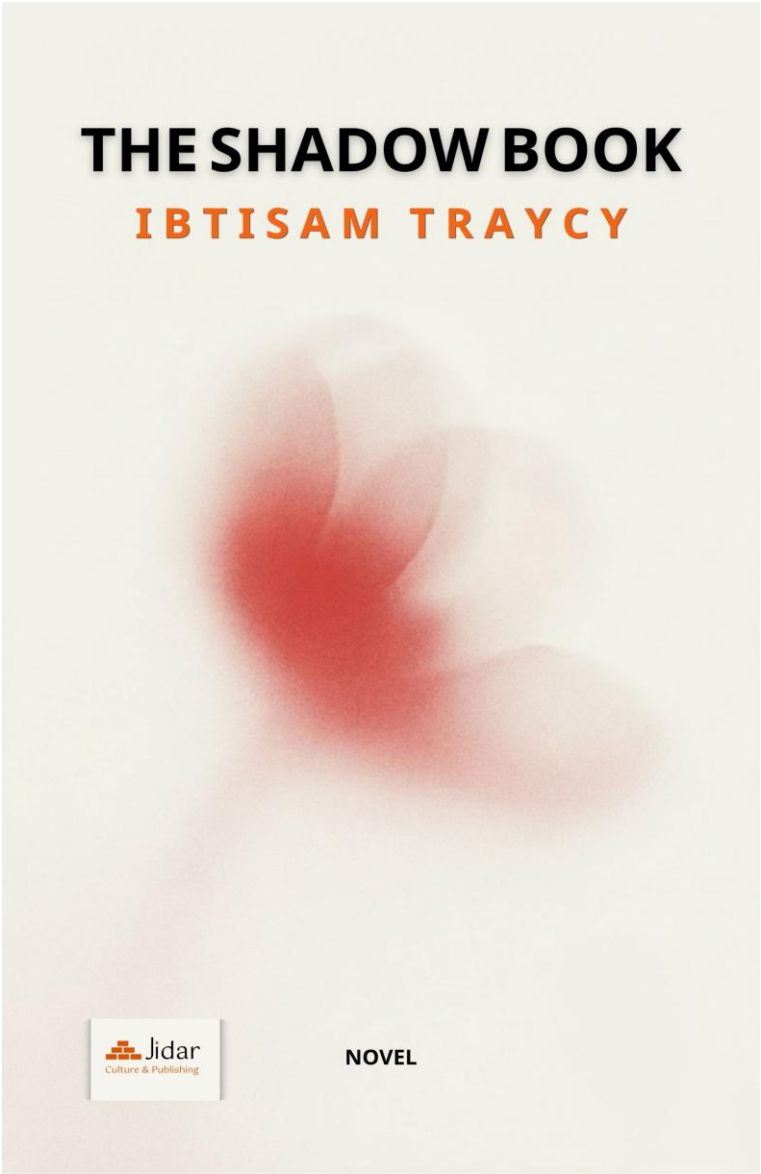

The Shadow Book

The Shadow Book

NOVEL

Ibtisam Traycy

The Shadow Book

Novel

Author: **Ibtisam Traycy**

Translated from Arabic to English
by Yahya Alaridi

Original title: *Kitāb al-Ẓill* (كتاب الظل)
Arabic publisher: General Egyptian Book Organization
Year of publication: 2020

Publisher: Jidar for Culture & Publishing
Interior and Cover Design: Jidar for Sustainable Solutions
First Edition 2026
ISBN: 978-1-291-62484-7

Copyright © 2026 Jidar. All rights reserved.
No part of this book may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or any information storage and retrieval system, without prior written permission from the author or publisher.

.

What is the value of beauty if you write about it, and you do not live it?!

Dedication

To the two of us, when we were

Introduction

It is not easy to write about a work of art in which you are the central figure. But it was certainly a unique and different experience, which made me look at myself in a new way that moved the essence of perfume in my soul, sprouted its flowers, and lit up that dark corner, so the music started in my arteries again.

When I met the writer on the sidelines of an art concert, I found myself quickly and briefly telling her the story of my life!

I don't know exactly what made me do so. All I know is that in a few minutes of the break, I told my whole story. Months later, she asked my permission to write the story, and to act on some of its events. I also found myself agreeing unconditionally.

It is nice to tell your secrets to a novelist; and it may be bad for some, because you will be a creamy material for an active imagination that works to capture your feelings and dreams and turn them into a story. I am now part of the tale of perfume, the possible title of the novel that I suggested to the writer, and the publishing house did not approve of it!

When I first read the manuscript, I was amazed by the details I experienced, and I had not told the writer about them! What struck me most was my firm belief that the details that were not actually narrated must have actually happened!

It is not a problem that she sprouted wings for me, and made me see the world through me; the problem is that she clipped my wings, and left me to hit the ground without a bang!

As I read, I had a feeling that she was Teyla. I am sure that we lived reality together before a novel brought us together.

And I admit that the novel made me wish I was Teyla's father and not her lover!

Juan Alado

Isolation

Three years have passed since our relationship, during which I have not been able to be convinced of the real reason for what is happening to me. It's the fourth anniversary of Cupid, and the fourth anniversary of pain! It is the custom of Juan to stay with me in the hospital, bring me a red rose and a red fur bear, and celebrate with me late at night the kiss of life.

The pain that engulfs my body as a hurricane on this day of the year has not been associated with the psychological and physical fluctuations that accompany adolescence and youth, but has haunted me since my childhood. My parents used to take me to the hospital on this day. They would subject me to intensive care, starting with injections that relax the muscles, relieve spasms that cut my guts, tighten my breath, and end with an oxygen session. I close my eyes to fresh air flowing into my lungs, and then I fall into a deep sleep. On the second day, pain leaves me as if it were a nightmare!

In the last year of our relationship, the disease worsened, the doctors who took turns treating me were perplexed, and they did not know a clear organic cause for my pain. Whenever one of them failed to treat me, he made my mental state bear the brunt of the pain!

Last Cautery Treatment. I turned to my friend Mira, the psychiatrist, but she also stood helpless after months of treatment in the face of my deteriorating condition.

I used to leave home heading to her clinic; then I would forget and go to the cemetery! I'm sure my baby was buried there. After hours of searching, I come home in desperation, collapsing and taking

painkillers! There is no grave in his name, there is no evidence that I gave birth to a child that Juan buried here!

For a whole year my search in the city cemeteries did not stop, I sometimes saw my child in a painful scene rising from the grave, and running away from me with his tombstone. I saw him grow up away from me, how beautiful it was when he called me: "Mama!" I bought him clothes of different sizes; every time he visits me, his size, shape, and even the color of his hair and eyes change!

Eventually, I was convinced by what Juan said, I'm hallucinating, I'm mixing reality with fantasy, and I need a mental institution!

“Stop the fallacies,” Mira yelled at me, shaking me so hard, “you have to believe it's the reason to help me heal you.” I burst into tears, it was the first time Mira's voice had risen since my healing journey began. She let go of my arm, sat next to me trying to calm me down, and calmed herself: “Teyla, please stop, I'm sorry. It seems that you need someone else who has your condition, understands it, and finds a cure for it. I'm really sorry. ”

Her regret was real, she stopped giving me medicines, stopped treatment sessions, and started accompanying me on my walks to the cemetery. She said laughing bitterly: It looks like I'm going to be just like you, Teyla. I should be convinced that Juan is right. You need to take a break from this violent world. The earth is a really miserable place that is not fit for living.

What happened the day after our last walk thwarted Mira's plan to send me to a sanitorium, and restored to her the suspicion that what was happening to me was planned by Juan, and he carried it out coldly and maliciously. The bad thing for Mira is that I wasn't convinced by what she said even though she had the evidence. My love for Juan was above all doubts, convictions and evidence.

Mira expressed her anger at my position by regretting that she had introduced me to Juan. It was late summer, when she invited me to a

concert by a Mexican-Hispanic guitarist on the shore of Lake Le Bassa de Le Ole.

The road along the coast to the south of Barcelona was more than one hundred and fifty kilometers, after we reached Rios, we still had about fifty kilometers ahead of us. In the last twenty years, the road has become void of cars. Wild flowers were all over. We crossed the bridges built over the irrigation canals, and the smell of the sea dominated the place. In the harbor we boarded Robin Cabrera's boat and drove to the wooden bridges over the shallow waters.

In Vanger Bay the boat stopped, and we climbed up one of the bridges. We had lunch there, wonderful dishes of oysters, mussels, and lemons. Mira drank a full bottle of alcohol; her ability to stay balanced amazed me, and Mira explained that whoever visits this place is not affected by wine; nature is able to awaken the senses with the warmth of its sun, and the splendor of its views.

We continued on our way to a village topped by Al-Dawi Castle and stopped at the rocks overlooking the water. Most of the villagers are artists living for art, a creative community that has existed here since the 1960s. “It's really bohemian, one needs such a place to get away from the atmosphere that burns one's nerves in Barcelona,” Mira commented.

We enjoyed watching art galleries in the alleys; the roads; and the streets. Artifacts were everywhere. We wandered in the narrow streets, and Mira said, "Perhaps you know that Salvador Dali wanted to buy the castle to live in it, but its owner refused to sell it to him; because he was close to General Franco." I did not know; I was immersed in what was around me with all my senses.

When we reached the shore of the lake, where the party would be held, we were surprised by the large numbers of attendees. I do not know if they came to the place by chance or to the party per say. There was no building, just a wood half a meter above the ground,

with a chair, speakers, a microphone, and a bottle of water. In the middle there was a large pottery jar, and next to it on the other end is a box with a height of no more than a meter! The crowd was spread far away on the beach, and some of them prepared reclining from rugs and pillows, or sat on the sand, or over backpacks. The attendees were divided into gatherings, most of which included two or four people, each of whom was immersed in their own world. No one paid attention when Juan got on the stage, and sat on the chair holding his guitar. His handsomeness was striking, but what caught my attention was the incense stick on the strings of the guitar, which was lit by Juan, so the smoke rose, and the smell spread. He inhaled it deeply with his eyes closed. At that moment, "Rika" climbed the stage. She got sharp captivating beauty, and a smile carrying a mystery that tempts the hardest hearts. In her cheeks dipped two gorgeous dimples. She bent her head slightly. Her long black hair-which was tied to an arbanne knot the color of her dress- poured onto her chest, covering her breasts. She was wearing a tight brown dress with long, narrow sleeves that end with a long ruffle that reveals part of her forearms when she lifts them high to appear like wings. The dress ends with a white skirt with two layers of wide ruffles. She sat on the box after she wrapped her skirt around her legs, showing the front tip of the box. He looked at her; she smiled back. His eyes were talking, and her smile summed up the response...

She began with light blows with her entire palm on the front tip of the box, then only with her fingers. The blows accelerated at a time when Juan was playing with his eyes pointed at her hands; then his fingers touched the strings of the guitar softly. The audience began to increase, the sound of music increased, filled up the space, the sand, and the wind getting the audience out of their own world to drown into Juan's music! The joy turned into dancing movements as the audience sat in their places, before Reka got up, and spoke to the ground with the strokes of her wide-heeled boots. She lifted her skirt slightly, threw it back, and gathered her limbs with her right hand, not revealing her legs. She was lifting slowly to show the movement of her

feet during the dance, which she began slowly with light tones, and then accelerated in a noisy rhythm that Juan seemed to follow with all his senses, so the guitar melodies rose, and faded according to the movements of Reka, who began to adjust the rhythm by clapping her hands, tapping her chest and palms, and moving her head strongly right and left. At that moment Juan closed his eyes. It was clear that his soul was in another world, and that his body was ecstatic with the fragrance of incense, and the breath of Reka's movements. The earth made enchanting sounds, the sounds of a body whose inner waves are smashed by the fingers of Reka, who is proficient in playing on her chest, shoulders, forearms, and palms! She was so amazing that I completely forgot the music, and I could only feel her body flowing like a waterfall with the smell of the nearby sea, the heat of the beach, and the color of the wind! Juan was not the only one who felt euphoria, and flew high; the audience was also immersed in that euphoria, and emerged in ethereal worlds.

When Rika finished The Legend of the Sea with her body, she sat on her box, and continued beating with the fingers of her hands alone this time; then the tone intensified, rose; she turned her palm, and tapped with the bones of her fingers with a force that shook Juan's body high. He opened his eyes and aimed his gaze at her face; she smiled and softened the rhythm: the sound of the guitar decreased until it faded.

My heart almost stopped, while I was clapping with all my urge; I rushed unconsciously to hug Meera, and thank her for this wonderful evening.

I drove my car at a crazy speed. I was torn between feelings of deep hatred and nostalgia for the touch of his strong hand over my arm as in his last attempt to calm me down, and justify what happened.

The glass wipers wrestled with the thick fog on the front of the car, preventing me from seeing the road clearly. What I knew with all my senses was that I no longer cared about what would happen to me after minutes or hours. I imagined that I was fully prepared for a terrible landing in the valley on my left, or for a more severe and tragic collision with the rock wall of the high mountain to the right of the car.

I wiped my tears with my coat; an image from my distant childhood attacked me, and my mother held my hand, taunting me: "Use paper towels, do not dirty your clothes." I laughed loudly, my laughter pierced the monstrous silence of the car's suffocating space due to the hot air conditioning. I lowered the window glass a little, and a frostbite made my fingers push it in an automatic motion, and close the window again.

The road seemed more bumpy than I imagined. Does the fortune teller really live in those mountains? What is this madness? The real madness is what I do now, what brings me here?

The sky is warning of a storm coming, and the gasoline indicator confirms that I will not be able to go on for more than a few kilometres! I slowed down, and opened my mobile phone; there was no coverage! What should I do? I cannot stay in the car, and I do not know exactly how long it takes to reach a gas station, which may not be even in this area. The phone in such a place is a dumb piece of

metal that is useless, and the car is nothing more than an iron box that frost will over turn it into a refrigerator par excellence.

I got out of the car, looked around. To the right of the road, the mountain rises to an unpredictable distance behind it. On the left are woods of cedar trees; pines; and cypresses, inside which are intertwined with dry grass with sharp thorns, and from which an intoxicating aroma spreads. I looked at the road, it clearly leads to an area that is not inhabited by humans; I did not see during my driving a passing truck, or a car all the time. That means I'm in real trouble, and I have to make a quick decision before my limbs freeze.

I had no choice but to take the dirt road up to the mountain; it is impossible for me to cross between the bushes, and enter an unknown trap. The closest to my heart is to ascend the path to heaven.

When I reached the summit, the plains at the eastern end of the mountain extended in front of me, ending at a pale river with waterfalls rushing from the hills on the other side. The plain areas extend hundreds of kilometers with scattered distant buildings that have no clear features. The stillness on the mountain is interrupted by the sound of the frosty wind that violently slaps my face, penetrating the woollen hat that covered my forehead, and the woolly scarf that veils my chin and mouth.

The road to the plains was paved by the hand of an artist with smooth gravel punctuated by a lot of sand, and small black rocks rose on its sides to protect it from floods.

I landed cautiously, I was afraid of slipping because of my flat leather shoes, the trouble of walking in such a way did not occur to me, but I imagined that I would retreat at some point, return to Barcelona, and seek to forget my pain with a soothing dose; isolation within the walls of my house with soothing pills is an easy option that I have often resorted to.

Fragrance polyps:

Viola

I arrived at the reserve exhausted. large areas planted with varieties of roses scattered among huts. In fact, they were not huts in the strict sense of the word, because inside they arouse suspicion in the soul in a way that confuses the facts. Its appearance is completely different from its interior. The simplicity of the shape on the outside is deceptive by its small size. Inside, the rooms expand with their transparent glass windows, large lobby, high ceilings, and wooden cupboards. An exciting sight of houses that retain a medieval character embraced by perennial linden trees, casting their shadow over the spacious courtyard arranged in a way that residents can use as a guesthouse.

At first, I felt that the cabinets were made of a smiling face. When I checked carefully, I did not find a face, but only an oval shape that was dug inside the huge trunk of the linden tree, which extended to support the ceiling. Shelves were installed on it carrying books, vases, and many things that I could not count during the few minutes that Viola allowed me to enter her house to drink and pee.

Viola told me that the place was a village abandoned by its inhabitants in the middle of the twentieth century, and that it had a temple a little away from the houses, which was refurbished by the fortune teller of Bani Murr, and she took it as a house. As for the linden trees, they sprouted here naturally, as the hedgehog flowers sprouted at the beginning of spring, giving the mountains and valleys a fascinating charm, and a yellow color that disappears with the advent of summer. All houses share leaning on the linden tree, and each tree bears the character of the inhabitant of the house. When the linden blossom rains, the fields are flooded with its pottery, the wind sweeps it from the fields, and scatters it in the fields, the bridesmaids celebrate Spring Festival.

If I wanted to meet the fortune-teller, I had to pass through the houses of the bridesmaids, and take from them their knowledge of the world of roses. The temple of the fortune teller is a three-story amphitheater-shaped building, each floor is four meters high, shaded by a huge linden tree whose branches lean on wooden lilies erected on the roof, and formed a wonderful green tent. Viola said: "It is the temple of Teyla, which will be closed when she dies, because we will cut down the linden tree, and make from it a coffin in which she will rest in peace."

A year on

When I arrived at the temple where the fortune-teller of Bani Murr was retiring, I watched the windows, and contemplated the doors; the roof; and the thrones. I turned around to see the hideout of her illuminated toys that occupied me all summer, but I came back disappointed!

I found her waiting for me, I smelled a pungent linden perfume that came from the pottery of her jar scattered around me. I did not realize the link between my shape and the shaking of the seer's hand, and the shattering of the jar. However, my heart contracted, and I turned around and wanted to leave the place. “Where to, Teyla?” she whispered in a deep voice.

“I feel suffocated,” I said thoughtlessly, “I can't stay in a mysterious place that ostracizes me.”

Her voice trembled before she set its tone: “I don't think you distinguish between attraction and repulsion, what do you know about nature's laws?”.

I stopped in my place; it is the first question in the knowledge test! I turned to her. She faced me with two deep eyes shining amid thick, straight arrows-like fringes. The brown skin of her face tattooed with a strange drawing at her chin does not hide its softness; and it refers to the beauty of the queens of the South. Trying to hide my astonishment, I asked her, “Are you Southern?”

She said: "I am from the four sides of the earth, my mother bore me from a southern man, and I was born in a village on the northern border, and I was nursed by a woman residing west on the seashore, and I was baptized with knowledge by a lady whose sun rises from her hiding place, but never sets."

She lifted her sleeves and another strange tattoo representing a swastika with a pierced Arabic name "Abdulhay" shining on her right hand

The tattoo shook me, and my heart contracted when I saw her earrings hanging from her ears in the form of a small gold dagger, and her neck was adorned with a golden chain in the middle of which was a green jade dagger. I asked her curiously: "Who is Abdulhay, whose name you tattooed on your arm?". She smiled for the first time, and stared at me for a long time: "A man every woman but you and I would wish for!"

"Is it a puzzle?". She said, "Don't you want to know why you suffer on February 14 when the moon becomes full?" “How did you know,” I stared at her in amazement. She smiled again: "Isn't that why you crossed distances, and got rid of everything that binds you to life outside the wall to reach me?". “Yes,” I said, “but Abdulhay's story aroused my curiosity? Why do all women wish for him except you; and what is my relationship with him? ". She said: "Because you are like me, blooming and not fruitful, I forbade myself men, and devoted myself to saving women who seek salvation. As for Abdulhay, he is the myth that shattered all the beliefs that our tribe members were raised on, and carried them in their genes; then suddenly everything collapsed after his legendary death."

While Tella was taking, I felt that I was before a mystery that moves in front of me with its strange details: the tan of the skin of the face, the color of the eyes confused between oily and black, the whiteness of the arms, every detail in her body, her speech, and her clothes!

What is interesting; however, is what she concluded her speech with: "I was waiting for you and I am sure that you will come at the time set for me by the stars.. You have to take away the keys of the temple from me, because I will give up everything to you. ” She pointed towards a table near the window, on top of which an open book was settled by medical glasses, next to which was a cup with a sharp linden

smell, and a box of marigold closed with a small key of ivory. The utensils arrayed above a shelf connected to the table are eye-catching. Vases made of rare jade with amazing colors, and in the corner of the room stood a statue of linden in which a knight in Circassian clothes appears on top of his horse, holding in his hands a beautiful woman who looks like having passed away!

The oracle did not add a word to what she said, and she did not allow me to ask her any question. She got up from her seat, pointed to the linden cup, walked towards her boudoir with light steps. I heard the rustling of her dress and the door closing quietly.

Why me, specifically? How did the seer have the certainty that I would stay here? And who is this Abdulhay?

I felt my chilling skin in an attempt to calm myself. I spent a whole year in this place; it was enough to heal from all my ailments, and to integrate into this strange world that I am looking for an explanation for the tales of its inhabitants. My heart trembled as I approached the counter, I touched the book with icy fingers. There is no doubt that I will find here an explanation for everything...

I did not know how much time had elapsed since I immersed into reading, but my stiff body, the pain in my hand, and my back told me that I had spent a long time without moving. I drank a little bit of the cold linden cup to help me soak up this incredible amount of facts in the book!

Now I clearly understood the link between the tales of the bridesmaids from the time I entered Viola's house, until I reached the temple of the oracle Teyla!

A year ago

I knocked on the door of the first house I came across after I had traversed long distances inside the fields. Viola was traversing a barren distance wet by dew left by the fog. She looked at me in astonishment, then ran towards me, and supported my torso with her hand before I fell to the ground from fatigue and thirst!

When I regained my activity, I mobilized all my senses, to see, feel, hear, and smell a space whose details I was not used to. The first thing that caught my attention was Viola's warm beauty, the calmness of her appearance, and her elegance, which is all crowned with a grey necklace of precious stones, surrounded by her long neck gently, caressed by the sun's rays, and draped in green spectra.

She smiled, and asked me: “Is the temple your intention, or are you a passerby?”.

“The fortune-teller,” I said.

She told me that Teyla would not see me before passing the exam by staying a year, and knowing the worlds of roses.

Tela! Is this her name? My name.

“Humans are alike, and their names are alike,” Viola said carelessly. Then she stopped for a moment, staring at me, and continued, “Maybe it's good to have her name, maybe...”

Viola did not finish her sentence, but urged me to drink violet tea before it becomes cold, and asked me to take my decision quickly, because she has work that she cannot postpone!

The decision was not hard for me; I came to stay. Viola's words suggest that work in the reserve is difficult, and that my accompanying the bridesmaids and working with them for a whole year and

mastering everything they know is not easy; but I accepted the challenge. I was determined to know the secret of that pain that comes upon me every year on February 14.

Mira grabbed my arm and whispered: "Now is not the time, leave it, retire away, give yourself a chance to think neutrally.. Do not involve yourself in committing foolishness for something that is not worthy.. Believe me, it is not worth it.. Take care of yourself first; and you will realize that he is like all men, just a male. I heard about a seer who is said to reveal the unseen, and heal all incurable diseases, who lives behind the Guara Mountains, what do you think of seeing her? You may find that she has something to save you from all your torments."

I found myself inside a reserve where there are only women! They follow laws and values from which they never deviate; and if they do, they will be expelled.

Viola took my hand, and let me into her house. At the doorstep which was carved into the wood in the form of a huge violet. Viola put a small shelf with light home shoes woven from wool, she asked me to take off my shoes, and put one on before I stepped on the floor of the room. Wood that was painted in a light violet color looked like a painting by an artist whose soul is mixed with a blue horizon. "My whole room is handmade, wood pits, paint, and everything your eyes see," Viola said.

I sat on a sofa in the center head of the room, staring at the walls crammed with paintings. A painting of violets with writing on it caught my attention. I got up, approached it, and read:

(This is what was written by a sick rural boy who came from the north where the trees raced their shadow to reach the spring:

It is not jealousy of the bees, O Goddess, that precedes my soul to you.

Let it wander anxiously around your flowers..

I have travelled all over the earth in search of you. In the heat at the equator, in warm cities.. And where the snow falls mercilessly!

In the short day I found you with short knots, and in every one a flower.

In the long day, you were bragging about your long stature.

* * * *

In the countryside, which is boundless with coldness and shadows.

A fence of your flowers surrounds the throne.

It brings the joy of love to tired hearts, and turns into an ointment that heals spleen diseases.

Let my soul sleep at your feet to heal its anger, and rest .

The heroes of Athens also rested from their wars in the shadow of your perfume.

Bandage my bodily tumors with grease from the kindness of your delicate stick, and the shades of your charming color..

Calm those storms in my chest, my weak heart, and my tired arteries need a touch from you to soothe my chest pain, and heal my agony.

I am not an English king for the palace doctors to bring me the essence of your soul; for me to heal from my ailment.

I'm just a lover.. Do not reject and disappoint my prayers!).

I turned on myself in the corner of the room.. I could no longer stand the pain in my stomach, the severe colic in my side. Viola opened the doors of her pharmacy, took out a quantity of dry violets preserved in a beaker-shaped glass jar, put the flowers in boiling water, waited minutes for the water to become clear violet, and handed me the cup: "Drink it all at once."

After drinking, she felt the calmness that aspirin leaves in the body. Violet contains the active acid in those tablets. Smelling it relieves headaches immediately, and painting the forehead with it calms the nerves.

We heard fierce knocking at the door, and the sounds of a sharp cry. Viola opened quickly, and I saw two women entering very confusedly, one holding a small child wriggling in pain. She put it on a couch by the door. Viola did not ask his mother any questions. She rushed to explain that he was urinating blood, and he could hardly move from the pain.

Viola brought a glass of violet syrup made of flowers and seeds; she made the child drink it; she covered him, wrapped him well, gave his mother a quantity of seeds, dry flowers, and asked her to boil the mixture. His mother would make him drink it regularly to break up the gravel in his kidney, and soothe the pain!

In the morning, our tour of the fields began..

I stopped for a while to follow up on butterflies dancing between violets. Viola remarked: “Butterflies feed on violets,”. Attention. Don't put violets in the sun, we dry it in the shade. ”

I whispered: “How beautiful is it when violets adorn your life!”. “I don't grow violets for decoration only, but to use them to make medicines and perfumes,” she said.

She braided a garland of violets for me, put it on my head, and asked, “How are you feeling?”

Is it magic that touched my head, so the headache and dizziness are gone?! I want to doubt what is happening, and refuse to believe it.. But it's really happening! I cannot doubt my senses. I am here in a safe place. Juan can't get here.. Of course, he will not know my whereabouts; nor would Rika's cunningness help her find me.

When we finished our tour, and came back home, she offered me a glass of violet syrup whose delicious taste got me drunk on a bamboo chair. It occurred to me that the whole house was dancing before my eyes. I did not realize at that moment that it was the chair that moved like a swing, and that my imagination began to fly in a violet horizon composed of the scent of the perfume that Viola made from the violet plant, and the wine that turned my head... “It was the Romans who discovered this special wine,” Viola said, “and that the wild type is better than the cultivated one, but she is disposing of what is available to her.”

The salad with violet topped the lunch table.. Viola did not stop talking about her flower, its benefits, its history, and its importance. She said after we carried the dishes to the kitchen, and sat drinking violet tea: "First you have to be sure that the plants around you have a memory, they feel, learn, remember, and respond to you as much as you give them from your soul." I said with amazement: "You add qualities to it that make it sane like us, how can it respond when it does not hear?!". “It does hear,” she said, “but in a way. Put her on an audio recording of a caterpillar eating green leaves, and see how she secretes a chemical to defend herself. They also have a feeling of lacking or increasing water, feel the danger that threatens their roots, and change their direction to avoid obstacles. Look at how they make their branches wrap around the wall to face the sun, and how they penetrate the cracks of the rock, and come out into the light! Plants have their own way of living like humans. ” I expressed my surprise by asking, “Please don't tell me she feels pain like us!”. Viola replied, “Yes, she feels pain, and the drug can affect her as well as us, and she also produces a drug of her own. As for the gases that are emitted when cutting part of them, they are cries of pain that you do not hear, but when you reach the stage of certainty, you will feel them in some way, and you will see them crying if you cut their leaves. As for her sense of shame, there is no doubt that you know the "mastic" plant that closes itself in shame when you run your fingers over its leaves. "

I can't believe it. Plants don't have neurons, so how do they transmit electrical signals? Viola's argument was ready, as she told me that plants have a special system for transmitting signals that includes neurotransmitters, such as dopamine and other chemicals used by the human mind. “That means they're intelligent beings,” I said. She replied: "It depends on your definition of intelligence. Half of it depends on the brain, and the other half is related to information processing, and problem solving, which is available in plants. Look at the plant "Abdul Wahab's heart" how it clung to the wall, because I did not make a support for it. "

I got up from my place, inspected the wall behind the plant, and was really stunned when I saw her thin greenstick leaning against the wall, and pressed it to the point where the viewer thought it was dug with a nail! I turned to Viola: “I'm afraid you'll tell me that plants have a social life like us!” She said: "Of course, trees in particular have an affectionate relationship that makes them support each other with food, especially in the event of illness, even a sick tree that is recovering supports others.. Trees alert each other in situations of danger... Before I came here, I was part of a team working in Africa, we conducted experiments in the forests of the "African savannah".. We watched the giraffes eat from the acacia trees, and we found that the trees produced toxic substances in their leaves to protect themselves. The giraffes felt this, so they moved neighboring away from the acacia trees for a long distance, and did not eat from the trees. We discovered that the trees from which the giraffes ate released ethylene gas to warn the neighboring trees of danger; and they immediately produced a toxic substance, but the giraffes understood the plan of the trees, and moved away from the distance that the gas reaches to eat from the trees that did not receive the danger signal!". “According to your theory, these trees don't die!” I said. She said: It rather dies. Every tree has its own choice and independent personality. For example, the willow trees grows quickly, and its choice is to live alone its short life. During my stay at Viola, I discovered how sensitive and in need of love she is, and she expressed

that sensitivity by practicing painting, singing, playing, and fashion design... She tends to be disorganized in her appearance and life. Later, all the chaos is solved and reached by the violet solutions inside it to the Nirvana. “We can't taste beautiful things unless the violets are inside us,” she told me, “Beauty is the only way to feel God.”

When Viola's mission to teach me the secrets of violets ended, I gave her a box of wood containing silk threads and a small paper in which I wrote the secret of the gift.

What Viola didn't tell me, Teyla wrote in the "Book of Shadow1" in front of me!

(My experience with Violet is perhaps the2 most complicated since she lived through harsh conditions before we worked together in the Kiju Reserve, which is located two hours north of Nairobi between the cities of Naivasha and Nakuru. Once it was a cattle ranch; now it is a sanctuary for many varieties of rare wildlife, protecting Rothschild giraffes from extinction. It has rare species of animals that spread in the forests adjacent to the rivers, and in the spacious savannah plains3.

I was on the balcony quietly contemplating the acacia trees3 and the hot wind moved their branches vigorously, and a rattling sound predicted the heartbeat. Before now, I didn't think that the night was scary, or that it could strike fear in my heart. The weather surprises me with its miraculous ability to trap me in fear, but rather real panic. The problem is that I did not know what to fear, is it death? But I am fully aware that annihilation is the fate of every living person, and that I will join Anbar and Abdulhay, and all my loved ones who left the world, and left me alone.

---

[1]Shadow Book: A diary book used by magicians to record their spells, decrees, and information.
[2]- Violet: The English name for the violet flower, corresponds to it in Latin "Viola".
[3]- Acacia trees are also called acacia or mimosa, and one of its types is the gum arabic tree, and from it a species we call in Syria cluster blossom, also called honeysuckle, and it is made in most countries of the world as a delicious honey, and its flowers can be eaten.

Viola sat on a chair next to me, did not utter a word, stretched her legs, supported her head on the back of the chair, and drowned in contemplation around her. I felt distressed over time, and the silence between us widened. After the wind suddenly subsided and the rain stopped, I turned to her, drew a small smile on my face, and said, "This is my first day on the reserve, and you?". "And me," Viola replied briefly. A few minutes later, she broke the silence barrier and told me that it was not the first time she had come to Kenya. She had already come to Nakuru. She had stayed with a family in a quiet and pleasant suburb called Naka. Her "host mother" introduced her to her family, which consisted of a ten-year-old mail child, a two-year-old female child, a nanny, her husband, and her sister. She became their daughter, sister, and a friend of the kids. Living with a host family has enabled her to experience the real life of Kenya's residents. Her host mother worked a week away from home, leaving her to experience life with her family. She learned from the nanny how to make traditional dishes, how to wash her clothes, made her watch African soap operas on TV, and spent the evening playing with the children. She helped the elder boy with his homework, and learned Swahili from him. She arrived in Kenya in September, and large public schools were closed due to a teachers' strike in protest against low wages; so she had to work in a private school. When She first went to the classroom at Hill Valley Academy, I noticed that the walls were bare, and there were only two antique wooden tables, four rows of long wooden benches and a blackboard! And the kids only have a pencil, and a notebook. And that she has to rely on herself, and her imagination to teach them English!

A week later, public schools opened their doors, so she worked at Crater Elementary School for three weeks in the "higher grade", the equivalent of the first year in the English system, and the pupils were between the ages of four and fourteen! The work entertained her as she sang with the children "wind the bobbin up" and played with them "duck, goose, duck" She told me, "I discovered that the children are the same all over the world." "And their toys too!" I commented.

I came to Kejeo Reserve to work as a volunteer for the conservation of the Great Rift. Work takes a long time, but it is a pleasant work that made me live life in its simplest form without complications. Volunteers do multiple jobs, and they do not have to have previous experience, including conducting research on endangered animal species, removing harmful plants, building basins and water ponds, building monitoring bunkers, repairing corridors, controlling soil erosion, tracking animals and counting mammals, maintaining tree nurseries... The second period of work, extending from 2:00 pm to 5:00 was very stressful for me, when it is over, I run quickly for a shower wanting to lie down, and sleep deeply. But water makes me awake and active; so I relax on the balcony, hear music, and enjoy the magnificent view of the reserve. I meditate deeply around me to store every moment in my soul, and live it with all my senses.

I moved to the reserve in a jeep safari, I was really in a dream.. Landscapes, dry savannahs, green acacia trees, and miles of hills. All of this makes me love life. In the camp, built inside the reserve, and where I live, there was a huge two-story building. Females live together, and the males together. The bathrooms are shared; and there is a kitchen that contains the necessary things for cooking.. We were not allowed to wander away from the camp or to go to the town only once a week to use the phone and get supplies, without one of the supervisors who are experts in the nature of the reserve accompanying us. The weekend was a return to normal life, but for me, it was a breach of a natural order of the universe that began to program my life, taking it in a natural direction towards isolation. We visited Lake Naivasha, and went to Nairobi and Lake Bogoria. On the bike, I cross between the buffaloes and feel that I am part of nature, and that predators have become domesticated, even if the guards prevent me from wandering between them on my own.

Everyone goes to the internet café on holiday, visits the gym, or shops at the Maasai market. Viola and I went once, but we preferred to stay in the reserve for the rest of the holidays, enjoying a walk near the

lake, eating Kenyan cakes, drinking tea, and collecting exotic wildflowers. Here, I knew the saying "Kenyan time", which means slow and relaxed, and the time that does not pass! But, with Viola, it ran out fast! On the second weekend, we were alone on the balcony, contemplating the sunset and the shadows left by the last rays of the evening on the acacia trees, and those hot, undulating colors between blue, red, and brown, and water rainbows hitting the balcony wall. “I want to keep this moment forever,” Viola said suddenly. And she got up to bring colors and fabric; she painted with a unique speed the scene in front of us; and when she finished, I saw myself in the painting.. For the first time, I discovered my features in someone else's eyes. What Viola painted was astonishingly true. I said with surprise: "I do not need to tell you about things that concern me. You no doubt know as long as you have been able to reflect the inside of me in your painting, and despite my ability to know how others think from their facial features and reactions, I still lack to reveal their insides with the accuracy you have."

“You know,” Viola said quite seriously, “but you don't want to admit it. Are you afraid of me? Well, I'll tell you everything without asking. He was an ordinary man who was indistinguishable, talentless, and sexually desperate. I didn't like what he was doing, and I couldn't stand his friends. But I was attracted to him in a strange way. He had something that attracted me; I don't know what it was."

Viola fully realized that she was associated with him, because he was a raw fabric that she could color as she wanted. What attracted her to him was that he was not an exceptional person, and he was not talented. She thought that her influence on him would be profound, and that she could shape him the way she wanted! I realized that her association with that man was the result of a failed love that prompted her to search for someone who could give her a sense of security with his ability to rid her of its effects. Someone who is not an artist but who understands everything about art. One who listens to her, and be faithful to her. The problem that turned into a disaster between them

was that he did not express his feelings, while she possessed the language, and expressed it in an amazing way. She tried to influence him, but he was completely silent. They lived a harmonious experience for a short time that could bring joy to himself, move the lazy energy in his throat, and felt it reach the utmost safety, and pleasure in his presence.. Safety, joy, and healing. The percentage of green rose in her energy centers, and she rushed to draw with all her senses and feelings. She decided to always live with him.

The experience of coexistence gradually made her discover that she was not getting what she wanted during her dialogue with him; and then came the moment, when she realized that he was no longer able to add anything to her, he was no longer able to teach her new things! She became strong, and no longer needed anyone to heal her wounds; she was completely healed. She came out of the dress of the broken girl who needed a man to lean on, and she was looking for someone else who needed her, and she doesn't need him. What made her suffer from a sense of guilt when she looked at the matter from his perspective. She saw that she had betrayed the man who gave her everything.

However, she could not continue with him, and her natural sense of life overcame her confusion and hesitation. She felt the need to heal someone else, and did not notice in the midst of her impulse that she had assumed the personality of her husband; she gained his energies, experience, and knowledge, and this reflected negatively on her life, because she turned into a shadow for him, and her personality became an extension of his personality. Before she volunteered to work in Kenya, Viola realized all this; so she was able to regain her independence, and her individuality. Her decision to come to Kenya was proof that she had a full recovery.

Our stay in Kiju did not last long; I decided that it should not exceed a month. When Viola was presented with the idea of creating a sanctuary, she wanted to accompany me. Before we left the great

African canyon, we spread a carpet on the southern side of the Acacia tree to get the seeds whose ropes are falling by the wind. We opened the horns, took out the seeds, cleaned them, and threw away the damaged by the mite ones.

The experience of planting acacia trees was not very successful due to the lack of desert environment and moisture; but only one type of acacia tree was successfully planted in our reserve, which is the honeysuckle!

In the past, our grandmothers had the ability to shape the world into a tale. They were never stopped by geography, borders, or other obstacles. Imagination eliminates all these things; today, technology has done the job. However, I wanted to gain my knowledge in my greatest grandmother's way, as she is the one who invented agriculture.).

Aries.. Blue Bells

At the end of the first day of work with Ares, I arrived home exhausted and with a violent headache smashing my brain, I found myself in bed without introductions, I could not even wash my face, and I did not eat dinner. I woke up late at night and my heart was beating hard, I heard a whisper behind the closed window, and I saw a spectrum passing quickly.. I got up, approached the window, and my heart was trembling. The ghost was moving away, but the darkness did not obscure Rika's stature, the color of her dress, and her black hair tampered with by the wind and flew randomly!

Her navy blue dress! Her hottest dress, she wore it on that fateful day, the day she invited us to lunch at Egypt Ram Plus to celebrate a year of our relationship. I could not refuse or apologize, Juan rushed to agree without taking my opinion.

She was sitting next to me facing Juan, It is true that I did not look under the table, but I felt the movement of her leg, her feet, and her looks that do not stop her private suspicious conversations. Suddenly she said, "I have a surprise for Tila, a cruise she never dreamed of in her life, and for this purpose I rented a private boat that I will drive myself." Before I uttered a word, she continued, "No apologies, I know you can't swim, I brought you special clothes." Things were not as Rika wanted them to be a reality. I had a phobia of the sea. I often dreamed that I was drowning. My heart contracted when Juan showed extraordinary enthusiasm for the journey. I Couldn't exactly say no.

At sea, I discovered Rika's talent for steering the boat. It is true that she drove quickly and recklessly, and tried to deviate from her itinerary repeatedly in an acrobatic way, but she controlled the movement of the boat subtly. The nausea and dizziness that I felt was not surprising to me, but what alleviated my fear was that I was

wearing the rescue suit that Reka brought me, and clinging firmly to the mast. I was afraid to let him go or take a step away from him. I could no longer monitor them, as my vision was blurred. Still, I bet Rika snatched a kiss from Juan right in front of my eyes! She turned to me in an indifferent movement, saying: "To get rid of your fear, you have to face it. Step here and try to stand still, or sit on the edge, and let your hand touch the water. You will see that everything will change."

Rika was right, when I sat in the stern of the boat, and bent a little to touch the water with my hands. Rika quickly turned the engine and swerved the boat with a force that pushed me violently to its bottom, and my head hit the wooden beam.

Later she reprimanded me gently; because I did not warn her before sitting on the edge! After that trip, headache never left me.. It would surprise me with a force that would knock me to the ground, so that I would not be able to get up.

"You'll heal quickly," Ares said gently. When I asked her where she got that confidence, she replied, "It is your color. The more ethereal the color is, the greater the ability to receive cosmic energy, and the greater the healing ability through the use of the psychic and spiritual part of the brain."

I did not want to argue with her with the certainty that dividing the brain into a mental and an emotional side is just a popular myth related to beliefs and religion more than it is related to science, but science has proven it to be a wrong idea.

The house of Aris is full of ecclesiastical music that emanates from small holes in the walls, rich paintings of deep colors with a Sofi character, light blue painted wood, and elegant blue dresses. Everything calls for diving into a deep sleep.

It is not a coincident that I find a blue painting hanging on the wall with its frame being decorated by linden flowers, written by a

mysterious person who discovered that the iris is the flower of wisdom, for it was the flower of the goddess Aris who conveys messages between lovers, and it is the flower of justice, peace, and good luck. "

When I asked her for medication to treat my headaches, she suggested acupuncture. I had never tried it before, and most importantly I had never been convinced of its usefulness, but I surrendered to her hands. Within minutes I got up from the bed, and my sense of pain was gone!

She offered me iced berry juice, and said with a smile that does not leave her lips: "You will like it. In my culture, eating ice after pouring thick berry syrup on it is a tradition.. It looks charming, let alone how it tastes!". Just out of stubbornness, I said, “When does appearance denote taste!” She said confidently: “it is God's work”. She paused a little and asked “What do you think of giving others a piece of your heart?" Love is a foundation in the treatment of every disease. " At the same time, I would like to ask her to share me in visiting the children of the village and giving them gifts. She agreed to have the children give gifts to their mothers, so that their pleasure would be doubled.”

The village turned into a wonderful festival on Mother's Day, we celebrated with the children and their mothers. Ares was keen to put valuable gifts inside the rose baskets we gave to the children, and she chose the "orchids" that symbolize the abundance of children, tenderness and beauty, and added tulips to them. The children were very happy giving those baskets to their mothers. As for me, the lump suffocated me, and I walked away from the party to escape the eyes of mothers and children, in order to hide my tears somewhere. I felt Aris's hand pat my shoulder as I sat on her doorstep. she said:

“You have to practice yoga. Like you, I used to feel that my energy is blocked; and it does not flow freely in part of my body. Yoga makes your energy free, and helps you expel those ghosts from your head. Crying is also not bad!”.

... I hated yoga that restricted my movement, and made me freeze in my place. I tried it once because of Juan's insistence; I accompanied him to a club he used to go to with an old friend; he always assured me that "She's just a friend!" Even at times when I don't ask him the usual question if his heart can accommodate anyone but me...

I did not feel inner peace and lightness, but on the contrary, I felt increased jealousy, pain in my neck, and deviation in my eyes. He laughed, and said, "You were practicing the sport of observation; believe me, my relationship with Carmen does not go beyond a normal friendship!4".

Whenever he assured me that his relationship with one of them was normal, I felt the widening of the gap between us, because my certainty of his lie deepened.

The girls in the reserve called Ares "blue bells", and I knew that that symbolized isolation for medieval writers, and this is the reason for the embarrassment she felt, as I imagined that she suffers from autism, or that she is confined to her house, refusing to mingle with the women of the reserve... She smiled confidently as she said goodbye to me at the door, and said, "Never mind, I love this name so much, come back to visit me." What she said shocked me. I know that some people have the ability to detect and know what others are thinking about, but not to that extent! This made me afraid to come back to her, and I became more cautious in dealing with the women of the reserve.

This morning, I was surprised by a large bouquet of larkspur flower hanging on the outer door wall. It was not accompanied by a card, but by a blue ribbon that merges with its dreamy color. I gently held it to my chest, and closed my eyes on Juan's picture. Suddenly Nevada appeared from somewhere. Behind her stood Nita, next to her

[4]Carmen is the name of a wild flower that grows in Spain

Reka[6], and then I was surrounded by the smell of suffocating perfume that made me open my eyes as I trembled. In front of me were the irises on the blue hill bending towards the dirt under the harsh east wind. I wrapped the shawl around my neck, fixed its sides with a big pin, and walked towards the hill. Despite the cold and harsh weather, and whiteness that crowns the mountain peaks in March, the Spring Festival makes it one of the most romantic months. The iris is the most suitable flower that can be given for such an occasion. I thought I would bring joy to Ares' heart with a bouquet expressing my love and gratitude. I was overwhelmed by confused feelings as I descended the hill; and the wind pushed me hard, confusing my steps. I looked at the elegant flowers, they suit me a lot. How much I had hoped in the past that Juan would give me a bouquet of them for my birthday. I hated those red flowers that he brought me with a little red fur bear. I would, however, kiss them reluctantly, then neglect them, and leave them without renewing their water or cutting off their trunks until they wither quickly, and sometimes I throw them in the trash.

She told me, as she was cheerfully taking the bouquet: “It's the first time someone's gives me an iris. It seems that, we look so much alike ”

On my way back, I decided to stop by the bridesmaids' houses to invite them to celebrate the Spring Festival. It was an occasion for us to get acquainted and give each other flowers, and surprise Aris by our visit. In the evening the flowers kissed the garden wall and the face of Ares.

Beautiful women over the age of forty appeared in that gathering as if they were butterflies who just set out from their cocoons. The place was buzzing with their whispering, their colors, and their elegance. Each of them was keen to wear the costume and color that suited her personality, and each of them, whose flowers do not sprout in this

[5]Nita: The name of a Spanish feminine that is from "Anne", that is, Hannah, which is beautiful or graceful. It is a cloak for Janetta, Henrietta.

[6]- Reka, the name of a Spanish feminine flag, it means distinctive beauty.

season, brought a dry floral carafe that gave the evening a charming mystical touch..

It was not easy for me to taste all the varieties of food and drinks that they brought, as they are strange varieties. I was satisfied to just look at some of them.

The workers finished building cottage allocated for me in such a record time. It was one chambre with a bathroom attached, and a small kitchen. A temporary residence until the training year is over, and the seer baptizes me, then I would have my own dwelling!

My cottage was far from the bridesmaid fields, and closer to the gathering of women working in the fields... Days after my stay, I discovered entire villages attached to the reserve; where women live with their children. Their huts are simple, but they are equipped with everything they need. These women are the poor simple workers who lost their husbands, and came here for work. The bridesmaids used them for grazing, farming, and buying and selling in neighboring villages. It is worth indicating that their stay is conditioned by not marrying, and in the event that one of them gets married, she must leave the place!

I liked watching them and accompanying them as they built the cottage, and preparing it from the stove to the bed linen and kitchen utensils. They were always smiling, not complaining, and never late in finishing their work. The place is set like a Swiss watch.. Grazing time, looking after fields, making cheeses, and collecting eggs. I was amazed by the precision and perseverance in getting everything done.

In the evening they go to pick up their children from school. The only village where children go to school is thirty kilometers away from the reserve, which the women travel in horse-drawn carriages. I felt that I was out of time, and that everything around me was not more than a sleepover from which I would wake up after a short time, and reality would shock me with its cruelty again.

If I did not have to accompany the bridesmaids to learn from them, I would prefer to live among the children in the village attached to the reserve. In their faces, all the worldly flowers bloom.. My heart beats speed up when I touch their little fingers, and I am overwhelmed by their innocent smiles, how beautiful it is to be back as a child without memory!

I never liked the teaching profession, and it meant nothing to me, but now I feel an abnormal attraction to it. I asked Ares if I could do this task at my own times. She said: "No one restricts your freedom, you can do the work you love, and you see it as beneficial to others, you are free as long as you don't break the laws!".

We wandered in the fields of larkspur for a while, and I picked a large bouquet of blue flowers, I told Ares: "My father was fond of larkspur flowers. He planted them in the narrow space behind our house, we did not have a garden, but he did not lack the resource to enjoy its view. Every day he carries his bamboo rocking chair, puts it on the sidewalk in front of the house, where he planted purple flowers inside the small fences of the sidewalk trees, and sits down to contemplate them. By the way, why don't you plant purple larkspurs? I only see blue and white around me!"

“I grow them,” she whispered with confusion. They are “behind my house, in a small basin; where I hope to reach a stage of oblivion and be able to get rid of planting such flowers.” I asked her, wondering why. “Because it symbolizes first love,” she said.

It was at that moment that I realized the real reason why Ares was here. When night fell, Aris invited me to accompany her, and she told her story:

(Dolphin7 was my twin, and because of our sameness, my mother could not distinguish between us! Dolphin took advantage of this to the extent that it hurt me. I would get the punishment instead of her when she misbehaves. I cover her absence and neglect at school, and

sometimes take tests on her behalf.. My mother was a balanced lady who was above little things to the extent that she was accused of being arrogant. She preferred pale blue colors. She did not hug anyone throughout her life, and her control of her emotions reached a point where the speaker did not know whether she was happy or sad, whether she agreed with their views or rejected them, and whether she was even listening to the talk or whether she was in another world! My mother was a good engineer who was able to build an organized house characterized by her silent conscious qualities. Her views were always vigilant and detailed. She leaves nothing to chance. Perhaps this was because she was affected by her work in trade, as she inherited from her father a successful commercial office that imports tea from China and India.

Dolphin's unique talents, and keen and strict observation of us discovered one from the other based on the type of answers to the questions she asks us. Dolphin was careless, untidy, but she was submissive to the orderly life around us while I picked up her always scattered things, and tidied them up.. When my mother enters our room, it is enough for her to look at me while I tidy up my things, to call Dolphin and go out together for a walk. Her attachment to Dolphin was not natural, but pathological, leaving a deep wound that my mother could not heal later, and I could not forgive her for that.

After coming here, I was able to understand that my mother preferred Dolphin, because they both loved pale blue, and because Dolphin, like my mother, leaned towards studying engineering, and she aspired to take over her office and work in trade. She loved paintings of space and the sea, church music, religious chants, and classical music. I can say that she was a miniature copy of my mother.. The ugliest quality in her is sticking to her opinion, even if she is wrong, and her determination to do what she deems right without calculating the results.

At university, we parted ways. She chose engineering and I studied medicine. I can no longer substitute for Dolphin in exams, nor accept the idea of being punished for her, nor bear responsibility for the crap she does. The independence of my personality began to take a special turn away from her. However, the hidden spiritual bond between our bodies continued to torment me. I could not get away from her completely, and my sense of that deepened until it caused me anxiety. At the time Dolphin moved away from me, she no longer talked to me about her worries, problems, and secrets. She was alone with our mother a lot, and I did not have the habit of eavesdropping behind closed doors, so everything around me became obscure and suspicious!

The dangerous transformation in our relationship began when I loved Charles. In every meeting between us, I felt the perfume of Dolphin leaking from between his fingers. The illusion grew to the point that I hated that he held me or kissed me. I felt that her body, not my body, was in his hands, and that it was her lips that received his kisses. I visited a psychiatrist to get rid of that illusion before it became catastrophic, and my hatred turned to Dolphin herself. After several sessions, the doctor confirmed to me that I do not have any chemical defect, nor any defect in the neurotransmitter "dopamine" and that my sensory perception is sound. Those who suffer from illusion do not see the world as it is. He also assured me that I do not have any mood disorders. My actions are not far from reality, and I am not a lover of isolation, nor have I suffered from auditory or visual hallucinations, and I am a lover of life.

I started practicing yoga, searching deep inside for a way to rid me of illusion, and help me balance my relationship with my first love. I never imagined that the bug was not in my feelings for Charles, and that what I thought to be an illusion was never an illusion!

I saw them together.. I was late for my appointment with him for about an hour due to bad weather, and the bus broke down on the

way.. When I got to the coffee shop where we used to have tea, I saw them. She was wearing inappropriate clothes despite her keenness to appear tidy and clean.. How could he not tell us apart? Since when do they meet and..

It wasn't an illusion that I felt her lips when he kissed me! Her body was present among us. I pulled out, ignoring it like it never happened. He said to me on the phone that day: “You were great this evening, your clothes, your kiss, your heat, everything in you is different. Everything in you suits me!”. I realized then that Charles did not love me, but loved Dolphin that took my place! I had to withdraw quietly, leave the house and the country, and I didn't believe what my mother said that day until Dolphin was really gone.

She had leukaemia. My mother never told me that bitter truth, and maybe Dolphin didn't know it until late.

I carried the burden of her departure while I was here, and I was ashamed of the purple larkspur for a long time, but I could not forget it. I felt lost, I was no longer me; that took a piece of me with it; it took all of me and Dolphin; I feel like I live in another world.)

I said, "When the one we love leaves us, it is only in body, but what connects us stays. You feel that you are somewhere else, and you live a time that is not yours, but you will recover from it, I assure you that will inevitably happen."

I was saying those words as if to assure myself that I would get rid of Juan's traces in my blood. Aris whispered: "I want to forget him, and get rid of the illusion of love that imposed isolation and loss on me until I became like blue bells!".

Who of us is like those bells, me or Ares? My sense of isolation began to deepen to the point where I became detached from what was around me; and I would tuck inside my body, engulfed in my ambiguous and extreme feelings of neutrality towards things. As I was leaving Ares' house, I almost forgot to give her the gift I had in the

bag. It was the wooden box inlaid with seashells and with silk threads that Yolande brought me from the city, where she sells her farm products.

I expressed my gratitude to her, and my happiness to know her in a small letter, at the end of which I explained the message in my gift.

* * * *

In the Book of Shadow, I followed the details of the story of Ares and her meeting with the seer Teyla.

(When I met her in Kejeo Reserve, circumstances were exceptional and confusing. I saw her on the first day through a normal and quick acquaintance between the volunteer women, and we did not meet anymore, she was working with another team and other supervisors.

One night I was immersed in my meditations, watching the mesmerizing landscape of the reserve, hearing the sound of the wind, the rattling of the trees. My ears picked up a strange and different sound.. I stared well and noticed a movement near the wall. I was surprised that the shadow I saw was not for a woman, but for a tall man with a large body. Within moments, I noticed a woman standing in a strange position, suspiciously still, on one leg, with her arms up. Suddenly I saw a ghost coming from the side of the building, the lights of flashlights turned on, screaming, and people quickly ran towards the fence. I did not comprehend what was happening until minutes later, as the guards caught the man who had sneaked inside the fence, and killed a wild pig. In the midst of that chaos, the girl at the fence did not move, but stayed in her suspicious position as if she were a statue! I hurried down, and the guards walked away with the thief hunter tied up into the building. I stood near her as I panted. Only then did her hands relaxed, and slowly lowered her leg. She looked like a pink flamingo, with a head, very thin skin.. She breathed deeply, and said, “Did I scare you?”. “A little,” I said, “I didn't realize you were doing yoga at this time!” She said, "I usually don't choose the

time, but it chooses me according to the working condition, and here, you know, we wake up at six, rest for lunch, and continue at two until late. Yoga is sacred to me, and that timing suits me just fine. " She laughed when she likened her to a flamingo, and said: "You did not make a mistake, I am really like it, beautiful like it, and the best posture in yoga for me is to stand on one leg as it does. It rests using half of its brain; it balances on the leg connected to the awake half of the brain, and it hides its leg under its body to maintain its body temperature by limiting the space exposed to the air. It is a very beautiful and intelligent bird. By the way, what happened here a little while ago? ". I laughed. I talked to her on the way to the balcony about what happened, We sat down a little bit enough for a simple acquaintance but it's enough for both of us to feel like we've known each other for a long time. Viola joined us; we ventured staying up late; and we agreed to go on holiday to see Lake Nakuru and the Maasai Mara...

We saw about a million flamingos covering Lake Bogoria, and we approached the water in the hot springs that could boil an egg! The journey involved seeing most of the African animals. Aris told me that she spent a few days with the local Maasai tribe to get an idea of their culture and the lands they occupy, and that she was initially afraid of the experience but now considers it the unique adventure of a lifetime.

She recounted her experience in Kenya with the warmth of the amazing moment of her first love affair, since she landed at Nairobi Airport. What is amazing is not what she recounted. She heard it from most of those who came to the reserve, but in the way she recounted the events, as if she was under the influence of magic and hidden forces, narrating ordinary things as rare. She was enchanted by the welcome of the foreign project employee "Sam" and his beautiful smile, and the family that hosted her, with chicken, goats, and pets in her host's house, with the boys who played with her in the dirt space around the house, with washing her clothes in a bucket of

water, with being surrounded by the house animals of turtles and goats, and with distinctive Kenyan food.

I also have tasted Kenyan food, I do not deny that Niyama Chuma tastes delicious, but generally I do not like foods that contain meat, and I prefer French fries, salads, and fresh fruits. I liked the "matoke", which is date mixed with bananas, as well as the popular drink "Augie" made from corn flour with sugar-sweetened water. I drank it hot, and iced.

Ares tried to cook Kenyan food; we brought chicken and meat with us on vacation, and we cooked rice with coriander, lemon and tomatoes, but the taste was different, the meat must be grilled on firewood until it melts in the mouth, and it lost its original taste in the kitchen grill.

The most important note in Ares' talk was about color. She said to me: " Africans make you feel how cold you are, how much warm you need, and how neutral your feelings were. Here you can scream with excitement when you pass through the crowd, and see the simple life in all its details. At the airport, restaurant, street, and homes. Here you can see the virgin life. In London, I look at history quietly, drink tea quietly, read quietly.. And I'm always cold. I came to Kenya to escape the frost; I wanted to experience a different life. Even when I practiced as a doctor in the health unit, everything was different for me. Women who bring their children for the vaccine, children, and the elderly.. What excites me most is the eyes.. You know... Nothing beats a child staring at you with so much amazement that it doesn't feel the pain of a needle prick in their arm. I felt like I was from another planet. Despite that, their eyes were captivating me, there is something different in them, is it the look? Or the shape? I could not identify the source of the magic and the energy that these looks give me. It's great for one to live here. "

I said: "We are living in the Kenyan time from outside. No matter what we do here, we will not be more than tourists. Those who master

living are the owners of the country. They live the exact details of their own lives alone. As for us, we will feel accustomed, if we are from this country, and perhaps we will feel bored after a while, and upset, and the pressure of life, and the weather, and then we will wish we could leave to another place. I am thinking of having our own world, our own environment, our own place that we create with our own hands, to which we belong, and live its details. It may not be as spectacular as Kejeo Reserve, but it will be our own, and it bears our mark. " I felt that I offered Ares a chance for redemption, as she was excited about the project of the reserve, and expressed her readiness to be part of the founding team of this idea. She put her experience and perceptions into a good blueprint for the work, and presented it to me in print. I printed the chart on papers belonging to the international commercial company for the import and export of tea to its owner Margarita Austin7! I became certain that the third girl I would meet was Bilides.

I spent the evening of the holiday visiting the women of the village, surprised by the open doors, and by the gatherings of women in the form of rings in front of them. In each circle, there are five women with a pile of "allies" hay in front of them. Some of them make "straw buckets", others make hats, and children make ropes, while girls sit away in special rings. Their voices rise by singing, and they wink at boys as they work to make straw chairs with great skill!

The old women did not sit without work; the grandmothers were making brooms; and they were telling jokes and funny stories about their beautiful past.

Among the girls, Belides helped them braid the straw, pulling it around the structure of the wooden chair. She smiled at me, “I haven't forgotten our date but it's my day off. Come! Help us! The intimate invitation made me roll up my sleeves, sit on the doorstep after I brought haystacks from a nearby pile, and started working right away. A beautiful and elegant girl laughed, and said, "Water first, madam, we soak the stacks in water, so that they are easy to twist, and plait. The hay in the pile is not fit for work. ”

The next morning, I got up energetic and motivated to discover that charming rose that they call "Sunbul" despite the anxiety I suffered after midnight till the break of the day.

My senses were exasperated, and I suddenly woke up as if something had plucked me from sleep, and put me to the edge of a hot tinplate. My heartbeat was reaching my ears, and it was banging in my head, so I felt a huge emptiness in my heart! A minute later, I woke up to a sound coming from far mountain peaks; it is carried by the wind, which seemed clear and strong at one time, and decreased and faded

until it fainted at another. It was the melody of a strange instrument that I had never heard before despite my deep knowledge of music during my three years with Juan. The sound became so close in fleeting moments until I thought it was coming from the walls of the cottage, even coming out of my head, and from my heart. It was my first night alone!

When I approached the house of Belides, the smell of eucalyptus was coming out of it, as she was mashing chrysanthemums to make an insecticide from them!

She reached out her hand to me and shook my hand warmly, and said, "Moments and I finish my work, and be wholly with you." As she worked, she explained that she would make a kind of shampoo from these flowers to clean her pets, especially horses, and that she would spray the pesticide to expel insects.

I am familiar with one type of chrysanthemum.. When I was little, I spent spring break with my grandmother to enjoy the view of the daisies. I look for a small fragrant flower among the fields to pick for my grandmother, the snowy white daisy and its yellow center are linked in my memory to my grandmother's face and hands, and the hot chamomile drink that removes cold symptoms and stomach pain. The diversity of the colors of the chrysanthemums surprised me. “The most famous type of chrysanthemum is shasta,” Belides explained to me. “Surely you know Shasta is found in all countries of the world. Have you read the Shasta songs in a painting that tops my dining room? ”

I expressed my desire to read it right away... On the wall, the painting boasted two cheerful colors, white and yellow, and the hymns were written in brown ink. I asked Belides: "Who wrote these hymns, the line looks the same in the three paintings I have seen so far?" “I don't know,” she said, “it's Teyla's gift, but I'm sure it's not her handwriting, hers is completely different.”

What attracted my attention in this painting was the accurate description of the chrysanthemum and the keenness to mention its history overwhelmed with legends, especially that of the mermaid who was pursued by a Roman god, so she turned into a chrysanthemum to escape from it, in addition to describing its types, colors, and whereabouts. I feel that the one who wrote these hymns was a traveller who was born by a rose. I asked Belides about the music I heard after midnight last night, and she expressed her surprise, and confirmed that she did not hear any sound!

I was worried that my imagination had invented those voices, magnified by fear and loneliness. I changed the course of the conversation, admiring her name. She told me that her mother wanted to memorialize the man she loved, who gave his life for her in order to bring her chrysanthemum seeds and gave her that name. ”

I whispered in surprise: "O; women who cling to the past as they cling to a dream, and waste their lives chasing the mirage while they can adapt reality to become more beautiful!". She replied: "Congratulations to them for their sincerity. A man like the one my mother adored deserves to be followed to the after world, but she did not. She went on with her life, saying that I needed her!".

“So, you blame your mother?”

“Not exactly,” she said, “I'm making excuses for her, but I can't remove the sensation of the awesomeness of the man she adored, and I wish I had one like him! My mother grew up in a small village called "Kohli Young" located below the mountains of "Geragra". She was the most beautiful girl in the village, competing for her love with most young men, and many asked her hand, but her heart was closed before them. In her seventeenth spring, her family insisted on marrying her to her cousin, Alipo, who was a shepherd who knew the depths of the mountains and their rugged roads. In late Ramadan, he hosted a Circassian merchant who came looking for wild chrysanthemum seeds.

He told the merchant that he could get chrysanthemums from the "Geragra" mountains. One day a shepherd brought those seeds, planted them in his field, and made chrysanthemum tea from them. It is not a real tea, but its bright red color gave it the shape of tea with chrysanthemum Areej.

The merchant stayed in Koli Yang until Eid al-Fitr. Alipo took him to his great-uncle's house, and relatives and neighbors gathered to celebrate Eid in the large expanse of the house. The ground was covered by colorful handmade rugs adorned with wonderful drawings and colors, men and women sat under a roofed terrace, its ceiling boasted of colorful drawings, and dancers and instrumentalists occupied the celestial space... He saw her approaching him with a plate of cakes baked in the oven in a special way for Eid.

She wore a yellow chrysanthemum dress embroidered in brick like a mix of brown and green, with a collar and sleeves embroidered with wild chrysanthemums. She wrapped her head with a small colored veil, with her curls extending from both sides. She took steps back, sat in the row of musicians, and with a tambourine in her hand she began to hit it with the band. The men wore white shirts with a red or yellow daisy-colored sash, with white feathers on their heads. Alipo insisted on dragging him into the ring.. Suddenly he saw her leave the tambourine, and get up to participate in the dance!

She was in the next row facing his, carrying the flower dish and her curls flying in a circular motion.. She did not want to stop. In every cycle she glanced at his eyes staring at her, and in every cycle she moved away with her emotions to the distant mountains where the flowers of the daisies were, and she saw herself as a pliant daisy that he picked with his hands, dipped it in his water, and sipped it leisurely with a drop. Drop!

At that moment, she felt that she was in his hands, and that the universe stopped moving. A momentary moment after that, she fell unconscious.

The doctor diagnosed her with severe hypertension, and that she must drink chrysanthemum tea constantly in order to regularize her pressure.

The second day of Eid was heavy and gloomy for her family, and her husband was not allowed to enter to check on her; he divorced her for the third time in his fury and jealousy. Although the village Sheikh said that it was an angry and irrelevant oath, her father, Haj Ali, did not agree to return her to her husband's house, and he stuck to the explicit text that it is not permissible for him if she does not marry someone else. She was relieved by her father's decision to punish her husband for his violent treatment of her, but she did not expect that her third divorce would open the doors of her heart to love.

Her husband came with the Circassian youth to mediate with her father to bring her home. Her father looked the young man in the face, and said, “Are you married, stranger?”.

Her heart trembled, her face flushed, and the young man statured that he had left behind a wife in some country. Her father smiled, and said: "The Sharia allows you four wives, and your wife is in a distant country, and this is my daughter. She needs to be married temporarily legally in order to be able to return to her original husband, so what do you see?".

He was puzzled. He stared at her husband, wondering. Alipo lowered his head, hiding his eyes from his guest, who was reluctant to accept the matter. Then he nodded at him to accept the offer. He was overwhelmed by regret; and if his divorcee must be married, let it be to this stranger, who will leave in a few days, and will never be seen again.

The deal hurt her, but she was sure that the young man's eyes revealed his love for her while they were dancing in the celebrations of the first day of Eid, and she wished that she could convince him to take her with him.

She was afraid of his journey to the mountain to search for chrysanthemum seeds. All the residents of the village know the dangers that the shepherds are exposed to, when they go to the pastures on the top of Mount Gregra.

The time set by her husband to accompany the stranger[7] to the mountains gave him only one night to spend with her, which is enough, according to the agreement, to divorce her afterwards, and return to her ex-husband!

The journey began in the early morning, the horses were ready, her husband passed by and found the merchant waiting for him outside the house. He rested a little, but that did not extinguish the volcano of jealousy in his chest, nor did it eliminate the obsessions. But he didn't dare ask him directly.

They began to climb the mountain at sunrise, the pleasant weather and the cold breezes encouraged the stranger to start talking, hoping that the weather would remain clear, but his companion for a mysterious reason smiled, and said: "The sun does not tell about its presence for more than hours; perhaps the rain will surprise us, and the torrent will then prevent us from continuing the road, we will not risk slipping for a handful of daisies."

The stranger's heart contracted, and he said, "Then let us hope that the torrent is not strong so that the horses can pass through it." He muttered as if talking to himself: "O God of Heaven, how high and bumpy it is!". He did not expect the journey to be this dangerous, because he did not know those mountains before, perhaps if he knew that, he would not have ventured to give his bride that promise.

The journey to the mountains was very dangerous, it took three days to reach the summit.. The shepherds landed in a spacious place, lit a fire in a rocky corner, ate their food, and after a short break got back to work. He rode his horse around looking for chrysanthemum seeds.

---

[7]- A name given to a type of chrysanthemum in the Levant.

During his research, he realized why the wild chrysanthemum chose this remote place from the mountains of China to grow in. But he wondered if it was worth risking his life to get this royal flower? He did not know this area before, and he did not imagine that his destiny would throw him into this adventure, and that it would put in his way a woman with the taste of wild chrysanthemums. This small, secluded from maps village is in itself an exciting world with its small details, the customs and beliefs of its Muslim residents. Alipo told him at the beginning of the journey that "Koli Yang" is two thousand meters above the sea level, while the summer pastures in the depths of the mountains rise about four thousand meters; and they may not be able to get wild chrysanthemums, because of the deterioration of the natural pasture conditions, and because the rare plants are gradually disappearing.

They moved around the mountain tops for about a week, and they did not find the daisies yet. Alipo suggested that they wait another week. The stranger was not comfortable with the matter. He wanted to return to his bride. He promised her to leave the village without the knowledge of her ex-husband. His heart now speaks to him of some danger, he will not be able to push it, and he must accept to stay, because he does not know anything about the road back. Meggetti, a companion shepherd who drives his sheep in the mountains and talks to no one, looked at him this morning, suggesting that he too was anxious.

The stranger asked Alipo if he had a map that could help him get back.

He looked at him sarcastically, and said: "Shepherds do not deal with maps, the mountains for them are like lines in the palm of their hand." He opened his hand and added, “The map is here.”

That night, the stranger did not sleep. He heard the shepherds say that they would remain in the mountains for the whole period of

grazing, which takes another hundred days. Alipo then has to bring him back to the village.. But how does he convince him?

He told him that he had promised his first wife in his distant country to return within a month, and it had been a month since he had left.

They got ready, and began to descend from the mountain. The rain surprised them a day after the start of the return trip, and the floods intensified. They had to wade inside the water, risking their lives. The water flooded the horses' bellies, but they continued to walk down..

On the third day, Alipo arrived at the village alone, accompanied by the strange horse, and his quiver full of daisy seeds. He gave it to his uncle as a gift, and told him that the stranger fell off his horse in the middle of the torrent, and died!).

It was not easy for me as I gave my gift to Belides to prevent my eyes from expressing my love in tears.

In her book "The Book of Shadow", the oracle, Teyla, completed the story of Belides:

(At first, I could not find out where Belides came from. Her features do not resemble those of the people of China, although her black eyes are slightly narrow and her black hair is extending down to her knee like a sword. Her mouth is chunky and her color is brown. I was surprised when she told me that she was from a small Muslim Chinese village. Her long stature was contrary to my idea of the Chinese. She said laughing: "China has people of different races, up to fifty-five nationalities; and it is a huge extensive continent. The diversity of the population and religions is like the diversity of geography. The Chinese are not the same as many people think. In Manchuria, they look like the Koreans, and in Inner Mongolia, like the Mongols, and some of them look like the inhabitants of Kyrgyzstan, Kazakhstan, and Vietnamese, each according to their geographical region. The Han indigenous people constitute only two

percent of the population; so the Beijing government has adopted a policy of spreading this particular nationality across all of China."

She was right. She motivated me to read and search for China, so I discovered how scanty and poor my information was.

It is not usually easy for me to belie my intuition or doubt my evaluation of things. My feeling was that Belides was part of my rapidly rotating planet, trying to complete with twelve other planets, as the vision told me. Does Belides confirm what it was certain to have happened?

Belides told me about her experience at the orphanage. She was fascinated by working with thirty children between the ages of seven months and thirteen years. She described her participation as "creative." The idea of creating from nothing something pleasant for others, and with very simple tools, is enough to feel that you are making a great achievement.. This is how Pelides felt through her work at the Health Unit in Kenya. In the morning, when she entered the room, the children would rush towards her eagerly. She would say: "how are you?" and they would respond with their own accent, /see you "tomollow"/. She told me:

(It was easy for me to adapt to life here, shortage of electricity, lack of clean water and sleeping in a bunk bed. All of this is compensated for by embracing the absolute beauty and serenity inside the reserve. Physical and educational daily activities are very interesting, and the most enjoyable are giraffe monitoring, identifying the type of birds, and making records of biomass and plant cover. and walking to learn about illegal poaching activities.

The camera was the trap we set for animals when we could not approach them, distributed along a five-kilometer path. But an exciting event happened to me that I will never forget in my life. He suddenly appeared to me in the eye of the camera, staring directly at me. Rather, he looks into the eyes of that terrible look that makes the

heart tremble in fear. It is "Simba" as you saw it in the film.. I was right inside the movie, and she found me picking up the camera that fell out of my hand, frightenedly lifting my shoulders and saying, "We're going to be dead." Just seconds of confrontation made me feel cold in the middle of the African heat. It was real, not just a picture or a movie. I felt a hand patting my shoulder, and I was afraid to turn around.. The supervisor of our team was smiling and saying: "We will be dead"8).

All of us in the reserve came for similar reasons, we were looking for change, psychological calm, self-denial, and providing benefit to others. What we did was not very satisfactory to us. Therefore, we seriously thought about employing our life and spiritual experiences in establishing our own reserve in which we gather an unspecified number of women wishing to retire from environmental and spiritual pollution imposed by the complexities of life in cities, and human relations that exceeded all limits in brutality and criminality.

Belides was distinguished by her sweeping love for others and her acceptance of their love, which placed heavy burdens on her that she was happy with, and in addition to her love of procreation and children, she was aware of the greatness of nature, and established relations with plants, creating from herself an excellent farmer. Her mind works well.. She is attracted to water, lakes, and the sea. She is more balanced than her other friends, and less dissatisfied than others; because she seeks excuses for them.

But her delicate heart indicates that she gets hurt quickly, she is sentimental and loves clothes with delicate shades.

She is not completely satisfied with herself, she always needs to understand what is going on around her and know the links she has with others and how to refine them. She was subjected to emotional

[8] Simba: In Swahili, "which is the language used in Kenya, Zanzibar and Tanzania" means lion.. "Hkuna Matta" in Swahili means "no worries". The pronunciation is best known in the international cartoon film "The Lion King".

traumas that caused her unhappiness, but deep down she knows that she must be balanced and give reassurance to others.. After listening to the sound of the wind for long, she told me: "The universe has become an unbearable place. But there is still someone worth living for. These are the children who have no parents."

This is what Belides thought, adding to my idea of seclusion a human aspect that enriches it, and takes it out of its uniqueness. Belides did not need to tell me the real reason behind her interest in children; I know very well that she was a lonely child for her mother and that Alipo was sterile, but he did not know all his life that she was not his daughter, but the daughter of the stranger who he pushed off the horse in the middle of the torrent, and thought that he had been killed!

Her experience with the stranger "the pony of her father's horse" may be the most mature emotional experience of her life..

The strange black flowers surrounding the house made me feel pain in my chest.. I stopped for a moment, it was not easy for me to overcome my sense of aversion, as the dog rose when he saw me, stood on its front legs, and barked vigorously. I walked away from it with my heart shaking, I never liked dogs, especially black ones!

I headed to the tea fields and the warm May sun pouring over my head, making me feel a deep desire to resort to the shade of a tree.

Camelia wore a white cloth pouch at her feet, trampling dry tea leaves. She spins as if dancing, separating the leaves from the sticks. When she saw me, she stopped dancing, moved a little away from the tea pile, took off her sock, wore home shoes, and stepped forward as she extended her hand to shake my hand. Her fingertips were black, she said, smiling: “It's a relic of the picking, I don't wear gloves, I like to have an intimate relationship with the leaves at every stage of their life.

We sat around a small wooden table that Camelia had placed on the balcony. She held the cup of tea in both hands, raised it to the level of her eyebrows, and said, "Let's drink to heaven and earth." I said, “I usually drink tea at four o'clock in the afternoon, after the English who have the fancy tea.” Camelia said: "There is no doubt that they invented the idea of afternoon tea, but the English were never the owners of tea, and their country does not know it, their commercial colonial sense is what included them among the tea-producing countries. Teyla gave me a painting with the history of tea on it, come and read it. "

The green color marked the tea board and the hymns were written in black ink. The calligraphy is no longer surprising to me, but it aroused my curiosity to know its author, Camelia said: "In the presence of tea

the queer boy discovers the antidote to life, and the secret of eternal youth after meeting deep in the mountains of China a woman who was created for tea, sitting in her hall a thousand years ago when she was a temple to the Buddha, watching the passers-by, and giving them the spirit of tea in glass cups. She gives offerings to the god of tea, and hides the secrets of eternal youth in white tea, her memory preserves the history of the mountains for a thousand years... From the mountains of China to the port of Fuzhou to a box in the dormitories of the Queen of the Seas was the journey of tea that reached England, for that plant the opium war broke out, and the English lost tenth of their silver reserve.. 9. For her, songs, invocations and hymns were composed.

Two hundred years and the English were drowning in their insane love for her in memory of Catherine10. It is important to know that every tea plantation has her souls; this is the first lesson that my father taught me, so I burn the tea to reach his soul in the other world. Every year I make sure to plant a sampling of tea that he brought from Lake Tai to know that I have never forgotten him, even if I change where I live.. The country we come from makes us who we are. ”

I was not satisfied with Camila's talk, nor with her savory salty cakes, and her tea, when it was dark, and she asked permission to go home.

Before I went to bed, I lit a candle and placed it near the bed. I read a little bit in a book that Camila lent me about mysticism in the East. I hoped that reading would help me sleep.. But the awakening did not leave me, I left the book, and covered my head hoping that darkness could help me sleep, but the obsession with strange music worried me. As every night I fell asleep a little before the sound took me out of my sleep.. This time the music was accompanied by a singing voice, the language is strange that I have never heard before, the voice has a captivating sweetness, a force that penetrates the ribs, and a breadth that carries the soul away. The woman who sings was as beautiful as her voice, and the imagination astonished me. The

music resembled the melodies of Juan's guitar, and the rhythm resembled those clicks that Rika's fingers miraculously mastered!

The wind pushed the voice away and it fainted, and then it faded. I fell asleep before dawn.

In the morning I arrived at the tea plantation before Camelia. I was longing to hear the tale of the country from which she came, and according to the promise, Camilla began the tale:

(Reza [9] dwells inside me, leaching her vegetable from the pores of my skin. They call it the country of green gold. They did not make a mistake; tea is gold to those who knew its value - as my father used to say - and he lived his life for tea. In addition to his research, he opened a tea salon on the mountain road to his farm. The transients stop at his place to drink tea, and rest from the trouble of traveling, but then they return to the place. He who drinks tea once, and listens to my father talking, is bound by a umbilical cord with Reza's soul, and returns to it sooner than he expects. There is a gravity force for Reza, a force that the transient cannot resist, because he drowns in her love. The nature of love came from the legend of Reza, according to the legend, the green mountain and the blue-eyed sea loved each other, and the mountain used to send love letters to the sea through the streams of water, which raised the jealousy of the gray clouds. One night, those clouds poured into the blue eyes of the sea and turned it into the "Black Sea"... When I heard this myth as a child, I said to my father: "Why do people lie"? "The sea is not black!". My father explained to me the meaning of the tale, and the meaning of the myth, and he tried a lot to convince me that things do not take their credibility from the extent of their being realistic, and that they acquire their colors from our idea of them. But I was not convinced.. I went down to the sea, swam in it, and came out white like snow! My skin did not turn black. "Colors are not the ones we see with your eyes,

[9]Reza: The meaning of the name is the side of the green mountain on the side of the sea. Riza is located in Turkey.

but the ones we feel, " my mother told me. I didn't believe my mother either. I love nature, but my mind rejects what the human imagination adds to it. I see it as it is.. As such it is prettier than they imagine! Simply, I was convinced that the beauty that sight gives to man is the truth, and everything else is just distorted images. The conflict between our visions of things was at the beginning a chasm which became deeper with time. What hurt me most after my departure was that my mother remained alone despite my father's presence. I am sure that he loves her, but my father is one type of men who do not know how to express their love for others, or perhaps they do not want to express what is inside them. I knew it from the look of his eyes, from his deep concern when she fell ill and from the touch of his affectionate hand.

It is his habit when he talks to me about something or wants to teach me something to take my hands in his hands, if he is sitting, or to hold one of my hands if we are in the fields. It is his way of transmitting his ideas. He believed that this way was enough to convey the feeling with the idea to me. He intended to make me look like him in everything. He was right on the issue of communicating feeling and likeness, but he missed that I had a completely independent personality, and that I clearly saw how much pain my mother felt as she deepened her sense of loneliness, and whenever she saw those green spaces of tea steal my father's senses and feelings, and keep him away from them.

She was silent a little, stretched out her hands, took my hands and closed her eyes to begin her tale!

("Hanem Elie "10...

At the beginning of May, she hangs over the balcony wall in an attempt to embrace space outside the wall! When her mother, Hanim Yasmin, the daughter of the ancient conservative family, gave birth to

[10]- The name in Turkish means the woman's hand, and it is the name of the honey flower that is called in the Levant Jasmine Aratili. Hanim is a woman, Illy Yed, and the inverted structure follows the rules of the Turkish language.

her, she wanted to leave a space of freedom that was denied to me to choose my future without family pressures. She was helped by her husband, Nazim Pasha, who finished his studies in France, and returned loaded with revolutionary ideas gained from his deep readings of the thinkers of his time who overthrew everything that was traditional.

He befriended Jean-Paul Sartre and Simon Dubuffoir, who were at the height of their romance. That friendship left its mark on his relationship with his wife, although their relationship was traditional and characterized by the nature of commercial interest between their two families. They wanted to stay away from Istanbul so that no one would interfere with the way they wanted to upbringing me. They chose the area of "Reza" to live in.

When they settled in Reza, Hanem Elie named me Camellia11Sinisels, after the most famous plant in Reza. I grew up in a natural environment. My parents taught me to bear the consequences of my decisions, whatever they were. But they did not expect that this upbringing would make me one day choose to stay away from them, leaving them alone suffering from old age, loneliness, and nostalgia.

In his moments of despair, Nazim Pasha neglected planting tea, leaving the fields barren and empty of their soul. He even lost his certainty that he could maintain his perennial youth, as he wrote in his many theories about the tea plant. His theories then caused a great uproar among the residents of Reza, who were known for growing tea. His fame flew around the world through the translations of his books that talk about the wondrous effect of that plant. They even called it the plant of life. Some commented in articles reported in the local newspapers that Nazim Pasha is one of the descendants of Gilgamesh who carried the legacy of the search for the herb of immortality. Although Nazim Pasha did not promote the issue of

[11]- The scientific name of the tea plant.

immortality and was never convinced of it, but the idea of searching for permanent youth seduced him to the point of certainty, so it enchanted him.

When I became seventeen, I set out to meet life, and I relieved myself a little of the burden of nature. My university studies opened the horizons of the opposite sex to me, and the atmosphere of closed walls got me into their internal beauty and the open balconies on the Bosphorus away from the magical touch of Reza's clouds that touch the earth in the valleys and mountains, and connect what has been cut between man and his Creator. However, I did not give up on my love of folk music, and I preserved its legacy of rhythmic dance and playing the clarinet and violin.).

She quietly pulled her hands out of mine, and the conversation between us stopped. We entered the house, I was amazed to see the decoration. She said in a neutral tone: "Enter with your right foot the cabin of the Goddess of Mercy." She turned to her astonished, and she continued: "In my country, they think that it is the good foot, so they put it first hoping for the good when they enter a strange house! It's just a habit.

Jasmine Night:

Camelia's lounge was only a few meters away from home, featuring a back wooden balcony overlooking the vast jasmine fields. It was an early evening time, when we went out from the balcony to the field and started picking jasmine12...

We collected the buds in large plates, and returned to the balcony.. The night entered the bed of the day, and the last rays of the sun were off. In the hall, Camilla started moving the dishes in a circular direction...

The buds look still at the beginning of the night, then they breathe, and blossom when she subtly turns them over with her hands. She whispered as if in a dream: "The important thing is to know the appropriate time for the fingers to enter between the petals. Such a movement makes the flower heat up when they breathe hard, insert your fingers as I do, and you will see how your hands are overwhelmed by the smell of the breath of the petals as they are opening up. Listen carefully, do you hear? They're saying something!

My heart beats rose. I really heard! The breath of jellyfish hovers around my fingers, rises in space, touches my face, penetrates into my nose, inhabits me, and shakes me vigorously.. Their ethereal melody tickles the heartbeat!

She put the blooming flowers in a large sieve, and started moving it like a tambourine dancing between her fingers. The small petals fell from the sieve, and the large petals increased their bloom, and their perfume spread strongly as they flew to the top of space, and quickly

[12]- What is meant by jasmine here is the energetic jasmine. In Egypt and most countries of the world, it is called jasmine. In Yemen and Saudi Arabia, it is called javelin, and in the Levant, it is called javelin as distinct from javelin.

fell to the sieve! My eyes are watching the scene and my hands are shaking.. I strictly followed Camilla's instructions, and I did as she was doing. I was enchanted by subtle touches, it is love.. Nothing like it can carry me, and fly me without wings.

We did not sleep, all night, we had to stir the pile of jelly mixed with dry tea leaves until morning.. We put the pile in a sieve with smaller narrow holes. We started shaking it until we separated the tea from the flowers that had withered, leaving their soul stuck in the tea leaves. That work went on for three nights, as good tea needs nine cycles of aromatization, three each night. Then came the drying of leaves on coal. Warning me not to burn my hands as I was flipping them over the hot tin, Camelia said: "It may be worth it to burn our hands for that.. The scent; however, does not come from our hands, but from our souls. It is not only by paying attention that you master tea, but you have to give it your fullest senses, and integrate into its spirit. In the process of drying tea, seconds can make a difference in quality."

We took turns to go out to the balcony to take a deep breath and move blood in our veins by walking for minutes to regain our activity, and get back to work.

I stood on the balcony contemplating the field of jasmine drowned in perfume, stirred by warm breezes pushing their breath towards me and overwhelming me with ecstasy. I was taken by a sudden light that snapped quickly over the roof of the temple, and the pergola was lit up from several angles to look like small jellyfish resembling a linden flower. I called Camilla to watch what I see; Camilla smiled, and said: "It is Teyla lighting her trees as usual, do not worry about her, you will see a lot of her, she looks like silent fireworks, but I do not know her secret, nor what she is. Let's continue our work. "

In the morning she asked me to pick her willow leaves. She carried the large bamboo basket, and headed towards the river. I filled the basket with willow leaves, sat on the bank, and went into a fiesta...

I was in the mountains of Makhina with Juan climbing the mountain, and Rika was with us.. Suddenly I started dancing, she pulled me out of my hand to accompany her, and I winked at Juan, and she said spoiled way, "How about a nice show with knives?" With enthusiasm, Juan said: "No one is as good at this game as you are". Rika started throwing knives at a specific point she drew on a tree trunk. Juan would clap enthusiastically whenever she hit the target. He said jokingly: "But you fail to hit the target with your eyes closed". Reka defied him, took her scarf off her waist, gave it to him and said: "Blindfold me." Juan tried to retreat and apologize to her, stressing that he was joking, but Rika's anger escalated to the point that Juan quickly blindfolded her, and began to hand her the knives. Suddenly she turned towards us, and with a strange smile running down the sides of her lips, she said, "It would be more fun if the target were alive." I did not realize what she meant; she did not leave me time to understand.. The knives littered around my body! She was throwing them lightly; and Juan was laughing loudly.. The sight of blood did not excite him when one of her knives missed the target, and entered into my arm. I fainted in pain, and Juan remained frozen in place. I could see her wrapping her arm around his neck.. looking at me with ecstasy!

I got up terrified, carried the basket, and headed to Camelia's house. I sat at the doorstep; my senses were not yet out of the dream. I was all there at Reka's knives. I was startled by the dog's barking, and Camilla's voice trying to calm him down. I did not understand anything from what Camilla said, I saw her mash the willow leaves with a stone, add water to it. She made a natural insecticide to sprinkle the tea leaves with it! But I couldn't understand why Camellia sprinkled herbs with cedar!

"I'm giving it a gift because it's going to help me heal the sick," she said, laughing. Conviction is not my motivation, it's because my father used to do that! He told me once that the residents of the "village of Pasha" sanctify trees, and consider them gods that heal their patients.

When a newborn comes to them, they plant a tree for him, often a cedar tree. And when he dies, they cut the tree down, and make from it a coffin for him; yet they call it the tree of life!"

I finally had the certainty to believe everything the bridesmaids did, and to accept it as a truth. This made me confident that what I hear may be the remnants of hallucinations invented by my imagination. Camilla assured me as I helped her roast tea that she did not hear music at night, and that she sleeps deeply until sunrise!

While her fingers were moving green tea leaves back and forth over the roasting stove, whose temperature reaches fifty degrees Celsius, they produce tones that the soul realizes; so that she closes her eyes from ecstasy. Her fingers rise carrying the leaves, and bending as if she is leading a hidden orchestra to which the leaves respond, and scatter in a dancing movement; so that I could almost hear a singing sound coming from the depths of the roasting stove After an hour and a half the leaves became like pine needles!

A strange and amazing harmony between her fingers and the tea leaves. She believes that tea is the fruit of integration between humans and nature, and fusion between life and another. Not long ago, there was a crowned queen for tea. Herein, I realized that the Chinese were right. They believe that tea is a living creature that links the sky with the earth, so they made a god for it. For this reason, they held a feast for tea in the middle of spring, which they called the "Tea Grandparents' Day", and in their prayers, there is a saying: "Have the long life of tea" in the sense that the person you are praying for would live one hundred and eight years, which is the number of syllables that make up the name of tea in Chinese."

In less than a month, I learned from Camelia the ways of making tea, and the rituals of drinking it around the world, especially in the cities that produce it. And I knew its types, and discovered for the first time that its flavor varies according to the season in which it is made! Camellia preferred spring tea, and was keen to fertilize the soil with

sheep dung, and not to use chemical pesticides, because she expresses herself according to the Chinese saying.. “A good person makes good tea.”

I handed her the wooden box as I bid her farewell.. She laughed, and said, "I do not doubt that your soul is inside the box, for our things that we love are part of our souls."

* * *

In the Book of Shadow, Teyla did not devote a chapter for talking about how she met Camilla. It seems this matter wasn't exciting; so she ignored it! Instead, she wrote lines about the establishment of the reserve project.

Teyla's knowledge of Spain's geography and history facilitated the selection of the appropriate spot. The area is a protected area with natural diversity suitable for planting all kinds of trees and flowers. It has abandoned houses which are in good condition, but need just simple repairs to be ready for their stay before the project expands to include the founding of a larger number of villages affiliated to the reserve.

Teyla benefited from the economic crisis sweeping Spain, which made whole villages available for sale at low prices. These villages have narrow streets paved with stones, and houses, built of stone and wood, that still maintain a medieval character. They are ideal places between the mountains to make the dream come true.. Suzie, who came from France to buy a house in those villages, had an important role in shaping the project.

Susie..Carnation for Peace

I wiped sweat off my forehead, and my eyes were looking for a jar of water or a nearby tap in the field to quench my thirst. Despite the breeze that refreshed the heart of the morning, June cannot prevent his scorching sun from camping above the treeless fields. I saw her from afar in the middle of a white carnation field. A tall, slim girl, her waist was thin; tightened by a red sash on a loose dress that hides her flat chest so that the beholder can hardly see it. Her features are innocent, naive, uncomplicated, and suggestive of a girl with no experience. But she has an amazing ability to set the rhythm of the heart with her own music that emanates from the holes of the walls in her house, which is built in the form of a curved flute that touches the ground on its sides!

The stunning scene snipes the heart, makes it tremble from the harmony of colors, and the intermingling of smells.. The exoticism is not in the drawing only, but in what it suggests to the eye. The hill adjacent to the House of Susie took the shape of a woman, not carved from stone nor formed from sand, but from the spectra of carnations; her pink garment is like the garment of Virgin Mary, her carnation scarf covered with white, and her wide sleeves in pink and white, and the chest of the garment is opened to the whiteness of the neck and face. A woman - from her red hair to her purple shoes - uttering a seductive dizzying smell emanating from her. Behind her is a purple-colored throne, and under her feet are carpets carved with high craftsmanship in which all the spectra of the rainbow appear. To her right and left spread varieties of cloves scattered in all its colors, impregnated with their necks, making the crown around the throne! Her head is tilted towards her right shoulder, her eyes staring at a flute she holds with her fingertips.

What surprised me most about the scene was wallflower. I thought that its season was in January, and that its life was short, but Suzie grew it in a cold atmosphere, and then planted it where there is no sun. The shadows of the trees obscured the sun from the splendid colors, Suzie said: "Carnations are known by many names, types, and colors:

The red symbolizes love, and presented as a gift in the case of love. Yellow is used to express disappointment. White symbolizes innocent love, so you can dedicate it to a friend, as it carries good luck wishes for women. Many believe that pink carnations first sprouted in the land where the tears of the Virgin Mary wept for Jesus; for this reason they are said to symbolize the eternal love of the mother."

“I think that's just a myth,” I said.

“Myths often need a realistic seed to sprout and grow,” I commented. The myth is a true story to which the human imagination has added its wishes and dreams; and it became a mixture of possible and impossible. Have you read the legend of the boy who searches for the meaning of roses? Those hymns were written by a lover Teyla knew; perhaps she fell in love with him one day; and this is not strange; what is strange is that she gave us those hymns, and did not keep them for herself! The legend tells the story of a sick-hearted boy who sailed on a windy day in search of the meaning of roses. He was exhausted by searching; and he did not leave a side on earth he did not go to. He wrote lyrics, held prayers, and prayed to the mothers of roses so that he might recover from his affliction. It is said that he has not stopped searching for thousands of years, as he has walked behind the smell to the palaces of the pharaohs, and the thrones of Greece, and wherever his feet tread, his perfume is puffed up! He became old with a white beard, and time bowed his back, so he finally decided to write his hymns to roses before nothingness swallowed him. What he wrote for the carnations is as beautiful as the strength of the fragrance and its history."

Suzie caught her breath, and then told me her grandmother's tale, which proves that some of the stories that humans live are stranger than myths.

(My grandmother came from Germany to France after the World War, walking long distances in the forests. She did that because of a Carnation flower! She was running behind the soldiers' train when the

carnation fell over her head, and it hang in the tufts of her red hair which flying by the wind. She took it off quietly, and put it in the eye of the shirt near her breasts. She kept running after the wagons until the train disappeared. She could only see its smoke in the horizon. But Peter's image did not fade; it remained there on the platform with his sad face, his deep glances, his hand waving at her, and the lonely phrase he said: "Wait for me." It is the phrase that contains the promise of return, and the suggestion of love. The tales from that phrase were often reproduced in his absence before his first messages reached her to tell her that her intuition was not wrong, that he loved her, and that he would return for her.

Before throwing that carnation to her, Peter was just a shy, polite young man who sometimes passed through the neighborhood, but he had never raised his eyes to her window, smiled at her casually, or even made up what indicated his interest in her. He only wrote to her twice. Then, there was no news of him. Before the end of the war, one of his wounded friends returned, and he brought her an orphan letter telling her that he could no longer write to her, and that the mail would stop, but that he would leave his messages on the trunks of the trees in the places where he passed.

She never felt that he had left her, so she decided to follow the trail of his messages to reach him. The first of these messages was engraved on the trunk of a pine tree. He wrote to her: **"The shells tear the blue sky, the smoke suffocates us from all sides, but rest assured, we are still alive."** He signed a carnation.

She walked through the woods for days before she found the second letter on the trunk of a willow tree near a muddy lake, from which it was clear that many bodies had recently been recovered.

"I will not die as long as we are together, my feeling that you are next to me gives me the strength to steadfast, life is stronger than war.. Rest assured, I'm still alive. " He signed by a drawing of a carnation that was stained with blood that dried and became black! She fell

unconscious, and when she woke up after a long time, she encouraged herself to continue searching.

Days later, she found another message that restored her confidence, that he was still alive; and that she would find him. "Wait for me, I'm coming," she whispered. The trees carried her message through the pollen flowers flying in space, handed it to the wind to be ahead of her to reach him... On a poplar tree he wrote to her: "**Could age deny me the time to kiss your lips, and measure the distance between them and your breasts? I feel pain, I feel cold.. But, I'm still alive. "** And signed with a little white carnation!

The last letter she found fell into her heart like a thunderbolt. **He wrote: "I live in hell; I'm starting to feel scared; death surrounds us from every side; my comrades left me; I'm alone; will you extend your hand to save me?**

It is hunger, death, body parts, and the end.. Bring me your red hair to be my coffin; give me your chest s a cushion, support me before I fall.." And he didn't sign with a carnation!

She stared at the letters for a long time, doubting for a moment whether he was the one who left the message. But his spirit is in the words, even if he did not sign with a carnation!

She does not know how long she has been in a coma, all she knows is that she found herself in a stylish country house, when she woke up, and there was a woman caring for her...

She settled in the French countryside, no one there speaks French, they all speak slang, which my grandmother had no difficulty learning, and she did not mind when the owner of the house offered to marry her after a year of her stay there.

My grandfather was a peasant who owned vast lands, his laziness prevented him from taking care of them, and cultivating them. At first, she was content to plant small areas of carnations; then she was

dominated by a strange dream that she saw every night, watching herself in a wide yellow field swept by fires, reaching out with her hands to the sky in distress, where a pink cloud appeared in the form of a woman suddenly raining, extinguishing the fires, and drowning her in rain-colored spectra. When she touches her wet body, the carnations bloom in it, and her cells wake up to its fragrant smells. Then she sees Peter's hands embracing her body, which turns into a red carnation, suddenly throwing her out of a train window, which soon fades, leaving thick smoke, and the sounds of terrifying explosions, and she wakes up terrified. But the smell does not leave her, which fuelled feelings of longing and nostalgia for Peter.

That dream made her think of a huge project she called "Carnation for Peace." She planted those fields with carnations, and the meadows around her house were full of color and aroma. It could not dispose of the huge quantities of cloves despite the establishment of a store for sale, it developed, grew, and began shipping its goods to major cities, so she thought about manufacturing perfume. It was a huge investment that gave her a lot of money. My mother, who was her lonely child, left the countryside and ran after her dream, to study in Paris. After graduating from university, she left France for Egypt. She loved to study archaeology, and worked there for a long time, and when she returned to visit her mother I was five years old. She left me in my grandmother's lap, and travelled once again.

I loved the countryside, hated studying, and didn't leave my grandmother until she died. Then I gave up the fields and making perfumes; and I ran away. I couldn't stand being away from her, or stay in a place where there were only memories. But when I bought the houses of this village, repaired them, and housed these fatherless children like me, I discovered that I carried my grandmother with me; I carried the perfume lady, and the load was heavy and exhausting; it burdened my soul, and I took it out to the hill. It is that woman made of clove flowers whose fragrance falls from her flute, and her tones emerge. They are intoxicating and make one dizzy.

At night I hear the sound of her flute, at night I hear the whistling of a train coming from afar, and I see him, I see Peter carrying his hand tied to his neck as a white carnation stained with blood. That's why I planted a field of white carnations drenched in red; I called it Peter's Field. He surrounds the carnation woman signing love letters with his blood).

When Susie reached this sentence, I heard the sound of the flute, and the smell penetrated me strongly, shaking my body. And you would see me riding on a rainbow. When I reached out my hand to him, I touched the delicate petals of the cloves. I felt the sweetness of the velvet touch, which emitted tones that shook my fingers, and my heart beat. It's those tunes that Juan played for me on our first date!

My friend Mira and I were sitting in the first row in front of the theater when he started singing. He was looking at me. My heart shook when a fan presented him with a bouquet of carnations. He pulled a wine-colored carnation from it, and threw it at me. My hands grabbed it eagerly, and I hid my face with my hands from the intensity of the anxiety, as I became the target of the envy looks of the young women, and the admiration of the young men!

Juan was very practical, when he finished his song, he jumped off the stage in a showy manner, stepped towards me, shook my hand warmly, and offered to accompany him to dinner amid the hustle and bustle of the hall, and the shouting of the audience!

I asked Susie in a faint, confused voice, “Do you hear music at night other than the flute?” She smiled affectionately, and said, "Yes, I do hear it, I never close my ears, and you; never close your ears! Never close them, because the music of the universe is intertwined and in harmony with each other, and you cannot isolate one voice from another. If you close them now, so that you don't hear Juan's voice, the sob will stay in your ears forever.”

“I didn't ask anyone before you said they heard the voice until I thought it was hallucinations, fantasies created by loneliness and fear,” I said.

She said, "Don't be dominated by this negative feeling, you are here to heal, and you have to help yourself before we help you. That music you hear is not played by Juan, and it is not the beautiful voice of your enemy. I do not know who she is, but I enjoy her singing even though I do not understand the words of the song, but something in her voice made me feel the transparent sadness that was one of my grandmother's qualities when she listened to the music with tears filling her eyes. There is a warm spirit of carnations in her music. It is grandmother's soul... When she died, she took the spirits of the cloves from the fields with her, so they withered within days, and the wind blew through them, and their sticks turned lifeless, and the field became dry, and eaten by fires, and came upon everything in it, until the firefighters were able to stop them before it devoured the house. The imagination of the countryside residents became active; they spread a rumor saying that an evil spirit had come to the place, and this is a bad omen, as the whole village may be destroyed, if they do not remove the causes! This is, in fact, the direct reason for my departure from the town.

My grandmother's funeral was attended only by some close neighbors who did not believe that her spirit was the cause of those fires. Some brought pink carnations from the city, and put them on her coffin. I did not bury her in the cemetery, but in the garden of the house that I did not dare to sell. In fact, no one wanted to buy it...

Before I left the house, I went to her grave to bid her farewell. I was stunned to see her tomb transforming into a throne of white and pink carnations, and a dark red bouquet in the middle of the throne, wrapped with great care in a white silk ribbon. When I touched it, it turned into white sheet stained with blood. That bouquet was signed by Peter!

When I returned to carry my luggage, I found next to it a package that was written in Arabic and French with my grandmother's address and my name on it!

It was a package from my mother! I still have the card that she wrote on. "Don't think that you are gone, you are here with me everywhere.. Death cannot rob us of those we love as long as we have the power to evoke them in our lives. You will stay with me until I come to you."

“And you?” Susie asked I forgot you!”. Suzie said: Motherhood is indivisible, I forgave my mother when I read what she wrote to her mother. I knew that she had her own reasons for abandoning me. It was not her ambition and work in the field of archaeology, neither was it her love of Orientalism or her preoccupation with Arabic research about the relationship of language to belonging, but for her own reasons. Between me and myself, I blamed her a lot, but I had enough of the blame and reproach after I read what she left me in the package, and most importantly, she chose a better mother for me. Her mother!”. “And love?” I asked Susie “There is no man Susie can love after Peter's death,” she said with absolute earnestness.

My curiosity had reached its peak when Suzie stopped talking, and got up to her room to finish distilling the perfume. I followed her silently because I knew she didn't like talking on the job.

The drip pots were made in the shape of a carnation flower, and on the shelf of the top of the workroom, the colored candles were bent like jellyfish hanging on a wooden frieze in the form of carnations, which were scattered in its colors and spectra. Everything in the room looks like Susie! A visitor cannot distinguish between a carnation flower on the one hand and the moving carnation with her canine lips and red hair braided around her head as a crown, her hazel eyes, her broad forehead, and the surrounding candles that she has made with her own hands, on the other. Suzie was created with her figure and moderate height as a natural carnation stuffed with fragrance...

When I left her house at the end of the evening, the lights scattered around the Temple of Teyla stopped me. This time, as Camelia described them, they were silent fireworks flowing towards the sky in the form of a column of butterflies, and then returning to light the edges of the roof, and the branches of linden! The view was enchanting, it captivated me all the way home, and after I arrived I stayed for more than an hour watching the scene from my window!

"I'm afraid to open your present, I don't like surprises," Susie said, placing the wooden box on the dining table in the living room.

"It wouldn't be a bad surprise," I said, "and it might be the horizon of new knowledge."

Teyla wrote in The Book of Shadow:

(Suzie came from the French countryside carrying a clean set of energy centers, she was not attached to anyone, and she aimed to follow a spiritual path to reach the level of wisdom. She invalidated the sexual process, completed the exercise of concentration and not talking during food, and achieved the spiritual experience in not being involved in an emotional affair, and in harmony with nature.

After intensive and long sessions, she charged her energy centers. She now has access to secrets. She thought that it was limited to the trainees, but I told her that it is a human heritage that every human being can benefit from as long as he aspires to reach a higher awareness by overcoming the weakness inherent in him. Life experiences are sufficient for that. It was not easy for Suzie to be convinced that she would reach this level of awareness, because she believed that she was not distinguished from others. Gradually, she changed her conviction, and remained certain that no human being

could possess full knowledge, so she moved away from the trap of vanity that hinders her progress towards knowledge.

In her village, she resorted to dancing, candles and incense, part of the heritage and human experiences as she describes that. I told her that she doesn't need those rituals anymore, because they are inherent in her, and because we are moving towards a new era, we can make a change in consciousness, and we can discover our innate potential.

Susie, the only one of the women of the reserve, who still maintains the harmony between living here and living in her past, because of her ability to make the two worlds one, and to integrate what was and what will be. She did not detach herself from her memories, and did not close the outlets of the heart from loving the world with all its contradictions, and her desire to know the news of her mother. All that confirms her connection to what is happening outside the borders of the reserve. She is loyal to those she loved and even to those she hated. Although she is fully convinced that sexual life is not a necessity, she wishes she had a child, and this is what prompted her to help mothers raise their children, and she tried to be a replacement father for them!

The idea of having a father in the lives of children preoccupies her a lot, because she grew up without a father, and in the absence of her grandfather who died she was a child.. Her father was a thought.. She perfected her photography, evoked her; and that inspired her in all what she created in her presence here.

Throughout that period, I pitied her for the spiritual pressure she was exposed to because of the loss, and I was afraid that she would know the truth. The truth of the father who accompanied her as an thought, and did not turn into reality throughout her life.. The surprise was great for me when she told me that she knew the secret I tried to hide from her. Her mother wrote her a letter explaining everything!

That's why I stopped following up on Susie, and I knew I had nothing more to offer her.

The Rose War

We met before now on Spring Festival; she was wearing a fiery red dress; she presented Ares with a bouquet of red roses; she approached me and shook my hand. Her body was humming with the intoxicating smell of roses.

She chose a corner beside the window, lit her cigarette, pulled a deep breath, stared at the thickening blur on the window, reached out her hand, and carved something mysterious over him. I approached her; she looked at me affectionately, and laughed, “You don't seem to be bothered by the smoke.”

I smiled, grabbed a chair, and sat next to her: “No, I was living with a smoker, who doesn't give up his cigarette even in bed.”

She giggled, hit my thigh, and handed me a cigarette: "When you are sitting with a chimney like me, you must smoke, it is better than passive smoking."

I took it from her hand, inhaled a breath, and closed my eyes to his voice. He would say the same thing to me in another wording: “The woman who does not smoke is deficient in femininity, you are prettier when you smoke.”

I would take it from his hand, pull out a deep breath that burned my chest, strangling me until I got used to that sting it left in my throat, and I got addicted to it.

I heard her say, “Why do you close your eyes? You better keep it away from your sight; if you don't now, you won't be able to get rid of it. " I forced myself to open my eyes, I saw her smiling in a way I couldn't decipher. I asked her to get out of the state of suffocation I felt: "How can you smoke in such a pure atmosphere?".

She pulled a deep breath out of her cigarette: “You mean how dare I? My main condition for staying here was not to be banned from smoking under the pretext of protecting the environment. I didn't expect Teyla to agree, but apparently she was betting on my will to quit smoking after I got rid of my memory, but which memory did she want me to get rid of? My past with my husbands, or with the men I adored? My childhood or my youth? I do not expect to forget. Sometimes I tell myself that my stay here will not last. Can life be one sided? ".

I said, "It seems to me that Teyla is either crazy or has a lack of femininity. The female is not complete without the presence of a male; or else, why did God create humans two sexes? HE could have united the sexes, and relieved us.”

Rose laughed until she turned upside down, and her sparkle shone, so I rushed to her with a glass of rose water. She drank it in batches, wiped her tears and said: “Don't scrutinize my words too much, and don't take them seriously, if Teyla heard what I say she would kick me out of the reserve.”

- "Supposedly she accepted your presence as you are; she has no right to impose her conviction on you, she may be wrong."

We stopped talking, and smoke rose.

More than once, I succeeded in preventing my ears from hearing the sounds of the universe around me. Sometimes the voices fade away, and I feel I lost my hearing completely! But every time I get to that point, nocturnal music awakens my senses, perforating my hearing. I blocked my ears with a cotton swab before bed, but that didn't make the sound go away! Not only the strange music, but also the lights of Teyla, this night appeared glowing at midnight in the shape of a woman's hand. “It's Teyla's hand,” Rose said. Then another hand was formed; and the body gradually appeared; then the head; and the woman of light becoming full. Her lights were tanning at the trunk

and neck. She seemed more visible in the hands and face. Rose laughed, “It's a little trick Teyla does to influence girls' minds, and the first one is my daughter,” she said.

I seriously said, “But it's really weird, Rose. I'm also looking for a logical explanation for it; it's definitely not lights; and I can't believe it's one of Teyla's miracles, as they say.”

Rose is still glowing as she has been since our meeting in February, when she advised me to use rose water to make a "mask" for my tired skin, and her fresh face was the biggest proof of the sincerity of her advice. Rose has a fiery temper when she attacks someone, which quickly fades the moment the whirlwind subsides, and the dust fades. She has flexibility that gives her the ability to drink coffee, smoke, and gossip in trivial matters away from what disturbed her just moments ago. The color red put Rose in a real quandary of confusing, contradictory emotions. Sometimes he makes her feel elated, makes her flow with love, and sometimes it throws her on the brink of despair, so she puts all her energy into the things she makes, but she fails to control herself towards food. I asked her what made her attracted to food like this. She smiled lightly, and said: "I acquired that foul habit during my first marriage, I was emptying all my energy into food; sometimes I even eat directly from the refrigerator, without waiting until I set the table. I often get up at night, go to the kitchen, open the refrigerator, and eat anything that is there. Cold foods make me depressed, just like my relationship with him. My senses froze; as that was the only desire that led me to neglect myself at all levels. Gradually, I began to see the terrible shape of my body in the mirror which scares me, and increases my depression; so I smashed all the mirrors, even my hair, I no longer combed it, it became more like a toilet roll.

That's how my relationship with him was, I acquire; some of his feature, though I hated them a lot; but it is not easy to live with a man for nearly a quarter of a century without being affected by him. We

were parallel in everything, so we were both attracted to new people with special qualities, and we rejected each other."

“Eating this way compensates for emotional deprivation,” I said. “You don't lack knowledge and wisdom,” Rose laughed. I asked her: “Didn't your husband feel that you were having an affair with another man?” She reflected on me before answering: "A woman does not have to be smart to be able to deceive a man. A woman has the ability to convince a man that he is the only one in her life, and that she adores him; while she would be sleeping with another man. However, neither of us liked her partner and knew about his betrayal. That is, if I accept to call it treason, I see it as loyalty to my feelings and nothing more."

On top of the hill, behind Rose's House, pink and white bushes of eagle flowers grew. I knew that the eagles were blackberries, but Rose told me that they were pink plants, and she added with a laugh from my ignorance: "This is from that." To retrieve my face, I said maliciously: "What made you hide it behind the house, and not plant it among the pink flowers?".

Her face soaked, and her skin turned pale. She took out the pack of cigarettes from her pocket, lit one nervously, exhaled the smoke, and explained: "Because it is the fruit of sin... Come here.” She grabbed me by the hand, and turned around the house. There is a separate room with open windows, but inside it is hidden by curtains. She gently removed the curtain, and I saw a young girl who did not exceed thirty, apparently, reading in a book while lying on the bed. The curtain slipped from her hand, and she whispered: "It's Nasrin, my daughter, more than forty years have passed since she was like this."

I have never seen Nisreen before, not in Spring Festival, nor in the village. “Why are you locking her in here?” “It's not me, it's the disease, ” she lamented. Then I noticed a wheelchair near the bed! Silence between us lasted a long time and I did not dare to scratch it with a question.

We moved between the fields; meanwhile I was picking roses with big scissors, as she taught me, I called her: “It's a rose, come and look” She approached me, and I looked where I pointed at the butterflies hidden among the rose petals. She smiled, and said:

"When you call the name Rose/Jouria, I feel chills shaking my body, the texture of my skin changes, the pores of the perfume open; and I feel that I have gone far into the depths of history.

I said, and it made me happy to see her face glow again: "Jouria, what is the story of Nisreen? She took my heart, I feel like there's something from me in her.” She smiled bitterly: "That is a special story that I did not want to tell you; a woman always has something to hide, even foolish and gossip women do. Every woman keeps secrets to herself that she cannot tell; sometimes she is ashamed of them or to avoid problems. The eagle flower is linked to a love story that lasted only days. That was in April after a year of my marriage without bearing a child. I heard about a herbs[13] shop in Al-Bezouriah/"market for herbs", that treats infertility. When I entered the shop, I saw him. He was sitting in the corner on an old bamboo chair extending his legs on a low wooden chair. He lowered them with a quick movement, when he saw me, and apologized for his lack of taste in the presence of beauty. In fact, I felt that his polite behavior was exaggerated, so I did not respond, and I turned to the shopkeeper to ask him about the herbs that a neighbor described to me, and she said that their effect is certain.. The experienced salesperson asked me if the herbs were for me or for my husband. He then explained, “Who of you is sterile?”.

“Me,” I said, confused. I heard his deep voice, as if it were coming from inside my skin, saying, “Is it possible that a rose/Jouria, like you, is sterile, you are obviously wrong?” I did not pay attention, I had

[13]Al-Bazouriya: The herbs market in Damascus.

confusing thoughts and feelings, which were not exactly known to me: anger, shame, or....?

He said to the apothecary, "Give her the eagle flowers, bathe in their water, and she awakens in herself what has slept in her husband." It was not a confusion that I felt, my body was shaken strongly, as he was turning to me and extended his hand full of eagle flowers, and said: "Perhaps you need a gardenia bush at home. It is true that raising it is difficult and sensitive, and it does not even work with rose experts at home; but if you know how to deal with it, and make your husband smell it daily, it activates the centers that control emotions and sexual desire in the brain." What struck me in his words was how did he knew the basic problem between us?

I controlled my shyness, and looked him in the eye. Then a real earthquake in my body erupted, and made me run away with my eyes to the contents of the glassware. I stumbled upon a prominent slab in the shop floor, and almost fell. My hand trembled as I carried pots containing dried flowers, and it was scattered on the floor.

I said unconsciously: Do you have another batch of flowers?" He said seriously: "Yes, I brought it with me from Tunisia, from Mount Zaghouan, which is famous for growing eagles, it is in the hotel, I am staying in a nearby place; if you want, you can accompany me there, to give it to you." The apothecary looked at both of us, and smiled. I walked out of the shop without answering. I heard the apothecary say to him: "Do not sell water to those who sell it. Eagles are of Damascene origin. The Umayyads took it with them to Andalusia, and the Andalusians brought it to Tunisia. And there you are bragging about your expertise!" I heard him laugh, and say to the apothecary: "A lover knows when to pick a rose; and the eagle flower requires waking up early to get its dense soul seasoned by perfume oils. It doesn't matter where it comes from; what matters is who gets it. "

I waited for him in the hall; I was confused. He opened the elevator door, looked at me, and closed it. I memorized the number, went up

a few minutes later, and followed him... I found him behind the open door of the room. I entered as if I was walking in my sleep, I sat on the edge of the bed.. He opened a small bag, and took out a wooden box wrapped in silk tape.. He opened it, and offered me a cake that looked like sweets; and I ate one whose smell makes one dizzy. He said: "These eagle cakes are baked by the people of Zaghouan in a special way. They knead almonds with eagle water and it is said that the Andalusians made it first."

I ate the cake and found his hand stretched out to me with a cup of instant coffee. I took it and with the first sip I felt safe suddenly.. At that moment I wanted to take off my shoes, lie down and sleep... I closed my eyes, stretched out on the bed and took off my shoes! I felt like I wanted to lighten myself by taking off my clothes; and that's what he did! I slept for moments. Yes, I fell asleep, I no longer felt worried, my body completely surrendered, what is inside the cakes and coffee? I asked myself, and I couldn't find an answer!

He left after a month without saying goodbye to me; and he did not know that I had conceived his daughter at that time, and my husband did not know that the girl was not his daughter. You know that I plant eagles not for the sake of perfume, not for the sake of its beautiful memories, but for the sake of punishing myself for that sin I committed. How does the oracle Teyla think that merging into the spirits of flowers saves us from sin? I wish she would understand that it is not salvation, but a harsh punishment. ”

“Who is following Nisreen's treatment?” She said: "All bridesmaids, but the seer is the one who cares about her personally, I do not know why Teyla is attached to the Nasreen roses, perhaps if I know why I understand why my daughter refused to return with me to Damascus. Perhaps that painting that Teyla gave her has that magical effect in attracting the girl to her, I can almost say that it is one of Teyla's spells that she uses to control the girls of the reserve.". I asked her if I could

see the painting, and she said that she would accompany me in the evening after we finished working to show it to me.

Meanwhile, Jouria and I were transporting the small bags in which I planted the hybrid rose seeds, and planting them in the land adjacent to the house. It was too late to plant the Jouri/rose since the end of February, but Rose kept the seedlings in a cold atmosphere, and then took them out after their sticks hardened to plant them in the ground. When we finished work, I accompanied Rose to Nasrin's room. She was asleep, her mother whispered in my ear: "We will not be able to enter. I do not think it is that important. I remember that the painting touches me in some way. I am a female who does not flee from anyone, like the one described in the hymn, whose lover investigated her footprints in the tombs of the Pharaohs, the mountains of China, and Damascus.. He excelled in mentioning its colors and spectra, and asked her forgiveness, because it is burdened with guilt and deep love! Just like me, that rose can't stand the heat or humidity. It needs just a heart to live in and sleep. "

During the period when I helped Rose plant the roses, she taught me the methods of cultivating them through "tying" and "grafting," and told me about the appropriate times for that, the temperatures, the shade, and the method of irrigation. The acidity of the soil and its alkalinity.. And the percentage of fertilizer in it.. Green pruning, which helps the roses to grow in the beginning of autumn, and dry pruning at the end of winter..

We were trimming the rose bushes when a thorn entered my finger, and it bled heavily, and blood flowed over the green leaves.. Rose hurried home, brought me a bandage that she tied on my hand, and said, “Roses only cut roses.” I smiled at her joke: "In your presence, thorns turn into roses." She laughed loudly, hit my shoulder, and said, “Where did you learn this? You reminded me of a hypocrite who I thought was the savior who would pull me out of the abyss of despair that I fell into during a quarter of a century of my marriage. I was

attracted to him, and our secret relationship lasted for months! The strange thing is that this relationship deepened my relationship with my husband. I feel very harmonious with him. You will laugh if you know that I started to retreat from the idea of separation, and that this person was the spark that ignited the fire of our relationship again. He was hammering me with poetic phrases on me, flirting with me no matter how I moved, and making me feel like a beauty queen.. So would come to my husband full of confidence and emotion; and ready to receive his water... But at that time he had finished the divorce proceedings!".

Rose is not spiritually similar to white and pink rose, and even orange and yellow; the colors of red wine and black suit her; those colors are the closest to her mercurial personality.

This morning, she came to me with her face gloomy, and her hair was not combed. She told me that she had lost her icons. I did not understand directly that she meant her hair clip and her dress pin. She sat on the doorstep, lit a cigarette, and muttered with rage: "Bad omen, I won't stay here, if I don't find them." "Look hard," I said, "sometimes; something is close to us, and we don't see it." She stared at me with astonishment as if I had said a mystery.. Then she laughed, and got up. She dusted off her dress, inviting me for coffee with her. On the way, she told me that her paternal grandmother had bequeathed to her the belief that elves borrowed human objects, but her paternal grandmother, who is English, torpedoed that belief, when she lost her clip and pin while in their house. She said to the girls: "The fairy among you who stole the clip pin should get them out immediately; I know her; and I will punish her if she does not." Her sister Rose dropped them in the sea[14] to avoid punishment, but the intelligent grandmother read their faces, pulled Rose from her hair, and forced her to dive into the water, get the pin and the clip out. Warda believed that her grandmother would explain their present

[14]A small puddle of water in the middle of the land of the house that is characteristic of Arab houses in Syria.

disappearance by borrowing the elves from them, and it did not occur to her that the different environment and beliefs would trap her.

The grandmother gave Rose the clip and pin as a present before she travelled. It was a precious legacy that she had never been careless about in her life.

When we searched the house, we found them in the fluffy bed. Rose had not arranged it after waking up. It was her habit to put them on the little table next to the bed before she slept; and when she did not find them, she thought they were lost. Rose often wished that she had travelled and lived with her grandmother in England to gain from her the spiritual strength she enjoys and her way of thinking, but she left her Tudor rose with its connotations and meanings. It is not only its material value that made her value it dearly, but also its moral value.

Contemplating the two hugging roses in her golden clasp -one of luminous diamonds and the other of red agate-; I asked Rose: “Why are they called so?” She said: Haven't you read about the War of the two Roses? This war lasted three decades, because of the control of the throne of England between the House of York, whose emblem was the White Rose, and the House of Lancaster, whose emblem was the Red Rose. That was on, until the two families were united by the leader Henry Tudor after his victory at the Battle of Bosworth, and a new emblem was formed combining the two previous emblems named the Rose of Tudor." I said, "It is not in vain to make a war for roses, but to call war by this name only for the sake of the motto is absurdity in itself."

Shakespeare is the one who gave this name to the war in his play (Henry VI). Men master the pairing of opposites, while women know how to spoil roses and raise them above the throne. My grandmother was fond of planting rose petals. Her garden contained many types and unique colors that I only saw at Rose's. I keep a memory of her. Her roses were dense with petals and short and wide compared to the size of the roses I know. Rose explained why my grandmother's

flowers were infected with the so-called "dense head," which is a physiological disease that affects roses in the month of December, when temperature is then minus five degrees.

I didn't care, I loved the way they looked! Another unpleasant memory for me which made me suspect for a long time that I had negative energy that roses did not like, as its necks bent downward shortly after I picked it. Jouria commented: "Your energy has nothing to do with it; this is also a disease we call " bent neck " disease. There is no doubt that you picked roses before their growth was complete, and the flower holder is weak and cannot carry the bud; something I had when I separated from my first husband."

I said, "Perhaps your distance from him and his comparison with the other made your positive energy grow stronger, especially in your intimate moments."

She said: "Yes, but the separation between us took place, and I got engaged to the other. It was not a year until I discovered the trap that I had fallen into. Perhaps my second marriage was just a reaction. In short, it was a foolish choice. Then a young man ten years younger than me broke into my life. He convinced me that he was my savior from all breaks and disappointments! But he was greedy, petty, and lazy who did not like work. He tried to take advantage of me, even though he did not need to. It is enough for him just to wish for something, to get it from me!

You will laugh, if you know that I married the third one to heal from the second. The third was despotic and willing to do anything in order to get what he wanted. He often lost control of himself; he was full of rage, foolishness, and madness. I did not know that he worked in smuggling, and when I confronted him, he said that it was normal work, and that he was doing it out of love for adventure. His love for the color red was dangerous to a frightening degree. May be it was because of his previous work. He was a security officer before I met him. At the beginning of our relationship, I thought that the color red

would save me from danger. But the blood indicator was above normal. He was not only one of those who loved adventure, but also one of those who shed blood for it!

“How did you know that?”; I asked her.

She said: "Everything in his behavior was telling the truth; he enjoyed naked drawings, and women with large breasts; and he went crazy when he had sex with me; he always made me feel incomplete, and that I could not contain him.. At first, I did not understand that it was a reaction to the experience of the uterus where safety is.. His desire to curl up and go back there is terrifying! He used to annoy me by wearing bright clothes with glowing colors. I felt ashamed, when I accompanied him in public places. The significance of those colors was confusing me; especially when he leaves his body to express his insanity, lust, and folly through dancing or seducing others with chunky bodies.. I often thought of a surgical intervention to enlarge my chest, and blow my cheeks and lips.. But I was able to get rid of the siege of those ridiculous ideas, when I fell in love for the fourth time. So; why aren't you laughing? The fourth, I had a relationship with him outside of marriage; he comes to me whenever I want, and I get rid of him whenever I want. However; I reached a point with him that I can no longer stand my body; he was materialistic, naive, and never thought about my needs and emotions. He comes to me, when I am in a bad mood; and he does not appreciate that I cannot communicate with him while I am like that. He behaves like a child, whenever I apologize for sharing the bed, he accuses me of no longer loving him. It was difficult for him to understand that a woman could not separate her passion from her desire for sex; and that she needed touch and preparation; and she is in need of love first before she was inflamed by desire.

- "Men are excused. They think through themselves, and they do not know that the limbic system responsible for emotion controls a large part of the brain in women."

Rose laughed:

- Frankly, you amaze me with your scientific and impartial way of thinking; and I almost doubt that emotion can control your actions in the way that happened to me. I felt that cracks in my heart were bleeding, the green faded inside me, and a dark red color occupied all my feelings. "

I was also bleeding like Christ on the cross, when I woke up from my coma, and I saw Reka's face smiling that smile in which malice is confused with the overwhelming feeling of superiority and victory with false tenderness. Windows were closed and the curtains were drawn, and a light darkness charged the atmosphere of the room with gloom.. When I asked her where I was, and where Juan was? "Everything's fine," she said, "He'll be back in a bit." I didn't understand anything, I went back into the coma!

* * * *

The most beautiful thing Jouria/Rose taught me was to make rose jam. It was that refined culture in which the people of Syria excelled.

I bought it from the markets; and I did not like its taste, nor its smell. Rose said: "The first step in making rose jam is choosing the type and color of roses. Syrians grow a type of roses that the rest of the world do not know, even neighboring countries. Therefore, you see its color in the markets is dark, closer to brown, and it smells light, and also the amount of sugar in it is huge. Even what they make of pink rose does not have the same smell and taste. Pink rose has many types and shades of color in it. The closest to the Syrian rose is the monthly pink rose; its color is slightly fresher and its petals are larger, wider and less dense. The Syrian rose jam is distinguished by its color, pungent smell, and taste, and it almost produces music under the teeth during chewing. Taste it, and tell me what you think. "

"It was supposed to be my gift to Nisreen, but now she is not ready to go to experiments of any kind on the reserve," I said to Rose as I bid

her farewell. Perhaps you will accept my gift on her behalf. ” She said: "Certainly, girl, I have never felt so intimate with any human being in my entire life. I almost smell in you a smell that does not leave me. My house will not be far; you will visit me whenever you find time, and we will continue our conversations.. I've loved you; it's enough for you to know that. ”

Teyla wrote in The Book of Shadow about Rose:

We cannot spend our entire lives compensating for our mistakes. Therefore, our goal must be limited to assuming our responsibility, working to achieve our own balance, and discovering the pure essence of ourselves. The more we balance towards the light, the clearer and less confused we become. Our relationship with the other becomes better. Rose needed a more spiritual partner to discover the essence of her depths. She had that sense that there was someone who could contain her, and approach perfection in his intimacy with her, but she reached a different conviction - after the failed relationships she had gone through - that such a person did not exist on Earth. She could have continued to reason with others by compromise, but she hated the way that each time she would be forced to concede further, and to deepen the wound.

She chose to put one foot in the reserve and another outside it. I do not bet on her staying here; this world does not suit Rose; and she cannot do without men.. What connects her to the reserve is the hope that only her daughter will be healed; after that she will definitely leave. She will leave, and let Nisreen stay behind; if she chose that.

* * *

When I finished the chapter on Rose, I did not expect to find in Teyla's book an amazing surprise.

Teyla cut off her talk of bridesmaids, and wrote in different ink a shocking chapter as soon as I read the title my head turned, blood fell in the heart, my body let me down, the couch embraced it, and I fainted for minutes.

Juan.. Four years ago.

His message was a surprise that I did not expect. Before that, I thought that my connection had been cut off to everyone I knew in the Bathia camp, despite my promise to the camp's seer to return, but I did not keep it.

"I finally found my girl," he wrote to me, "I found the woman I was looking for, the spirit that I once told you surprises me with her presence while I am playing and that comes out of my throat while singing; which made me more certain that she carries your name! Do you remember Teyla when I told you that I wanted you to accompany me as a dancer and you laughed at me mocking my feelings, and you looked at me with the tip of your eye as if you were measuring my words with my insignificant height? I know you saw me as small and insignificant even though you admired my voice."

Yes, I admired his voice, it shakes my depths and rains perfume; he made me for days feel his early manhood; and I really wish he was a little older, a little longer, and I do not mind if he remains crazy and unbalanced. Forty years ago, he asked me to marry him. His request still evokes in me - when it passes through my memory - the same contradictory feelings, warmth and coldness, wisdom in rejection, and madness in acceptance. I was at a crossroads, and I had to choose and define my goal, and I chose to go on the search for my father, leaving everything behind me.

That's it? Teyla continued to talk about her bridesmaids

Teyla wrote in The Book of Shadow about Rose:

(It is not easy to deal with a woman who has taken lying as a way of life. When I met Rafif, I discovered that what the Pathia Seer taught me, what I gained from my long experience in dealing with women, and what I read all my life are not enough to be able to distinguish the real from the fake in her personality!

Therefore; I admit that Rafif got me in trouble and put me to a difficult test of my personal ability to understand her and provide her with appropriate assistance. Her first problem was her appearance, as she did not accept those deep lines that made the beholder think that she was old, and that she had a facelift. She often hid her palms by wearing lace gloves. As for her coarse curly hair, she suffered from stroking it daily to look good. She told me that the girls in her village used to just smooth their hair and leave it to the wind to mess with it; and she dreamed of imitating them, so she removed her curls one day, and left her hair to the wind, but the wind hurt her a lot. It blew up her hair, complicated it, and made the girls make fun of her.. Her grandmother spent hours oiling her hair, and quietly brushing it to get rid of the ties in it. After that, she no longer unravels her curls and does not give in to the temptation of her friends in university to have a hair-cut. But she did it the day she graduated. She handed it over to a famous barber in Cairo. He was creative in choosing the right hairstyle, and convinced her that many pay money to curl their hair, and she has in her hair that unique nature that no designer can invent. He wetted his fingers with water first and started combing her hair without a comb. Then he put a little cream and stroked the hair with a skill that changed the shape of her face, and made it beautiful. He extended his hands to her neck, and she trembled. He whispered in her ear: "This hairstyle needs a neck scarf to make you more beautiful," She was well aware that he was skillful at talking as much

as he is at cutting and styling hair. She stayed in his salon and spent her money to take care of her skin and hair, but this did not give her self-confidence as much as his request to marry her.

Her problem with him is summarized in the sexual process between them; whenever she feels his affections, tenderness, and kindness, she is overwhelmed by the desire to enslave him. She was accusing him that he could not satisfy her, which made him seek to satisfy her by any means. He felt helpless towards her no matter what he did. She convinced him that he was not good at sex in the ideal way, and that he was unable to give her the tremor she had dreamed of since she married him. A year after their marriage, it became more complicated between them, as she hid from him that she was sterile, and accused him of being sterile!

She had an amazing ability to speak and persuade. She refined that further by what she gained from her studies, the books she read and ones she wrote on women's affairs. All that enabled her to make him believe everything she said. He is no longer even able to utter a word on her clear hints of her deep desire to sleep with another man in order to have a beautiful and a strong boy, unlike him! At that time, she was writing a book on the forms of marriage in the pre-Islamic era, and the sovereignty and status of women from the matriarchal era until the advent of Islam.

The most painful thing, when they went out together to meet friends, was her authority, her ability to possess others, and controlling the discussion from the beginning of the evening to the end. She wraps a leg on a leg, spreads her arms on both sides of the couch, and talks about everything, and he remains silent until the end of the visit, saying only greeting words at the beginning of the evening and words of farewell at the end.

The point from which the cup overflowed was when a husband of a friend of hers asked her in front of him: "What do you think, Doctor, of prostitutes? Do they really, as you mentioned in your book, have

high morals compared to the dignified women of the pre-Islamic era? Are you really convinced by what is stated in your book that their work imposed on them by circumstances does not give us the right to judge them morally, and does not give the right to society to reject them?". She replied confidently: Yes, I do not write something that I am not convinced of, and I am confident that a whore is more honorable than a politician who sells the country, and from a man who commits all sins, and prays dawn present in the mosque. Then; who made the whore sell her body? Is not the man and the patriarchal society that trades with her starting with the concept of honor and not ending with blackmailing her materially, and limiting her role in life to motherhood, childbearing, and sex object without knowing her needs in bed! The man accuses her of being cold and caring for the children only; and that she smells unpleasant, while he spends a minute or less to satisfy himself sexually thinking he has done a miracle.

Her friend's husband cunningly asked: Is your opinion based on personal experience or just theorization, doctor? "I don't believe in theories that aren't proven by experiments," she said, coldly and confidently.

Rafif came to the reserve after reading a small ad I placed online summarizing the reserve's laws and conditions of residence. The first thing she told me was that she was barren and hated children, because she couldn't have them! Then she admitted the main reason, which is her dismissal from teaching at the university, because of her extremist views that negatively affect the minds of young people from the point of view of the university presidency. The dean met her, informed her of the decision, and advised her to file a grievance to the presidency if she wanted to return to teaching, and to only present her "views" in associations and women's organizations. He said it sarcastically and ended the dialogue!

When we were young, our grandmothers used to say to us: (A liar is punished by God, and hair grows on his tongue to keep him silent, because when he speaks, others will see his tongue, and know that he is a liar!).

The false yellow iris is the only one among the iris flowers whose petals contain yellow hairs that have grown scandalously so that others know that it is fake!

A warm wind blew and moved my dress strongly and lifted it, and the tips of my shawl hit my face, so my eyes blinked, shed tears, and closed automatically. Within minutes of contemplating the fields, I kept a strange view under my eyelids. I wanted to convince myself that it was just an illusion, or a deception of sight in which my pre-existing sense of discomfort caused me to fall for those yellow flowers. But it wasn't so. Rika was there hiding in the fields, wearing her beautiful face for the flowers, and strange heads sprouted around me, opening their mouths, and screaming. I plugged my ears in a desperate attempt to shut them up. I took a deep breath, exhaled slowly, and stared again at the fields. Those heads were gone, but my heartbeats were still violent.

Rafif was waiting for me.. When I moved towards her, I was shocked by the resemblance between her and Rika. It was not the first time I saw Rafif and this is what surprised me.. The shape of the eyebrows and eyes, the breadth of the forehead, and the color of the hair!

She brought me a glass of milk with strange smells that she refused to tell me about the wonderful mixture that it consists of. She said that it calms down the nerves, and helps one to reveal things. She did not look at my face while talking, but her eyes were following the movement of butterflies over flowers at one time, and moving to waterways at another time, then settling on blue, charged with white clouds. She said:

“It is not easy to feel deceived by those whom you once sanctified, and see them as solid pyramids. Personally, I saw my grandmother as prettier than Nefertiti, more prestigious than Hatshepsut, and stronger than the Sphinx. She gave me the confidence I lost in the

absence of the mother, and she was the one I used to resort to in every problem and ordeal.

"Daughter of the Italian"; that's how my cousin would shout at me; and then I would run away, when I beat her at a tug-of-war. Although I did not understand her intention, the words suggest that it is an abominable insult like the one in which the male children used to insult Ibn al-Saqa Guirguis by saying: "Ibn al-Ghaziyah."

I went to my grandmother crying and told her what my cousin said. She wiped my tears as she always does, but this time she did not laugh. She seriously said, "So what?" You really are the daughter of an Italian." The earth turned around me. Does my grandmother make fun of me, and she is the one who got me used to her warm embrace and her words that drip honey, whenever she feels that my cousins make me angry with bragging about their mothers, or when she sees one of my uncles' wives scolding me? I was the spoiled orphan who had no mother, and whose requests were always answered. Now, where has this strange mother suddenly appeared, and how does she give herself the right to withdraw all privileges from me as an orphan! "No, I'm an orphan, I don't have a mother, you're my mother," I cried out with tears running down my cheek; and I threw myself in my grandmother's lap.. With her veined, wrinkled hand, she wiped my hair and said, "Calm down, my love."

Since then I have not calmed down; I have had to become a real victim in order to gain my grandmother's constant attention; and to ensure that the appearance of the strange mother will not change her treatment of me. I told Rafif:

"I also experienced that feeling of losing protection. The wind often whipped my naked back, and skinned it, so that the tears crowded into my eyes, and the bite prevented me from swallowing to the point of suffocation!".

Our gaze converged at the border of the horizon Iris Horizon..

The iris fields near the river bank are brilliant in their colors, and they have graduated from white to blue, to red, to purple and to black, which framed a heavenly painting. The yellow flowers were only on the left side of the bank! Rafif was enjoying rows of yellow iris that she left free on their own bank without a frame!

“ Do you know what iris is?” she whispered, straying. “Waiting to read your hymns,” I said. She said, “What hymns? I do not have a painting, and the iris does not need a hymn to reach its meaning!".

I was coming back from my walk in the woods at the time of her morning sport; I saw her sweating heavily, as she was exhausted by the harsh exercises. She greeted me with a nod from her head, and didn't stop jogging. I did not feel upset; I wanted to be alone in the yellow iris fields. She followed me with her gaze, and nodded an alarm so as not to set foot in the ponds, and to avoid running waterwheels.

The iris scent that filled the space is the breath of complex aromatic oils. The scene pulled me, and threw me away from the place.. Although I try to forget, the great pain still gnaws at my bones, confuses me, and distracts me, leaving me after hours of meditation devoid of emotions and thoughts until I forget where I am! Forgetting is not a problem if it is selective, but the problem is that I am unable to control my memory, as forgetting has become random, and my fear of its catastrophic consequences has become my concern. My real anxiety is because my father was killed by losing his memory at the end of his life; he no longer knew me, my mother nor the neighbors. He wouldn't recognize the house, but he kept his rocking chair and purple larkspur on the sidewalk!

In the second week, Rafif arrived from her tour gasping hard, I offered to bring her a glass of water. She refused and said, "Never mind, I'm used to it, because I'm convinced that a training session is only good if it makes me lose the ability to walk." I wanted to discuss it with her, but she was in a hurry, she told me as she ran that she had to get a lot of work done before the sun set.

The next morning, she was sitting motionless in front of the door of her house. I was surprised. I approached her. She had a tray full of types of fatty foods in front of her, and she was eating with great appetite. She did not raise her head to respond to my greeting. She signalled to me to sit down and share food with her. I gently apologized. She raised her head, and looked at me with amazement: "Do not be afraid of obesity, food is the only thing in this life that can defeat the sense of oppression and unhappiness; try it, and you will see how you overcome all the negative emotions that control you. Moreover, these fish are unique. I catch them myself from the river, and I roast them on firewood." I asked her how she caught fish so fast and easy! She laughed: "It is no secret that I put the milky liquid in the stem of the Rubina plant to the fish, so it gets dizzy, and it is easy to catch it."

She was so slim that the observer would think that she does not eat, but only smells food! Chewing the bite with enjoyment, she said "You're invited to my place this evening, I'm having a dance party" I almost said, "A dance without men!" but I withdrew, laughed, and said, "Never mind, it's not the men who give dance parties their joy. You're the one who said that on Spring Festival!". What I discovered was confusing. I hardly think about anything until the bridesmaids of the reserve discover it, as if I had already talked about it in front of them!

The surprise was not in the party, but in everything related to Rafif's house,15 starting with the orange colors prevailing on the furniture, walls, and paintings full of flowers, fruits, food, and bowls, and ending with her loose orange dress and loud rhythmic music. She was singing with Ray, "hit the road jack," and then suddenly she put on another CD that starts with a song he sang to his wife in their love era. The song was a mixture of church and country tunes in which he excelled; and it provoked the indignation of many people. She started dancing,

[15]- The meaning of the name "Iris dew"

and she grabbed me by the hand to share the dance with her. I used to love the rhythm of this song, I danced like I never did in my life.. Rafif noticed my surprise at the costume and color she wore. She commented that orange is the color of work and protection, and she can't abandon it even at a dance. When I told her that the Orangemen were the men of war, se said: “It's like you're not comfortable with me” . I negated that and said: "On the contrary, there is something that attracts me to you, and pushes me to enjoy dancing" She said: "So there is something in you that looks like me. You will exercise with me, eat with pleasure, and enjoy music. This genius Ray captivates me with those details that he stored from nature in his memory before he became blind. The best thing about his tunes is that he can transfer the movement of water, the curvature of a branch when the wind blows, the color of a storm, and the reflection of his painful experiences. He gave me the certainty that I didn't have to have eyes to see!”

“You must be then hearing that loud music coming from the distant mountains every night,” I said.

She did not stop dancing, but she looked at me with amazement, and denied that she had heard this kind of music. So nobody hears those tunes but Susie and I! I was fortunate that Rafif did not understand my question well.

The dance ended when dawn sent its silver rays to give the window a beautiful blur that made the girls pay attention to the need to leave in order to take a break, to get up to work actively. I put my hand on my heart when I heard the faint sound of the night's music, as it began to fade. I looked at Susie; she smiled, and shook her head, confirming that she, too, was hearing that music. Rafif suddenly called me: “Aren't you going to watch Tela's fiery shows tonight?”. I laughed in a loud voice, indicating that my preoccupation with the matter was surprising.

The next morning I walked through the fields for an hour, going to Rafif's house. I did not realize the extent of my fatigue until my body relaxed. I felt sleepy, so I realized that that suspicious relaxation did not express a calm and tranquil state of mind, but rather a reflection of fatigue that began to eat my body after harsh sports and exhausting food. I discovered that Rafif's energy centre was in her digestive system, that the color orange was suffocating this morning, and that her rituals were not suitable for me.

When Rafif saw me in that shape, she went out, and sat next to me with a large sandwich filled with cheese and jam in her hand. She offered to share it, and I refused. She said carelessly: "My cousins and their mothers were making fun of me, when I became at the marriage age because of my thinness. The aesthetic custom in our villages requires that the girl be full; this gives her better luck for marriage. My grandmother used to call me a gazelle; because I was ahead of all girls and boys in running, swimming, and climbing walls. When I went to university, I was not the only gazelle. I discovered that the girls of cities are mostly "gazelles"; and that the subject is more related to fashion than to tradition, or even to maintaining health. And I discovered that males prefer them "skinny" as models.. At that time, I did not distinguish myself from others, and the title of gazelle fell from me, but I kept my fitness, and used it to run behind buses, and in the spacious streets. " “I'm surprised you went to college,” I told Rafif. She replied: "I was the only one in the family and the village who received this privilege; as my grandmother was bowing to my wishes; in addition to my luck with the those looking for engagement was bad; the only man who knocked on our door was illiterate, and he came to see me barefoot! I did not feel comfortable with him; and I would not have agreed if he had insisted on his request; but when he learned of the dowry that my father asked for, he replied rudely: "May God facilitate things" My father was proud of my being educated, and the suitor mocked my education, and my literacy, which would not teach me cooking, baking, and taking care of him and the house. He left and no one else knocked on the door! Then I decided to go to

university; and after I graduated, I refused to get married. My ambition was to get a doctorate. However, I was trapped by the pressure exerted on me by my grandmother and my uncles' wives; and you can say the people of the town as well. Everything around me in our small village pushed me towards marriage, and this is what happened.

Fortunately, I did not have children, and fortunately, my husband also left me after accusing me of preferring my own interest, and I love my profession more than him. In short, he said that I am selfish and I like to collect money, and I use it wisely, and he meant that I was miserly, because I did not participate in the expenses of the house, and I did not show him my bank account.

He always criticized me, and mocked me for picking out clothes with blatant colors, so I chose the colors closest to yellow, so he called me a "chick" and sometimes likened me to a faint sun, and that I ignore my body, and I eat a lot, especially when I am invited to friends' houses. Frankly, I liked to eat food that I did not cook, and he saw that as bad, but exceptionally ugly.

He often taunted me with the shape of my clothes, and said that they were more like a geometric drawing. But I was making a great effort to look good.. He gave me gray and black dresses, and I tended to bright colors.. In short, we did not have anything in common; so we separated.. That breakup comforted me, and at the same time made me unhappy and depressed, so I decided to leave everything behind and come here. ”

“Is that possible, Rafif,” I wondered, “you broke up with your husband, because you had different tastes in clothes!” She looked at me in annoyance, and said, “Your clothes express your personality, and the colors you choose are part of your psychological makeup; orange cannot blend with black.” “It's possible,” I said to tease her, “you know, Gauguin's paintings, 'We're not going to the market today,

and when are you going to get married,' and almost all of his paintings are blending blatant colors, black and grey."

"I don't know Gauguin's paintings," she said softly. "Generally I'm not interested in French painters, nor in the Impressionist school. The closest thing to my heart are those by his friend Van Gogh, especially his Iris blossoms."

I laughed in secret, Rafif does not know Gauguin's paintings, but she knows that he is French and follows the Impressionist school of painting, and he is Van Gogh's friend!".

After a deep silence that brought me relief, she said: "We have to start work.. I will teach you how to care for iris flowers, and before that you should know the characteristics of the flower, and how to grow it.. I will respect your desire to speak, but you have to listen to me and learn.

Before the iris flowers bloom, we pick the chamaleks, dip them in the water until the bases of the stands, leave them for several hours, then pack them, and transport them to the village markets. It can stay in the vases ten days, if it is taken care of.

At our first meeting, Rafif gave me a bag of burlap with dry iris seeds in dry sand. She took them out of the soil in the dormant phase, dried them, and kept them until planting time.

I planted it in a hole fifteen centimeters deep. Before that I put at the bottom a teaspoon of artificial fertilizer, dug another hole, and planted a scrap of yellow iris that they call "the liar".. Between them, there is a distance of thirty-five centimeters. I had prepared the soil two weeks ago by mixing it with manure to make it well drained. I did not use fertilizers with high nitrogen content such as bird droppings...

At the end of the first week of my stay with Rafif, I accompanied her on her tour to the village school. We passed by the nursery first. The mothers were waiting for her eagerly, and the sounds of crying filled

the place. It is clear that Rafif was not comfortable with this work. I did not see her caressing the children, or smiling but rarely. She would ask the mothers where the pain was and what it looked like, and give them small bottles she had prepared herself of iris oil, and of the stems extended underground after drying them.

After planting the iris in the first period, I watered it regularly and densely. When it started to grow up, I only watered it in times of extreme heat.

With all this precision, the irises got sick! The reason was the rotting of the roots. This results from an imbalance in the structure of the soil or because of forgetting to add fertilizer during the stages of growth!

Rafif smiled: "Forgetting robs us of the most precious things we have sometimes; so we become without memory; and we forget from what land we came, as the iris loves to be estranged, and belongs to every land."

For a long time, I thought that forgetting had robbed me of my dearest possession, the man who raised me and accompanied me from birth until his tragic death. But time fed me disappointments successively, overshadowing the pain that his death caused me. My father, who I lived with for a long time before Juan got me into the deadly spiral of love, making me forget all that had happened in my life.

Our resemblance was not strange as Rafif said. Lying is one; it is the thin membrane that protects our emotions from the savagery of others; it is tearable as soon as the awakening of conscience blows deep inside us. It does not matter to ask about the reason why we lie; the reasons are more than counted, most of them are the result of stubbornness, or fear of retracting a saying we have uttered. We both find it hard to tell the truth.

Rafif preceded me to admit that she often lied. Lying is a double-edged weapon. It saves her from many embarrassing situations she

goes through, but it puts her in a sharp confrontation with her conscience, which soon reprimands her for what she has committed against others. It is not necessary that she has caused them harm, but her feeling portrays things for her in this way. “Why do we have to spend our lives atoning for mistakes we didn't mean to make?” Rafif asked me that question at the moment I was thinking of it. Really, why? We do not have a satisfactory answer; and we realize that our presence in this place is the result of these mistakes, and it may be atonement for them in some way! There is no going back from where we are.

For me, I reached the certainty that I would not retreat, after forgetting has erased half of my memories, and swallowed many of my obsessions, and after I began to enjoy the partial serenity and silence that drowns me in its lake, so that the sounds of the universe hardly reach me. I just needed to recall the whole story in all its painful details, and tell it to someone to get rid of its effects as the bridesmaids did.

Rafif received my gift with clear joy, and did not wait until I went to open the box, but opened it in my presence, and made a sound indicating wonder, and read what came in the paper eagerly, then looked at me gratefully, and smiled agreeing to do the work assigned to her, but got excited, and asked me to accompany her next week to the village to sell the iris, and shop.

I thought that bridesmaids do not leave the reserve, and working outside it is the responsibility of the workers, but Rafif said that she directly supervises marketing and accounts, and visits the village at unspecified times to see the prices and make sure of some things.

With Rafif and three of the workers, we went to the village. The saleswoman in the big rose shop stared at me for a long time as she talked with Rafif, carrying baskets, and bargains about the price under the pretext of the high cost of transporting it to large cities. Then she

surprised me by asking, “Are you a new worker?”. Before I opened my mouth, Rafif stepped in, asked for the bill, and nodded out.

On the way, she warned me not to respond to any question from the curious villagers who are interested in stories about the women of the reserve, so their imagination is activated in their narrative to tourists. She reached out, grabbed my arm, and asked me in a whisper, “Isn't that Juan Aledo[16]?” She pointed to a large poster on the street wall.

My heart beat hard, and blood rushed to my temple. Drums beat in my head which made me lose my balance, and I saw Reka in the poster with her brown skirt with white ruffles, leaning on Juan's shoulder, and staring at him, that look that dislocated the heart. I did not know exactly what happened. I woke up with flower water dripping from my face on my clothes, a cold stinging my heart, and flowing to my limbs.

Rafif brought me a hot drink, and she scolded me, because what happened to me frightened her. She jokingly said that in fact she was not afraid of me, but was afraid to take responsibility for my death!

I remained silent.. Days passed, and I did not go out of the house, I hated food. I was seriously thinking of going to the party, but how will I see him? How will I face Rika? What would happen if I did?

Rika's brown dress, which was coming from the womb of the dirt with its white wings, with Juan carrying her in his arms, and flying high, made me hallucinate with things that Rafif said were a set of tales that she did not think were true, but I was sure that they had happened. It is Reka's incurable bite that sent the poison into my body, put it to fire, and burned me. I see her laughing from above, looking at me sarcastically.

Rafif decided: "I will not let you go, you are not ready to face him right now; your condition will deteriorate, if you do Aren't you serious in

[16]Alado: the winged one

seeking healing? Didn't you agree to the terms, when you stayed on the reserve? Then you have to stick to it. Come on, get up and stop giving up and being a coward. " I wanted to object to her calling me a coward, but she assured me that withdrawing from life and surrendering to isolation are qualities of cowards, as strong people face themselves, and overcome their weakness.

She urged me to go see Yakout/Ruby.

Her house is the most spectacular of the bridesmaids' houses, paved with tree trunks over the stream. The entrance is a huge tree trunk, the center of which was drilled in a unique artistic way. The door is only Yakout's high; so I had to bend my head a little to get in. I was in the hollow of a tree. A strange, cloudy sensation that resembles swimming in a cold, refreshing, and frightening well while sleeping. I climbed the spiral staircase decorated on its sides with bird-shaped fossils, standing on branches of a tree above a spring of water, flowing into a stream on a wooden instrument and the trunks of cypress and pine trees. Yakout told me that these trees symbolize eternity. The machine inside the waterwheel is a water mill on which the cypress slices are fixed, and it is crushed on a stone day and night to become soft.

Suddenly, the light dazzled me, and I found myself in a wide wooden balcony, whose door opens to a large room, surrounded by cypress trees on every side, tightened with strong ropes, and linked by small wooden bridges. I smiled at a thought I had, that Yakout's origin is a monkey! Yakout laughed, and her voice came to me from behind. "Not exactly, but I'm trying to live the life of birds. Why didn't you think of me being a parrot, for example, or any beautiful bird?". I was afraid to comment on her words, even though she said them in a joking way. She walked me into the room, and offered me a cypress rocking chair. The smell of wood touched my heart. I closed my eyes, and I drowned in the dream. The smells of hot spices woke me. I opened my eyes, and found a large cup of cinnamon tea in front of me; this is what I thought, but the smells were strange, and confused me. “What did you put in the tea?” She said: "This tea is Sudanese. I learned how to make it from a student who was studying with me in London. She once invited me to her house, made it for me, and I

liked it. She prepares it from many spices, the most important of which are cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, and ginger. She boil them together, turns off the fire, then adds a fist of black tea. She leaves it for ten minutes for brewing. I am emotionally attached to these spices that my mother adored. She would put them in winter on embers in a copper bowl filled with cypress wood, so that we would gather around it for warmth.

On the edge of the balcony, Yakout placed circular planting pots, in which vegetables and aromatic plants were grown. When I looked closely, I discovered that it was a dry pumpkin shell placed inside a mesh of a plant, over which bowls smaller than the coconut peel were arranged. Her voice surprised me when I moved the thick rope with which Yakout tied those bowls was. Lighter ropes were hanging from its limbs, including several bowls of dried fruit peels that made music whenever the wind moved them. Yakout must be hearing that music, but this time I did not dare to ask the question directly, but I circumvented it by saying: "This idea is beautiful, and it is also similar to the rhythm of music I hear at night." Yakout said: "You mean the music of the wind? It captivates me, for it breathes the soul into dry plants, to the extent that I think the spirit of plants is in its shells; for this reason I am good at keeping it as long as possible."

I was struck by the presence of strange tools on a large table that takes up the corner space between two windows without curtains! I touched some of them and felt awe. Yakout said: "It is not easy to insert the scalpel into the body of the wood, it is bleeding, so I collect those pieces that are scattered during digging, and I put them in the small cave with the spirits of incense, and light them, so the wood adores its smoke, and returns to it, it is like the soul. If you want to learn, go to the basics of flower engraving. I learned it at the hands of a Chinese artist called "Kao" during my visit to the village of Chengenkan. I did not master the engraving of stationery, rather, I did not care about that art. It was difficult for me. I was satisfied with the flowers, as they are my desired stray. However, I kept one sculpture that I had

practiced digging; and I use it now as a container for my paintbrushes. I do not regret not developing my artistic style, because I originally did not learn the craft to practice it.

I asked Yakout how much time do I need to learn from her how to carve flowers so accurately? “You need at least three years of practice to master wood carving,” she said. The first thing you have to focus well; as the blade is sharp, and you may cut yourself. When you feel tired, you have to put the blade aside and stop working, no matter how urgent the idea is. If you hurt yourself, you will have to stop working permanently. If you don't get hurt, you may damage the piece of wood, which is also a disaster in itself. The most dangerous type of excavation is working on the wood of the oud. The artist must maintain its original shape, otherwise, a lot of it is lost. The oud wood is the jewel of wood, and it is the most expensive in the world. First we draw the sculpture on paper, so that the idea is clear, the size is correct, and then we start working. I saw how the artisans there make jade sculptures; this art is really amazing, especially statues of people. I have only tried to engrave people's drawings once. In order to engrave a person's drawing on wood, you have to seize his soul with your hands, not as a kind of knowledge, but as a complete reincarnation of the person. And this is the only sculpture that I have engraved; because the person whose picture was engraved here was residing in my soul; he is my father whom I have never seen in my life.

I asked Yakout if I can be creative in this field, though, I have no idea what I will do, She told me that we can look at the work of others, learn from it, and borrow as well. In the end, the work remains printed in the spirit of its owner. It is the spirit that makes a difference, and gives the work its privacy.

The women in the reserve called her Nargis, which bothered her. She preferred to be called Yakout. She told me that her father gave her this name in memory of his first deceased wife; and that her mother

insisted on naming her Sonbul; but she chose the name Yakout/Ruby, because it expresses her person perfectly, and because she was attached to a cartoon character named Princess Ruby. She loved the character, and when she learned that the name was related to the lily and its connotation of fulfilment, it became attached to her. She told me she had a great painting on daffodils, and I said, "You mean Teyla's hymns?"

It was as I expected, the line, the spirit, and the mystery!

(Blessed be Narcisse.

He knew the meaning of the daffodil and stole love from its white petals, and the spell of love from the yellowness of its eyes, and the strength of the body from its strong smell; so the snow fences drowned, and the winter warmed by the warmth of its presence

Blessed is the spirit of the rain early in winter

The green leaves bowed to him, grateful for the dirt...

Blessed is the beautiful hunter!

realize the splendor of loving yourself, so you can love others!

Blessed is the one who picked the daffodil to become the symbol of loss and lust, and the giver of the first shiver!

In Persephone's fingers was life, in Narcisse's body was death!

One contained the other to live through it.).

Autumn knocked on the doors of houses with falling leaves. The rain was not severe, but the wind began its activity with cold breezes as a gentle sign of its existence. The fields around the Yakout's house are full of lilies; and there are large empty spaces. I asked her about them; and she told me that the seasons of lilies remain throughout the year. Those empty spaces will show their flowers at the beginning of winter with the rainy season, and some of them bloom in summer and others

with the beginning of spring. There are more than two hundred genera in the lily family, and about four thousand species; the real lily does not exceed eighty species. In her childhood, she was fond of the lily of the sword; because of her association with ancient gladiators; and because she symbolized moral integrity, it is funny that a skinny girl like her loves wrestling. She, however, has a fighting spirit. At the beginning of youth, she would pick the leaves of the pointed flower, and take it as a sword with which to fight the wind! Yakout resembles a soft boy under the age of 14, her flat chest, her black straight hair cut in the form of a crescent with a dense grove, her dark green eyes widen in the middle, and they close in the limbs like a green almond, her precise, thin neck over narrow shoulders, her long, loose stature, and her practical clothes. I was sure that I would know who she looked like when she smiled, and said, "Don't bother, we've never met, maybe you've met me in the world of cartoon fiction, I'm Princess Rubie/Yakout."

Yakout resembles a narcissus in all its details, and although she seemed annoyed when she talked about it, I picked up an intoxicating smell in the air that came out with her breath. I said: "The poets of Andalusia compared such eyes to daffodils for their refraction and their inclination to the earth!".

“No, not breakage, but shyness and confusion, ” she replied enthusiastically. I laughed to her enthusiasm: "Who knows, perhaps it is that trap set by females so that the male falls into it." Her features grimaced slightly:

“Who sets traps for whom? A woman is a stupid being if she thinks she is setting up a trap, she does not realize that it was the male who established this trivial concept throughout the ages of his rule. "

She told me that narcissus has a memory that she does not like, not only because of its association with her stepmother; this is something that no longer concerns her, because of what the fortune teller said!

I stopped talking, and we started working. The lily needs some care, and loves deep sandy clay soil with good drainage. It must be protected from strong winds and the sun. My grandmother used to protect sea lily onions from frost by turning the ponds to the west, avoiding them from the cold east winds. She plants it at the beginning of spring.

I looked where Yakout pointed, my heart was snatched by the scene.. The lily sticks, packed with luscious white flowers, pointed at me with a light move; and I saw my grandmother's fingers touching them in the early morning, sprinkling them with water, and greeting them before picking the perfectly blooming flowers to leave the opportunity for the flowers that had not yet hatched to take enough food.

Yakout smiled: “It seems to be a happy memory that made you close your eyes, take a deep breath while smiling”. I asked Yakout to get out of the state of nostalgia about the method of cultivating all species, she said: "Most of the lily onions are planted at a depth of fifteen centimeters or a little more; the reason is the growth of roots on the stem above the follicles; and as soon as the flowers appear, we remove the seed pods."

Meanwhile, Yakout was planting Madonna lilies at a depth of only five centimeters; because Madonna lilies germinate at the end of the summer; and they last all winter long. I asked her about Virgin Mary lilies. She told me that it is grown in the south of France to extract its aromatic oil, which is used it to make perfumes; and that the Japanese use onions of some types of lily in food!.

My attention was drawn to the different shapes of tulips, some with one petal, others have three petals, and some with six petals and a prominent stamen. They are different sizes in the form of a trumpet, or a bowl, and its fruit is in the form of a box containing many seeds. Most carry clusters on their straight stems. Their colors range from pink, white, violet, blue, orange, and yellow.

We had to destroy lilies infected with black mold because of the mosaic virus. How can one run over or burn sick flowers! I swallowed after a cramp that dried my mouth for a second, and I said, “I could bury the lilies in a hole, for example.” Yakout smiled and didn't comment. I asked her about the validity of what she read recently about research on the benefits of tulips to treat skin cancer, she said: "I am not sure, I do not conduct medical research here, and I do not use tulips as a natural remedy, my task stops planting it, and taking care of it."

Yakout was silent for a long time, and no longer turned to me. We continued our work until the evening, then sat resting in the shadow of a huge linden at the edge of the fields.

“They look really varied, different as if they are not of one species,” I said to Yakout as I contemplated the tulip spills. Yakout replied, “Nature is full of different and random models that are impossible to make a logical connection between. But mathematician Ian Stewart believes that beauty in nature is related to numbers, and that our sense of the beauty of nature and our reception of it is related to mathematics, and he has mentioned cosmological models with a specific mathematical system that we can apply to everything. He says that the difference between the models does not negate the existence of a hidden unity between them. If we study the mathematics of curves on the skin of a leopard, or a zebra, and compare them with the mathematics of ocean waves, we find that there is a common mathematical unity between them.

I said, “I read something like this one day about Fibonacci numbers in his book, The Book of Account. It is true that I am the most distant from mathematics, and I am not emotionally attached to it, but his research in numbers impressed me, even if I do not understand it.” Sapphire laughed, and said: "The matter of Fibonacci numbers is not that complicated, but it is simpler than you imagine, what is important in it is his brilliant idea in inventing the golden ratio on which the

Greek architects relied in building the Parthenon temple in Athens. This ratio can apply to anything in existence, and has been used in the money market. It has already verified that everything in existence has a relative dimension, which is the "golden ratio". This ratio has to do with the basic structure of any building unit, or cell. Because of the repetition of this ratio in many forms of life, some thought that he got the number of God." through the single lily petals in the lotus, which **were sanctified by Buddhists, and occupied a place in the tales and legends related to the "Buddha" who was made a god by his followers. They believed that the Buddha came to life from a lotus flower floating on the surface of the water. Therefore, his images showed him sitting on a throne based on the lotus flower, and for its sanctity, the legend says: (Wherever the Buddha stepped on the ground, the lotus flower bloomed).**

"Therefore," said Yakut, "the lotus is a title for spiritual awakening, and a symbol of purity and cleanness among Buddhists, it maintains its purity despite coming out of muddy waters!"

I walked out of a Yakout's house without finding a convincing explanation for her hatred of daffodils! I had to visit her neighbor Esther, whose cottage I accidentally discovered during my morning walk. There were cottages attached to the houses of the bridesmaids for women who had not yet got rid of the traces of life outside the reserve.

* * *

I spent a nice morning with Esther, as we wandered through her small field. "Esther White" was the name of her sister who died days after her birth. Her father called her Esther White a sign of innocence and perfection. Her existence was not complete, and perhaps this is why she died. There is nothing in the universe that is complete except in our minds. We are the ones who give qualities to their owners, rid them of their shortcomings, and make them symbols!

Perhaps her father absorbed the lesson when her mother gave birth to her in mid-September, so he named her Esther only, hoping that she would have the qualities of a star flower, for this reason her space is full of star flowers with its many colors.

I looked attentively at the small field that ends at a hill brushed by Aster flowers in red, white, orange, and pink and purple hues. I was ready to run around the field until I reached the hill, but Esther warned me that there were small corridors between the roses that I could walk inside to pick a bouquet that she would coordinate for me to put near my bed.

The flowers in the huge bouquet spread around me ethereal arms that embraced me tightly while I was lying down, I felt that I was inside a cocoon, through which spirits infiltrated under my skin. Between waking and sleeping, my hand was shaking, my leg was shaking, and then my body entered a stage of complete stillness until I lost my sense of it. I no longer know about me except a few ideas slowly leaning from the flower icon hanging over the bed. Above it or next to it! Distances also faded. I got up stronger than usual; I was ready at that moment to face what happened; is it the courage and wisdom that characterize the flowers of the star? Everything around me was purple. I breathed deeply; I heard Esther's voice; she was somewhere close to the room; I had the certainty that I was a queen. She was whispering to me what gives me that certainty. "When you become a purple star, you will be a queen; it is not easy for any of us to have wisdom and courage; but believing in that will make things right."

I was confused as I left the wooden box of my gift to Yakout in the custody of Esther; and I recommended her to give it to her in the evening, when she returned from the village. It was not a good thing to forget yesterday, when I said goodbye to Yakout, to give her gift!

Teyla wrote in the "Book of Shadow" about Yakout...

(It is confusing to associate your life with a cartoon character.17 This is what happened to Yakout. All her senses received that story full of strangeness, and she dressed it up until she thought that she lived at some time that story, and that she was not the daughter of her father and mother, but they kidnapped her from her real father's palace by an evil figure who plotted conspiracies for the princess to control the throne. I had to grab that idea from the head of a Yakout, and make her think logically. She lived her dreams for a long time as facts. And it was not easy for her to admit that she was a female. She was playing the role of male in its details, because of the identification with the story, and for another painful reason that she did not want anyone on the reserve to know. She was subjected to chemotherapy because of breast cancer, and she resorted to surgery.

But she did not get rid of the terrible pain that accompanies the booster shots, so she decided to come to the reserve to heal. I told Yakout that I read an article in a Chinese medical journal confirming that the chemical in tulips has proven effective in treating skin cancer. The Chinese-American research team hopes that the research will result in a successful treatment for stomach, breast, and other cancers. It also treated "basal cell" cancer that appears in the places of the body that are most exposed to the scorching sun.

Her psyche improved in a short period of time; and she was able to overcome the pain by using painkillers extracted from cloves. The love and attention from the women of the reserve helped her to be patient.

---

[17]- Yaqout is a type of lilies called "Sunbul" in some Syrian areas. Scientific name **Hyacinth**""

What made a difference in her treatment was her knowledge that Nargis was the loyal wife of her father, and that she was not the reason her mother drowning in the waterwheel, but she tried to save her; as when the people came, they thought that she pushed her into the water. That rumor grew, and the villagers passed her on; so Nargis retired at home, and she died in sorrow.

She was a peaceful woman who tolerated her husband becoming engaged to another in order to become a father! She paid her life for a mistake she did not make; and her husband remained in a deadly struggle with rumors, because of the color of his daughter's eyes, their shape, and her strange skin color, as she was the only white girl in the village. What was common among people was part of the truth. Yakout's mother wanted to pick daffodils, so her foot slipped, and she fell into the waterwheel, and her head hit the stone of the water mill that crushes the cypress slices installed on the arm of the mill. When they took her out of the waterwheel, her body was completely covered with cypress powder.

It was said that people saw the smoke of incense emanating from her grave at night, reaching the sky where the gods rejoice!

I had to explain to Yakout all that was hidden from her about her mother's life in order to help her recover fully. And that was what happened.

* * *

Once again Juan stood out in the pages; I was calmer and more receptive of his presence, and even more curious to know the mysterious side of his personality that he had hidden from me during our relationship.

Teyla stated that she had known him since he was a young boy, and knew the details of his life before I met him.

Juan, ten years ago.

In Mexico I separated from Julio's band. Within the band I could not achieve my ambition and my uniqueness. I wanted to have my own mark in the world of music. I woke up one day from a day-dream in which I saw myself flying with wings of smoke. Whenever I finished playing, the smoke faded, leaving the body of an inconspicuous woman. I see myself embracing her; so that we both became one body, and we flew together.

For the first time on stage I got confused, stopped playing, and the party failed. I could not summon that woman whose presence was a waterfall of tunes flowing as soon as I touched the strings, and did not stop until I opened my eyes, finishing the melody, and facing the light of day. I found her sometimes leaving me without warning; so that I would find myself in a vacuum and turmoil to the point of desertification of my feelings and the dryness of the fountain of the melody. I wander for days, searching bars, roads, buses, and trains for her face, but in vain. One evening I met a Tibetan musician who gave me a set of sticks of Naymu's sacred incense, and told me that they believe that incense has spirits that connect the sky to the earth! The idea suddenly shone in my head, so I tried it. I tied an incense stick on the guitar, lit it, stared at the smoke, smelled it deeply, and closed my eyes and saw her Yes; I saw her. She was exactly as she came to me in the dream the first time; but her features remained mysterious.

Since that dream and the ritual of music begins with incense, and ends with the face of a woman in the audience; and I think she is the one who inspired me with the melody. A month ago, I met Rika. There is no doubt that you remember that skinny, fierce brunette child. Strangely enough, she has become a beautiful lady. Laugh! The last thing one can imagine is for a boy-like Rika to turn into a lady. And I won't hide it from you; she's pretty too!

It was the end of November which coincided with Mexico celebrating the Day of the Dead. It didn't occur to me that that night would be the beginning of my river of music. My friend and I arrived at the beginning of the evening carrying the orange carnation bouquets that Mexicans believe bring them the souls of their dead. My friend brought wine, candy, and many kinds of food.

The celebration began by placing rose bouquets on the graves, serving wine, food for the dead, and candy made in the form of skeletons!

Then the voices rose with singing, and the bodies moved in harmony. I was watching the dancers as I was sitting at the grave of my friend's mother, when a young lady in a black coat with long sleeves caught my attention. She was putting on her head a black hat decorated with orange carnations. Her face covered with a lace handkerchief that came down from her hat. Suddenly she lifted it up, threw it away, then she took off her coat, so that- with her long brown dress with its white ruffles- she looked more like a Spanish dancer. She began a solitary dance. Hundreds of visitors circled around her, leaving the graves of their loved ones, and clapping to encourage her. Without leaving my place, I grabbed the guitar, lit the incense stick, smelled it deeply, and started playing. I saw her coming towards me, dancing around me.

That night was the beginning of our ascent together to the top. Delicious Rika was like a fresh chocolate slab melting in my mouth, and between my fingers letting the river of her hair rain down in an intimate moment to cover my body.

Throughout the night, Rika did not stop dancing, she won the admiration of the audience, and they were delighted with the entertainment she offered to her late husband! But I'm sure she didn't think about entertaining him even for a moment!

In the morning we went to her house. She told me that her husband was killed in a fight with his gang members who stole all his money; and the creditors came demanding her to leave the house, so that it

would be sold at auction. We agreed to travel to the United States; we will start from there, and I will write to you.

Teyla stopped talking about Juan to start telling the story of meeting with Jihan.

...

I had to convince Jihan first that she would not inherit the curse from her mother, and that her eyes were healthy. She came to me suffering from a blocked tear duct, and from a blur that almost lost her sight. The doctors did not know the cause; test results were sound! I told Jihan that her eyes suffer from natural fatigue due to extreme psychological pressure caused by a misconception that staring at others leads to getting them become sick or die!

Jihan's mother was a woman to whose smell a viewer is attracted as if there is a magnet in her. One would rush towards her unconsciously; and at two steps away he would stop! Something in her gaze forces anyone who wants to touch her to back off. No one could explain or understand that look. One warm evening, when the girls finished their work separating the golden bristles from the saffron flowers, and left the work center, the director of the center heard her whisper to a friend: "I must take that necklace that surrounds Sawsan's neck." When the manager insisted on knowing why, Jihan's mother said, "It's not greed, it's fear, I fear for her neck from breaking." Then the women paid attention to her right eye, which she tried to cover with her hand. It shone like transparent glass, and behind it appeared a strange color!

The women, in the height of amazement, understood that this glass eye is a killer! From that day on, she was fired. She did not stay at Talwin one night after that incident.

She went to the village of "Umm al-Rabi '". Her destinies wanted her to be there to meet him! On the rocks near the waterfalls, she spent most of her time away from the village, contemplating the flow of

water and its spill into the stream, quietly moving away. Her life is a terrible decline in the experience of love, an anxious escape towards forgetfulness. Then everything fades away, waiting for nothingness to fold it into a deep well, as it did with its mother priestess. She had hoped for many years of waiting that the stranger who had given her the saffron flower would return, leaving her golden bristles in her hands. The mother priestess says: "If the absence lasts more than three days, you should know that he will never return." In the purple flower there were three golden hairs supported by a yellow stamen, with three curves, and three petals. In her second hand there were three onions waiting for the womb of dust. She often misses him, contemplates him in a picture engraved inside the retina of her glass eye; and she sighs. Is it really that long since he left, Her daughter, Jihan, became a young woman; her voice lost that young ringing that was climbing the mountains in front of her, carrying her pain and whimpering, and then it would get loose into the vast space; so that she would hear an echoing returning from the distance stronger, clearer in resonance and more forceful than her voice. It is followed by those low groans that gradually rise until she almost suspects that someone is imitating her voice, and echoing her singing.

Every morning, she passes by women working along the stream of springs in their humble Amazighi dress. They would be busy making dough, baking it inside clay ovens, and preparing the traditional Moroccan dish "Tijin" before visitors flocked to the springs of "Umm al-Rabi '" on the simple cafes at both ends of the stream.

One day she was working like them before she met him. Old Natir summoned her to live with her after she lost her husband and children, and she became lonely and with no inmates. She did not ask her where she came from, and did not insist on knowing her story and secrets, but rumored in the village that she was the daughter of her relative. She embraced her as a stray daughter who returned to her arms after an absence. There was a hidden complicity between

them to leave the past buried in the darkness of memory, and to start life, as if she was completely cut off from it.

With the departure of winter with its cold, mud, and rain, "Natir18" wakes up at six in the morning, and goes to the humble cafe whose roof, which is made of wooden beams and straw, is lift by tree trunks, and primitively built stones over running water that come from the eyes of Umm al-Rabi '. Its floor was carpeted with colorful hand-made rugs, on which some pillows were placed reclining, and wooden tables of a height commensurate with the height of the person sitting on the carpet. In the café, there are seven stone stoves on which Natir puts the pots marked with their funnel lid, then prepares the dough to bake, makes tea, and helps her work.

She was humming a local song when her heart fell captive to his gaze, as he was taking a cup of tea from her hands. When he finished his meal, she ran away; she did not wait to take the price. He followed her to the falls, where she spends most of her time.

She did not care about the motive, nor the speed of her response to his tempting invitation. Something unknown attracted her to him. His precious gift to her was a hundred grams of red gold "saffron" in an elegant box, which she kept for many years in the inner pocket of her jacket, close to the heart. When she got tired of waiting for him, she had a duty to her daughter Jihan. She told the grandmother the details of her story in full before her soul overflowed, and disappeared into nowhere.

On a high rock overlooking the streams and on the mountain heights around it, she sat and began to sing, flying in the hot weather, miles away where she meets him. No one of the residents of the region knew the truth of her singing, and her pain. They thought that her husband went to work, and he did not return, like all the men of the village. The village of Umm al-Rabi 'is known to be a village without

[18]Berber Olive Blossom

men. Its women do everything with their hands, and they raise children. Men travel for work that improves living conditions.

When she sang, time stops and mountains kneel. Their barren areas, trees, roads, animals.. The women weep sadly for what they missed, as if they had fallen into the dark well of Dehea, where there is no light, and no hope of getting out of it.

(Dude, cry, oh, I wish I had travelled on the boat to pick you up, tea branch) She sings it while milking the cow, kneading the dough, baking and preparing "tajin", collecting firewood in preparation for the snow season in the winter, and never stops singing! She does all the housework, when she comes back home. She washes clothes in a bowl, treads them with her feet in the stream of water, cleans them from the effects of washing powder, squeezes them, and spreads them. When the night enters from the doors of the houses to drop its curtain on the cold gloomy rooms, she puts her head on a rough woollen pillow, and falls asleep deeply.

What Jihan remembers is that as a child she used to take her to the mountains and orchards to collect firewood, climbing together the stone walls surrounding the mountain roads to shorten the distance They collect firewood and put it on the back of her grandmother's donkey; and when they get home in the evening, the cleaning journey begins, then they fall asleep. The spheres revolve, age passes, and Jehan grows up. She has to study somewhere away from Um Alrabi; so that she may live a better condition than her mother did.

When she last returned to visit her mother in the village and did not find her, the grandmother told her what her mother had told her, not to dig up secrets, but to make sure that Jehan knew the whole truth.. The truth that I know in all its details!

When I reached the fields of saffron, Jihan was19 resting on a high rock, having her breakfast while singing: "Saffron, where are you? You are the medicine for lovers). She smiled when she saw me, and invited me to share food with her. On her table sits the most famous Moroccan dish "Amlou", a dish prepared from almond paste with argan oil that she brings from the Souss region in the Atlas Mountains...

On the table is Moroccan honey from liquorice, cactus, and Askef. I tasted the soup first, it was very delicious, and I ate two honey bites and one amloe, kept a piece of bread in my hand, and walked away from the table.. She stared at me with disapproval, and said, “This is how you eat? Eating is as much as you love the host. ” “I had my breakfast before I came to you,” I said, “but I will eat the delicious bread because I like the taste of it.” She smiled: "I bake every day at dawn in the oven, before I start working in the fields. This bread is made in the Moroccan way, I learned how to bake it from my grandmother. But wait until I make you saffron tea, you will find it delicious with bread. With it I go back to my childhood and see myself running among the workers in the fields, eating their bread, and drinking their tea What days!”

The boiling water was ready, she poured it over a little saffron, and put it on a fire that began to sink in the stone stove, and she said, "Everything cooked on firewood tastes closer to the soul. For me, my stomach is directly connected to my soul, it can't digest any food that I don't love. This is why I strive to get Moroccan foods related to my previous life. " “But forgetfulness is indivisible,” I said. She poured the tea, contemplating me. She handed me the cup, nibbled the bread

[19]- Jihan is the name of the saffron plant

softly, and said: Who told you that I want to forget? Those who want to forget, in my opinion, are weak and cannot face the natural consequences of their actions. I am a contented person, I know for sure that I cannot get more than what I was meant to get, so I am satisfied with it. At first I came to Teyla for treatment, later I liked the place, and I saw that it was suitable for my permanent residence, that's all. As you can see, saffron flowers are now all my life, and they nurture me as much as I nurture them. ”

I was not ignorant of the benefits of saffron, and I used it in most of the foods I cook myself, but I had never seen its flowers in nature before. The association of shape with smell is the basis of love. When the eye loves, you do not stimulate all the senses, but smell penetrates into the skin, mobilizes the senses, and ignites desire.

That's what saffron flowers did to me, their blue color, their reddish-orange petals, and their pungent scent.

I had to get up early so as not to be late for work in the fields. At 4 o'clock Jehan called me, at 4:30 I was with her in the fields with all my activity!

She looked cheerful with her Amazigh clothes, and her simple decoration of silver ornaments made in "Tazarzit". She likes to be seen by saffron in a bright suit similar to the country from which they came together. She starts picking early for fear of flowers from the sun and from insects attracted by the smell. The rest of the workers arrive late, because they go to the villages for their children and shopping.

She poured me a cup of saffron tea before we started work, and handed me a basket of straw to collect flowers in it. She warned me: "Do not press the leaves of the flower while you are picking them; you will hurt the golden bristles; hold them from below; pick them quickly; try to cut the whole stem."

During the work, Jihan did not stop talking and singing. We were circling in the orbit of saffron, ascending high, and floating around its temple. Our head is down, our hands are emersed in the dirt, and our torso is bent, trying to hold on to a leg that is advancing, and another that follows its footsteps precisely. I whispered to Jihan: “We look like chicken, with wings, but unable to fly” Jihan laughed, and said: "We will fly one day" But it is the dance of saffron; a dance that seems strange, and slow for those who have just entered the world of Atlantic singing with its Berber accent. The scents of "free" saffron blossom drag him deep into history; so he reads in the veins of the earth the secrets of legends and tales carried by a Greek young man adopted by the Berber ruler Dehea.

The observation that the eye picks up directly is that the flowers are in flocks with each one ten centimeters from the other. Jihan told me that when planting, after she cuts the ground in the form of channels, she puts each three onions together, and they stay in the soil for five years. Then you stir the soil, and plant it again. Planting, watering, and caring for saffron require special skills. Separating the bristles from the flower, drying them, and canning them is an art in itself; as one kilogram of saffron needs one hundred and fifty thousand flowers!

Why three? I didn't ask Jihan. I was looking for an explanation of my own that had nothing to do with math and the golden ratio; nor with coincidences. I liked to associate the passion that brought saffron from Crete to Talwin with the general concept of the word homeland! The homeland, as Jihan sees it, is not the geographical spot in which she was born, but the set of concepts, rituals, and customs that she carries wherever she goes, in addition to the local culture. She sees her humanity as her homeland; and the place where she leaves her impact does not matter many nations have disappeared; geographical spots have changed, and vanished, but their cultural heritage remains through the ages, no matter how far away they are or have extended.

No one knows for sure how the saffron arrived from Crete to Talwin.. But the ninth hymn, tells the legend of saffron, the painting is blue as a sea in a hot day, and the writing is in the color of red saffron:

(Girls, bring me three onions, three flowers, and three golden hairs

Soak bristles in spring water

Hide the onions in the dust

Mix flowers with alcohol..

And write a spell with its water on the forehead of the wind;

so that the fire of love burns in the chest of my beloved

Wave three knots, and handcuff him.

Girls of the wind; bring him to the altar!

Let him hear my songs for three days, so that he is plagued by my agony

Is he ready to fall in love, girls?

Let him come to me carrying a saffron jellyfish

I am ready in front of the altar to be his torch.)

Jihan commented: "The tale of saffron in the Atlas Mountains is very exciting. It is said that saffron is a hybrid plant that was unknown three thousand years ago." The farmers of Crete picked out its long stones in the Bronze Age, and planted them in their fields. And the doctors of Ashurbanipal extracted medical drugs from it It is said that it is the descendant of the free Amazigh queen Dehea, the fortune teller of love and war she is the one who prophesied that she would marry the leader of the Aures, "Kasila", at the age of sixteen. She saw him in her prophecy slaughtered by an Arab warrior; and saw herself as heir to the throne without her male brothers, and her prophecy came true. Historians differed about her religion; and the Romans feared her;

and the Amazigh obeyed her. She is the one who made the wooden statues of the gods precede her in wars, wore the cross in her neck, made her children declare their Islam, married her daughter to20 the Arab captive she adopted, and adored in him the image of her dead husband Kasila "Shrewd" as the Arabs called her; she lived captive of the deadly question: "What is the fate of a state whose queen falls in love with her captive?". In her war, Dahia burned everything, even olive trees, so that the Arabs would not take it. Her people abandoned her, and she refused to surrender. Her head was chopped and thrown into a well. Well of nothingness Dehiya well21.

Her Greek son returned from Andalusia to Morocco with the strangest dowry offered to a priestess. It was Saffron onions She took it as a logo that she engraved on her clothes, the walls of her house, and her spells."

Jihan invited me for my lunch break. The questions did not clear up in my brain, so I circumvented it by asking her about what she was doing in the second part of the year, as Saffron needs six months of care, starting from its cultivation in March until its harvest in October. She told me that she takes care of the almond trees as well. As for the winter, she spends it in the handmade carpet industry. She is skilled in the craft since she was young. She learned it from her grandmother; and she did not take it as a profession, but she considers it the second imagination portal that opens to the world of creative drawings, and she creates it while working on the loom.

I accompanied her on a tour in which we inspected the trees. I noticed that in every tree there were dried almonds that were not picked. I asked her why she hadn't pruned those trees. She said: "Let the almonds remain dry; every season I leave some fruits on the trees out of respect for them, the fruits are their descendants and they enjoy their company in the winter season, and because I am sure that

[20]- Khalid bin Yazid Al-Qaisi
[21]Dhiya: I mean, beautiful in Berber

nature's attitude towards me is a reflection of my attitude towards it; nature understands me as I understand it. It's all about respecting myself for who I am. ”

I knew that she loved innateness, and everything traditional and old-fashioned, starting from her primitive way of irrigating saffron by opening channels in the soil, to the stone fireplace on which she cooked food and made tea, to the oven in which she baked, and all the small details in her house. It is a kind of clinging to the past, because she does not see in the present a beauty that satisfies her taste.

What brought me together with Jihan emotionally is that hidden sadness that manifests itself in the tone of her voice with nostalgia and sorrows for a time that we could not both live properly.

Before sunset on the last day with her she made me saffron tea, brought me cake flavored with atlas spices, and we sat sighing and contemplating the sunset. Suddenly Jihan asked me, “What brought you here?” No one has ever asked me this question. I used to listen to women's tales, as if they were in front of a psychologist who has enough stock of ability to absorb sadness, understand pain and listen to them attentively. I found myself embarrassed to talk about my problem, because I was never good at it, yet I spontaneously said, “It's Rika.” “Is she your rival?” I said, "Yes, she was not alone; they were many; but she was the only one who meant to hurt me psychologically and physically. It's hard to talk about what she did. ” “If you're embarrassed, fine,” Jihan said, “I won't insist, but remember that revealing is a step on the road to healing.”

I knew it, and I needed someone who insists on hearing my story...

That happened two years after our acquaintance. I told Juan that I was pregnant; and I was waiting for him to rejoice with me his coming child.. I did not imagine that his reaction would be that violent. “That's impossible,” he shouted at me. Then he smashed all the mirrors, utensils, and plates in the *room, and left me, and went out. I*

suffered a nervous breakdown that almost destroyed me.. I didn't understand exactly what happened for Juan to do what he did!

The doctor advised me not to experience any emotion, and not to strain myself with work if I want to preserve my fetus.. Two days later, Juan came home, he was suspiciously calm and spirited. He poured me a glass of wine; and when I refused to drink it, he smiled maliciously, and said, "You will do it for me." What I remember well is that I felt a slight dizziness that made me lie on the couch, and fall asleep; but the sounds of the universe around me still reach my ears.. I heard the doorbell ringing, and Juan's voice welcoming Breka, kissing her, and laughing! I'm sure what I've been seeing in my nightmares since that day is what really happened.

The sound of her feet on the tiles increased my heartbeat, and it swelled until it almost blew my head off. My feeling of emptiness and the pain in my brain was shaking my body, and moving my legs without my will.. I was resisting my sense of helplessness and falling into a coma, but I did not succeed.

Her hands were clutching my palms tightly.. I could feel his hands fixing my legs.. And a sharp knife penetrating my uterus.. It is the Rika knife that she boasts of throwing at moving targets, hitting them accurately!

When I woke up, I was alone, exhausted. I could not get up. Everything around me was tidy, clean, and there was no trace of the wine glass, nor of the ashtray, only there was a strange smell with which the atmosphere of the room was suffocated even though the window was open, and the air was flowing strongly!

The doctor told me that I miraculously survived an abortion with primitive tools, and he subjected me to an operation that will prevent me from having children all my life.

I confronted Juan, and he showed indifference, and laughed at me, saying: "You are delusional, how can you bear children from a barren

man! "I am barren, and I have the proof" He threw at my face an envelope with medical tests and a report proving that he was really sterile!

"But you committed a crime, you killed my child and you hurt me," I shouted at him. He said sarcastically: "What you are talking about is just illusions in your imagination, unless you are sleeping with another man. Then when did I kill your child? You are crazy, no doubt; we have not seen each other for two weeks; or have you forgotten!".

Juan tortured me, and psychological pressure that made me think that I was really delusional, that I was not pregnant, that the bleeding was due to an accident, and that...

He was giving me herbs that cause me hallucinations that make me confuse reality and fantasy to prove to me that I am depressed, and I reached a stage that made me think about suicide.

One day, my friend and doctor Myra visited me, and I was suffering from terrible cramps in my intestines. She entered the kitchen to make me a cup of tea from chamomile and mint herbs. She came back minutes later, and angrily asked me: "What are you doing with ibumia flowers?". I was surprised to ask her, as I have never seen these flowers before! She said: "Don't you know that it contains a narcotic substance that is harmful to health, and has negative effects on awareness. There is no doubt that the hallucinations that affect you to the extent of mixing reality with imagination are the result of drinking the boil of these flowers!".

Jihan patted my shoulder affectionately, and we got up together, walking through the stillness and darkness between the fields. She held my arm, and whispered to me: "No doubt we will fly one day, we look at the earth to give it love, and it gives us saffron, but we have wings, and we will fly."

We got to my house, and I invited her in, but she apologized that she had work to do in her house.

Before I closed the curtains, and went to bed, the light formations in the Temple of Tella dragged me behind them to the dream world, and I saw myself as a child with curls running in the fields behind butterflies. The sudden thought struck me.. Is it possible that these jellyfish are illuminated butterflies?

When I presented the box to Jihan, her hand trembled as she held it to her chest, and hugged me. The hug was enough to understand that it was the first time she had received a gift from someone.. I was keen to add to the silk threads a silver necklace the Amazigh women are decorated with at their weddings.

Before I left, I whispered confusedly: “Jihan, I'd like to ask you if you know how to play musical instruments.” She laughed with tears in her eyes: "Yes, I know how to play many instruments; why do you ask?". “Because I want to learn to play a percussion instrument,” I said with confusion. Jihan stared at me, tugged at my hand, and said, “You definitely hear its voice after midnight! But I am not the one who plays it, I hope to make that instrument myself one day, and learn to play it, the music you hear is played on the "kura" instrument made of percussion, which is accompanied by a percussion player, and may also use percussion instead of the drum.

I asked her in surprise: "pumpkin"? A real one She smiled affectionately: “Yes, a real pumpkin". This beautiful rhythm that you hear is created by fingers trained to click on a machine made of pumpkins connected to a stringed instrument. It seems that the girl whose voice we hear is African. This type of instrument is known in West Africa, and was characterized by a Gambian singer named "Sona Jubarti" who heard it at a party in London. It was not just hearing, so "Maya Sona" completely possesses the listener during her singing.. Her barefoot appearance on the stage was the thing that caught my attention the most. The movement of her feet in tune with the rhythm and the playing of chee by her invisible summons to the

spirit of the earth that flows in her body, and goes out flying with her voice to connect the earth with the sky.

* * *

I was eager to learn more about Juan relationship with Rika, but I was surprised by his talk about Dolphin!

Juan seven years ago.

I've been in London for two months, I don't count much on the UK audience, but I've started a tour that will cover all of Europe, and then I'll be back in Mexico, releasing my new album.

On the first night on the stage, an English girl presented me with a bouquet of Margaret; I immediately remembered you, and I remembered the camp, its nights, and our songs. In the girl's eyes, there is a strange magic that dominated me throughout my play to the extent that I no longer follow Rika's movements on the stage. I don't know if it's the smell of incense, margaritas or dolphins. This time I was flying away in a cold atmosphere and with the dream girl. I saw her while playing. In the smoke her eyes stared at me for a long time. There is something exciting in them that lifted me up so high that I touched the blue of the sky.

Teyla, I fell in love.. I accompanied Dolphin to her home. She invited me to lunch, and introduced me to her mother, who told me that she had a twin sister working outside England.

I extended my stay in London for another month for her.. Her mother offered to stay with them, she was very generous, I did not spend one pound during my stay with them. But I did not pay attention to the trap she had set for me. My freedom was in return for that. Her mother approached me about the matter of bonding with her sickly adoring daughter. I didn't understand at first that she was really sick, I thought it was a disease of love!

You know that my freedom is the most important to me. I could no longer take the siege of the mother and daughter. I left home early in a December morning before the New Year celebrations that occupied Mrs. Margherita, and I returned to Mexico with Ricca.

* * *

Teyla didn't comment a word on what Juan had written; and she started talking about Hema Wari.

(Many in our time do not use their energy properly; so it turns into a disaster over time; and they can only organize them with the help of others. When Hema Wari arrived at the reserve, she was hopeless of being able to control her energy. The four energy centers "the larynx, forehead, stomach, and heart" were closed at that time. When her larynx recovered, and got rid of cold and respiratory disorders, and when her stomach recovered a little after a long treatment. I had to take care of her forehead, because full recovery was associated with it. I admit that Hema Wari was very cooperative and willing to heal. Over time she even aspired to influence the energies of others!

No creature can withstand that endless tenderness in her features, nor can imagine that such a silky creature may cause harm to a human being. Hema is one of those yellow petals with a pleasant smell that confuses the beholder and makes him confused. If he looks at her eyes. One finds in them a sun that does not extinguish, as their honey color is almost shining; they are the reflection of the glow that she follows day and night!

Hema Wary.. Sunflower crime

My breath exhilarated, as I crossed the vast fields of sunflowers, and disappeared into them. I do not know why I fear these flowers. What my memory collects is confused and unclear scenes of a child trapped inside a maze of sunflowers, raising her hands to ask for help, barely exceeding the high legs of the huge plant, pushing the legs away to continue her search for a way out, so her little palms sore after their friction with the hard lint that envelops those long legs.. She drowns in tears.

I realize the unknown motive that implicates me in entering the field and hiding inside it. I was hoping to provoke my memory to collect the missing details, so that this strange image is complete. I did not succeed in knowing anything, because I was completely busy contemplating the forest of the legs and the meeting point of the circular discs at the top. I was not short in stature, but I discovered how small I was in the midst of those flowers, and how harsh and painful the experience of the child who is hiding in my memory was!

I hurried out, caught my breath, and walked away from the field up the hill. From the top, the flowers of the sunflowers, with their necks curved down towards the fields of amaranth with their cheerful colors, look like a mother embracing tight her children. Marigold flowers have a strange presence in my memory as well. This type of roses does not leave my dreams. I see myself in a dream amidst worn-out tents that are battered by the wind, and drowned by rain that turns into torrents that sweep the soil in nearby ponds. Marigold flowers float, forming a swamp of yellow, golden, orange, and dark wine colors with beautiful black eyes. In the middle of the storm, a gipsy appears. She tries to collect the flowers with her hands from the pond of water to take them back to the basins. Then the sun rises; and the

flowers look clean as if they did not go through the clay with the mud covering them!

I did not stay long up the hill. I had to join Hima, who went out to the fields hours ago. But a sudden scene stopped me; I saw Nisreen in her wheelchair being pushed by Belidas towards the temple of the Seer! I stood for minutes watching the slow movement of the chair, contemplating Nisreen's diminished body, her shrunken head, the breeze caressing her long blond hair, and pushing it away a little to show her pale face, then covering it again.

Hima Wari greeted me with a22 calm, reassuring smile that had no resemblance. Her lips were slightly relaxed, and her white teeth appeared to be bound, adorned with a slight fracture in the upper middle tooth. She did not miss my observation. She immediately commented: "Losses are inevitable for those who are fond of eating sunflower seeds."

Hima appeared with her moderate figure, thick black hair cut in the shape of a crescent. She was like those girls topping billboards and magazine covers. She reminded me so much of the Korean actress Qiu Ji Ou, the heroine of the Winter Songs series. When I told Hima how I felt, she smiled sweetly, and said, “Everyone who sees me tells me I look like her.”

Unusually, Hima stopped her work, took off her gloves, put the scissors and basket aside and presented to me a bouquet of velvet flowers arranged, and tied with a colored handkerchief. She said: "The marigold flower has a different smell from other types of velvet flowers. This smell can repel insects, mosquitoes, and even rabbits. The roots of the marigold are well known among farmers as they keep out the nematodes, but unfortunately, its effect runs out after a year. Its main problem is that it is a victim of grey mold, powdery white, and root rot."

[22]The name of the sunflower in Japanese.

It was not surprising to me to see a life-size painting carved on the wood by Bae Young Joon, but what is amazing to me is the precision with which the features were painted; so that they could almost talk, especially the look of the eye. It is the same look filled with noble deep sadness that reflects the tremor of the heart.

Next to that painting and on a table carved in the shape of a sunflower - bearing its cheerful colors - is a small picture surrounded by a wooden frame decorated with sunflower seeds that combines the Korean actor and Hima. The picture was taken in the village where the events of the series took place. Hima told me that thousands of Japanese visited that village, and took souvenir photos in it after the show, and that she saw it when it was shown three times, and got a recorded copy, and did not tire of watching it in free time. Her words provoked a sense of humor in me, but I refrained from joking with her, and I did not yet know how she takes joking. As we talked about the story of the series, and its deep connection to the small details of the first love of all peoples, we ate the cake made of sunflower flour with chamomile tea. She said that she is fond of the types of flowers that resemble sunflowers. That's why she planted marigolds next to the fields. I noticed that the fields of sunflowers form a belt that fences the area of Hima, and Hima explained this by saying that the sunflower plant has a wonderful ability to extract toxins from the soil, and that many companies volunteered to grow these flowers around Japan after the earthquake that destroyed the nuclear plant in Fukushima to reduce the risk of radiation in the soil. For this reason, the Hima Wari Matsuri festival is held in late July until mid-August, celebrating more than half a million flowers scattered around the city of Zama, located in the center of Kanagawa state.

She paused, as if evoking a painful memory; perhaps a happy one. Her features did not fully disclose her thoughts, and she left me room to guess but not daring to ask In her presence, things take a completely different form; everything is confusing and ambiguous that embarrasses and worries me; however, I find myself attracted to her

by the charm of that calm smile that pulls me behind her towards a distant dream in which I see a festival of sunflowers. A beautiful girl selling fresh vegetables stands under an umbrella of sunflowers. A little and a small-sized young man with a charming smile playing the flute approached her. The flower grows taller, the umbrella rises, and expands until it becomes a yellow tent with a graded orange to brown medium colors. From it, small flowers scatter; so that a circular page of sunflower seeds appear naked and ripe. They bloom and scatter spreading in space the smell of bread and love. Love has a smell that music breathes with the dances of the soul. Hima didn't need to say anything. I now know the way bridesmaids confuse their feelings, and hide them in conversations about their flowers. Every conversation has the smell of an autobiography that doesn't differ from the life of a flower. Hima did not say that the boy she met at the flower festival offered her his heart, and she did not accept. She was dreaming of a man who looked like "Bai Yong". She made a strange request of him; she knew for sure that he could not have it. She wanted her dowry Van Gogh's painting "The Vase of Fifteen Flowers of Sunflowers" located in the Art Museum "Sumbo".. She said with annoyance, "It was just a joke that turned into a satanic idea. He tried to steal the painting. The police arrested him, and he was imprisoned. He was sentenced to a large fine and he does not have any of it. I tried to atone for my guilt by collecting the bail amount to save him, but what does this act do in comparison to the destruction of a human soul!

I simply did not have the courage to associate with him in penance. More precisely, I did not want him to live with me in this humiliating way. I was justifying why I did so by wanting a girl better than me to give him pure love with the prior certainty that the most ridiculous phrase a girl says to her lover (You deserve a girl better than me). In the reserve, I learned that it is better not to be ashamed of our mistakes. Each mistake adds to our personality a greater depth. The many cracks in my soul gave me strength. I repaired those cracks with the extract of sunflower water. I felt lightness, I was no longer breakable again. The past fractures began to sweeten in me, and they

became a fabric in harmony with my soul. " Hima grabbed my hand, and said, “Come I'll show you something.” I knew right away that I was going to appear in front of the hymn of the sun. What struck me in this hymn was that a ray of warmth penetrated my bones as I stared at the letters, and followed the traces of its writer's fingers that poured the sap of his soul in words. How hard he suffered! How much pain his fragile body endured, until it is washed with the scent of sunflower breath:

(And on the rhythm of your hot body bake his flour

And write the spell of love on his green leaves

Let your wind cross his hollow leg, and squeeze his milk with frankincense and rubber

May you grind his seeds with your holy hands.

And to wipe with its oil a body exhausted by malaria

Glory to your flowers, sun goddess.).

At the lunch table, Hima made a dish of "calendula" salad and many foods in which she used varieties of flowers, dandelions, and sunflower seeds.

I could not eat from the dishes. Until that moment, I was afraid of the bad effects of plants that I did not know. Knowing that calendula is an edible plant, but my memory does not have a good image of it. It is associated with an unpleasant smell, and its medicinal properties make me averse to eating it; in addition to its association with religious rituals in some Asian countries, and its association with the annual ceremony known as the Day of the Dead in Mexico. These flowers are only interceded for by their grained orange color, which resembles a sun going down.

Hima not only cultivated amaranth flowers of both kinds, but there were many wild plants at the edge of the fields. She told me she was a vegetable saleswoman, growing it, cooking it, and taking care of the ones that sprouted on their own. I knew that she meant dandelions, as they resemble them very much, as thin as those white hairs that carry our wishes on the wings of a dream that does not leave childhood. I was four years old when I visited my grandmother for the first time in the countryside; around her house, there was wide wilderness, and fields that can't be captured by the eye. I was running all day collecting those flowers that looked like cotton candy, and blowing on them to fly far away.. There are five hundred species of dandelions in the sunflower family. They are known all over the world. They are often used in advertising. Its flowers are yellowish and orangish; they bloom in the morning and close at night. When the flowers are ripe, they turn into the adored flower consisting of seeds carrying white silky bristles that can be spread in the air by the wind, or by blowing. And where they land and find a suitable environment, they sprout again!

Dandelion leaves were used in cooking in prehistoric times, and the English nobility used them in salad. What Hima presented after eating was the surprise: coffee made from dry dandelion roots!

In the evening, my surprise was bigger, as I was on a date with a glass of wine made from dandelion petals!

In my memory, there was a woman named "Dandelion"; I remember her features well; she had a skin like the color of red wine, wide eyes and barefooted. No one in the neighborhood had that color. And I'd never seen anyone walk barefoot before!

I remember that I accidentally listened to a dialogue between my father and my mother, in which she said a mysterious sentence before her death: "I wish you had asked chicory." I didn't know what he was going to ask her, and I didn't dare show myself as an intruder eavesdropping on a conversation I shouldn't have heard!

In the morning, the signs of the cold began to appear, and I saw a strange movement behind the fields as if it were a hand waving to me. I ventured, and crossed the fields of the sunflower towards that mysterious space, so I was surprised by a flock of butterflies flying with wings of wonderful colors, and returning to land on the flowers of the "milkweed" The strange view surprised me. Hima did not tell me that she raises butterflies in her garden. I heard her voice behind me: "The cold will attack; the butterflies begin to migrate they are the royal butterflies; I planted the milkweed for them; they feed on it.. You know what? The milkweed is similar to the women of the reserve; self-sufficient. This is a hermaphrodite plant that contains male and female devices, so it is pollinated by insects, especially bees." I said with amazement: "What I know is that this plant is poisonous; even cattle stays away from it, and do not eat it!". Hima replied: "For insects, it is different. They feed on it, and take it as a habitat, but it is a temporary habitat, as you can see. The fruits soon ripen, and their pod opens, scattering its seeds with silky white filaments in space, bringing with it the memories of its inhabitants. However, I use flowers in the soup, and the pod in cooking, and it is cooked just like okra, and its filaments are considered an insulating material, and are used in making pillows. "

Hima humanizes everything around herself as most of the women of the reserve do. She raises the larvae, and takes care of them until they turn into wonderful butterflies that migrate in winter, and then return to her with news of the warm cities in which they lived..

I asked Hima: Are there glowing butterflies? . She smiled softly, and said: "Your question is strange, of course there are illuminated butterflies and illuminated insects. You must be thinking about the light games emanating from the Temple of Teyla? Tela has a wonderful ability to attract luminous butterflies and insects. Note that the fields are devoid of them, and they only appear around her temple; and as you can see on warm nights, Tela paints dazzling light panels with those insects and butterflies. " I said, "Yes, not only

paintings, Teyla tells a legend that has to do, I think, with those hymns that she gave to you."

I handed her the wooden box: "Inside, you will find what looks like you.. You and silk are alike! " There was a silence for a moment. I hesitated to ask Hima if she heard kora music at night. And I didn't. I knew only Jehan, Susie, and myself could hear it!

What is the hidden link between us and music? Perhaps my association with Juan is the reason; and Jehan's mother was a singer and she inherited from her the beauty of her voice. As for Susie, I don't know why she listened to that music.

What was surprising in the pages that followed Hima's story, is what Juan wrote about his relationship with music!

Music to me is a way of life, thinking, and philosophy. I can't give it anything else, even if it's a woman I love. So I never felt guilty when I evaded seeing Dolphin, and I let Rika tell her I wasn't there when she came to see me. The truth is that I felt guilty; I will not lie to you, Teyla; the news of her sudden death was stunning; I drowned myself in drinking for days; I retired from people; I no longer wanted to see anyone, not even to play. I felt that my fingers had turned into a piece of metal with no feeling. Without Rika, I would never have been able to regain my balance. Honestly, I never imagined that Rika's body would have such a magical effect that it could relieve my stress and give me back the desire to live.

Rika suggested that we go back to Spain, claiming that this is necessary. She has in mind; that I would get rid of the negative effects of my relationship with Dolphin, and forget about her tragic death. Rika has a strange method of linking things to their causes and find solutions to problems. What distinguishes her from others is that her giving is free of charge; and she knows the appropriate timing for every action she does. She has a high sensitivity to beauty, and a lack of feelings of jealousy. The most comforting thing about my relationship with her is that she behaves with rare elegance; as if she grew up in a palace. I experienced this in our trip to Europe. She was very elegant at the parties we were invited to; she speaks several languages, and acts like a princess. She is another Rika other; she is different from the one who accompanies me with her dancing fiercely and primitively on the stage.

The last city we visited was Paris; and after a noisy evening, we returned to the hotel in a state of trance. She whispered to me in bed that she wanted a child from me; she would not restrict me to

marriage, and she left me free to give him my name. But that did not happen After we rturned to Mexico, I agreed to do the tests that the doctor asked Rika to do. I will not have a baby, Teyla; I will not be able to fulfill Reka's dream, I am a barren man!

Her body started practicing a kind of phobia on me; I became afraid to sleep with her, I was afraid that I would fail to satisfy her lust. Finally, we agreed that our relationship should be limited to work. It is the suggestion of Rika, who possesses intelligence and understanding that I never aspire to reach.

The new relationship form allowed us to fully immerse ourselves in the work. But I did not stop looking for that woman who always incarnates in the smoke of incense to connect my sky to her earth. I see it behind my closed eyelids every time my fingers touch the strings, and I look for her in the faces of the attendees after every party . And when I find her, she disappears from my hand. In fact, I am the one who runs away. I do not know the real reason, nor am I interested in searching for it, as long as the river of tune continues to flow.

Every time roses chooses a girl for me from the party; and when I bow to greet the audience, I snatch a rose from the rose baskets, and throw it to the hall, the girl who picks it up is the dream girl I am looking for.

* * *

Here, my heart stopped beating for a moment, and a caustic bite slit my throat. I took a cold linden cup; I took a large dose; I wiped my tears; and I stopped reading.. Wasn't that carnation targeted at me? So it was only coincidence that made me pick his carnations and be his girl! Juan.. My wings have sprouted, and I no longer stand on the ground!

I turned the page, and found that Teyla started talking about lavender, which made me breathe a sigh of relief.

Teyla wrote in The Book of Shadow:

(It was unwise to tell Khuzama who her father was; for that icon she had engraved on the walls of her heart, her victim mother who fueled the hatred of the opposite sex in her daughter's heart! She left her everything she knew about lavender before she died. She carried her picture wherever she went, and even made an icon of her by her bed, praying for her every day before she slept.

Khuzama's attachment to her mother was not strange; she breastfed her for four years, in which she did not leave her ailing breast. And despite the weakness of her skinny body and, she took care of her, and did all the duties of the house.

When she reached the age of seven, and the disease intensified on her mother, the doctors advised her to stay away from the child, but fate sent the angel of death to her quickly, so she died by poison!

The women of the village sent the child to an orphanage in "Sparta"; and there she was adopted by a rich family, and she moved to live in Antalya Where she studied, and grew up, she fell captive to a strange kind of love. She loved the man who raised her, and took care of her. At that time, he was over sixty years old, and she was the twenty-five. Out of faithfulness to the woman who raised her, however, she chose to leave the house and travel in search of work.

She moved around many cities, had harsh experiences, and always wrote to her adoptive parents expressing her gratitude and love. She thought in the midst of the despair that struck her at her forties to return to them, but our meeting in Kiju Reserve changed the direction of her compass forever.

Khuzama (Fatima Basin)

The strange name that Khuzama gave to lavender flowers aroused curiosity, as it is an Arabic name, while Khuzama does not bear the features of Arab women, but rather its features appear to be a strange mixture of the features of Europeans and Circassians.

I was excited to meet Khuzama; the reason being linked to the magnetic field of her flowers. The first time I see lavender crowning the mountain. I saw it earlier in the plains of France looking like a blue sea flowing, directed from where I stand to the limits of the sky.

After reading Khuzama's hymn, a strange calm surrounded me, and I dived deeply into my silence. One phrase kept filling my soul:

(Everyone who is afraid of love, your wine did not drown him, you loving flowers.)

I was wondering how that boy was able to access the properties and meanings of roses, where did he get that knowledge? Did he really live the legend in detail before he wrote it? Did he follow the lavender into the high mountains and across the seas tracing the fragrance? There is no doubt that he got peace, when the lavender fumes penetrated into his lungs, put her perfume over his liver, massaged his chest with her hot fingers, cleared his mind, and slept!

khuzama taught me the secrets of her flower, so I started preparing to receive dreams by doing a lavender bath. I put eight drops in the bath water and lie down for half an hour to relieve muscle pain after sports When I get out of the bathroom, I put one drop under the navel and a drop behind my ear to get rid of my urge to vomit! It is not a few minutes before I drink a cup of lavender tea before lying in bed until fatigue subsides; my nerves relax, and I get rid of headaches and migraines.

Before I go to bed I surrender to my daily ritual, massaging my forehead and neck with lavender oil.

I put a few drops on my pillow to push me into the corridors of dreams waiting for me at the threshold of sleep, inside a dream, and before waking up delightful dreams, strange worlds I wander inside them; I can almost say that I know all the details of the places; and that it is not just a dream!

I did not pay attention to the position of my feet, while I was talking and climbing the mountain, so I stumbled, and fell on a pile of dry grass full of thorns. Khuzama got me up; we went home; she washed my leg with cold water for ten minutes, then wiped the wounds with cotton dipped in lavender oil, and said, "Your leg will heal quickly, be assured, there will be no scarring left."

I saw Khuzama diluting lavender oil by adding olive oil to it. I told her that I had beautiful experiences with lavender since early childhood, as I was suffering from digestive disorders, and heartburn. It helped me recover from that. Its boiling flower syrup also helped me soften the intestines and get rid of gases. Khuzama smiled and said: "There is no limit to the properties of lavender, it is a cure for skin problems, the first of which is the pimples of the youth and skin aging."

The first thing that draws attention to the face of Khuzama is her clear, luminous skin, which spreads a faint light around her, so she looks like a moon amid her black, charcoal hair falling on her shoulders...

She told me while pulling out the weeds from the lavender field: "You can make a face mask from the whites of a scrambled egg and three drops of lavender oil, leave it on your face for twenty minutes, then remove it with warm water, and then you shine like a full moon" She concluded with a laugh. I did not understand if she meant a joke by that Yet I shared her laughter.

It is clear that Khuzama's interest in the cosmetic properties of lavender exceeds her interest in its medical properties.

On the way to the mountain, she told me that lavender adores the highlands, as it becomes more beautiful and authentic; and its fragrance becomes more intense; so it is grown in the mountains. The Arabs call her "Fatima Basin" and Fatima is an Arab woman in love, who came to the Taurus Mountains fifty years ago in early autumn, and lived in the village of "Koyojak" near "Sparta". She retired in a wooden hut at the top of the mountain, and one sweltering August day, the residents saw a strange view around her hut. There was a dazzling purple color that extended to the top, surrounding the cottage from every side. Curiosity pushed some women to climb the mountain, and explore it. The smell attacked them to the point where they felt a slight dizziness. However, they dared, approached the cottage, and called out to the strange woman, but she did not respond. One of them approached the door, pushed it gently, stretched her head to explore the matter, and found her lying down, as if asleep, and the purple plant climbed up her bed, and covered her body. When the women overcame the shock of the death of the stranger about whom no one knew anything except that her name was Fatima, they buried her in the hut, harvested the lavender flowers, uprooted some onions, and planted it around their homes. Then they planted it in the streets, in the plains and on the mountain, and the village became the largest producer of lavender flowers in Turkey. It is also known that the Arabs love this plant, as it is found in the Levant, and the Hijaz with different names. It is not surprising that the Arabs described the lavender blossom as God's gift to the earth. There are five types of it in the south of the Hijaz, the most famous of which is the Dhurm23, a plant with beautiful purple flowers that grows in the rocky plateaus and heights. Its aromatic smell is strong, and its taste is hot and bitter...

[23]- Lavandula dentata - the scientific name for this type of lavender

Fatima had a basin of lavender flowers in front of her family's house, forcing passers-by to stop, and smell the flowers deeply. This caused embarrassment to her father, who dug up the onions, and threw them away. But surprisingly, the basin was filled with flowers in the second summer, and this time a red plant appeared among the flowers; that drove the people of the house crazy. Only Fatima was aware that this flower was a sign of a stranger's visit to the house, and that her heart would follow him to the end of the world. Throughout the month of August, she watched the road from behind her window until she saw him coming from afar. Before he reached the basin, before his fingers touched the flowers, and before he irrigated his lungs with their aroma, Fatima's heart fell unconscious. When he finished the ritual of smell, and moderated in his posture, their gazes converged, and he froze at the basin in amazement, then he rushed with a spontaneous movement towards her window, and threw to her that red flower that he had picked from the basin. Fatima understood the message. and her heart rested. On the second night, she ran away from home with her lover.

While fleeing, Fatima uprooted some flower onions, and took them with her on her long journey that ended in the Taurus Mountains. After Fatima left, her father uprooted the flowers and threw them away. When august came back, it grew everywhere, and the basin remained with only red flowers, and the people of the Hijaz called the aromatic plant "Fatima Basin", which also loved to migrate with the pilgrims of the Sacred House of God to the land of the world!

I know you're wondering why Fatima ran away, and she didn't marry her lover the traditional way! For she adored an Englishman, and it was forbidden for the Arab daughters of the Hijaz to marry a foreigner.

On the way, he had an accident that killed him, so she continued her journey to Turkey. When her family followed her footsteps from Taif to the Sarawat Mountains to wash away their shame by killing her, the

lavender flowers grew on her footsteps, covered the paths and fields, and their search ended in a vacuum! They could not find out where she was, and after a long time they knew that her husband had been killed. Fatima the legend is my maternal grandmother.

I did not tell you that when the women entered the cottage, they saw a little girl who was only seven years old who was lying near the bed crying in pain. And when they approached her, they discovered that her leg was tied to a cloth torn from the dress of her mother, Fatima. The child told the women that a huge snake was lying there among the piles of lavender; and that she lay on the pile and stung her. Her mother came terrified at the sound of her scream, and discovered the matter, so she tore her dress, tied her daughter's leg, and sucked the poison with her lips. She was suffering from inflammation in her gums, and the poison soon spread in her body, and she died.

The little girl lived her life later alone, and she refused to leave the cottage, so the mountain residents used to go to her in order to get recipes for lavender treatment, and she was famous in that area for killing snakes, as she was immune to their poison. She would kill them, keep them in solutions in glass containers, or dry them, and hang them in the ceiling of the cottage. Thus, people used to call her secretly the serpent killer. They were delighted, because she rids them of that evil that awaits them on the mountain roads. It is, however, known for its ability to treat diseases that are difficult to cure except by using extracts of lavender, rosemary, cinnamon bark, nutmeg and sandalwood. All those are soaked in an alcohol liquid for seven days. This product has a wide reputation for relieving many of the symptoms of stroke, facial nerve paralysis, muscle spasms, dizziness, memory impairment, vision disorder, visual impairment, mental depression, and female infertility. The women who visited her for treatment were enjoying the special juice she made from lavender extract and blackberry juice, adding some milk to it, and sweetening it with honey. “Does this recipe work for Nisreen?”

She said, “Yes, but she is uncooperative, and she does not want to open her heart to anyone. She is always silent, does not complain, and does not respond to treatment.” She barely finished her sentence until we were surprised by Nisreen coming with Yakout, leaning on her arm with her left hand, and leaning on a stick with her right hand. Khuzama's surprise was greater than mine, she said with confusion: I seem to be mistaken, she is responding to treatment as I see! What surprises me is that I tried to massage her paralyzed limbs like my mother used to do; I still have all the recipes I used lavender to treat paralysis and varicose veins.

I became on the verge of certainty that all these women carried my blood type. Khuzama gave me that certainty. She asked me minutes before I said goodbye: What are you hiding in my wooden box? I will endeavor to make those threads boast of the majesty of their color.

Juan, four years ago

Ricca was right; at the first party we had after we settled in Barcelona, I found her! The certainty that I was right, this time, came from her name. She's Teyla. I do not claim that she looks a lot like you, but she has the same spirit, height and color of the eyes. Isn't it strange that her eyes are deceptive like yours? It's the color of ripe olive that turns black in the shade! For a moment, I thought I was standing in front of you in the Pathia camp, and that time had not passed. The costume changed, the hairstyle, the tone of voice; but the scent of the mixture of linden, lavender, rose, and carnation was the same. She is the one who attracted me with the power of perfume, and the magic of a time that returned from absentia to overwhelm a rude and noisy present.

She stood in front of me confused; the skin of her face became carnation-colored wine; her hand with thin, delicate fingers was shaking as she shook hands with me. I did not want to waste time; I invited her to dinner; and I told her that same night that I had met her three decades ago; and that she was accompanying me in every tune that flowed from my fingers when her smile lit up amid the smoke of incense.

I told her that many years had passed while she was under my skin without revealing her face.

A year has passed since our relationship started; she accompanied me at all my parties; the mountains, forests, and seas have witnessed the madness of our relationship, which looks like nothing but anecdotes.

But I don't know exactly what happened. All of a sudden, she told me she was pregnant, and she wanted to announce our marriage for her baby. It's kind of crazy. No; ... it's not just crazy; it's treason. What did

she think? She trivialized the matter to the extent of manipulating me. Did she think that my love for her would blind me to the truth?

You know something? Had it not been for my previous experience with Ricca, I would have easily fallen into the trap. However, I would not have agreed to restrict my freedom by marriage. I am well aware that this will mean the end of the relationship between us; and Teyla will no longer be my inspiration.

Ricca convinced me that dropping the foetus would solve the problem; it would give me a sense of relief. She did not call it revenge, but rather called it "recovering my lost dignity."

I left it to Recca; I didn't want to interfere; I just wanted to come to a conclusion that was comfortable for me. I did not think about the impact of the operation on Teyla; it did not occur to me that she could sue me; anger overshadowed every other feeling, until I felt in an instant that I no longer loved her It no longer means anything to me; let her and the one she betrayed me with go to hell; just to leave me in peace.

My last concert in Mexico turned into a loud noise; the dream woman did not appear in the smoke cloud; I felt completely deserted; all around me was dust; I was walking in a storm; there is sand surrounding me, the mirage fooling me, and the was no water! My throat is full of dust.. Suddenly Rika approached me, moved her head back violently, took a full turn, and in a quick motion crashed the incense stick to her skirt, knocking it down. She trampled it with her shoes by turning around twice, as she was looking into my eyes. I didn't need to close them. I stared at her, and my fingers began to strike the strings strongly. It was a wild melody that matched the fierce movements of Rika. Where she trod, vapor rose from the ground. A cloud formed from a light fog that enveloped Rika's body, and my fingers slid over the strings like water. “Keep going,” she whispered.

I had never seen Rika dance like that before. When I told her that, she said with a smile, “It's because you've never opened your eyes before!”

The vision was clear; there was no spectrum except the spectrum of Rika; I did not realize all those years that it was her, I had the certainty that the incense did not bring the melodies from heaven, but it was the body of Rika, which was exhaling its special perfume to control my soul, and my feelings. All that time, I was running blindfolded behind a mirage; and the truth was in front of me!

Oracle Teyla's comment in the margin on the story was confusing to me. I dealt with it with a grieving mother's sense of the failure of her daughter; and I blamed Juan, and held him responsible for what happened to me; and she said she would never forgive him! The strangest thing was her question: "Did you make sure that you were really sterile?" Teyla would never dare to cheat; and she would never claim that it was your child, unless it was.

I waited to read Juan's reply, but Teyla moved on to Jollanar.

The oracle Teyla wrote in the "Book of Shadow" about her strange meeting with Jollanar:

(I met her at Sabiha Airport in Istanbul. We were together in the women's detention. I did not know what language she speaks, nor did she know my language, but the soundproof walls, the low ceiling, and the lack of freedom made us invent a language to communicate. She gave me a handful of candy; she said it was from Uzbekistan.. I wrapped it in a paper napkin, and kept it in my purse out of trust that I would meet her again as long as her candy accompanied me. We had with us a Syrian girl in custody whose father is from Aleppo and her mother is Russian. The girl is fluent in Russian, Uzbek, Arabic, English, and Turkish. She did the job of translating between us.

During two days and one night in detention, I knew that Jollanar will be one of the girls who would be with me in the future on the reserve. I knew she was Zohra's daughter! How small this world is!

Jollanar.. the tree of Heaven

Her house is located in the middle of a garden of pomegranate trees. I have never seen pomegranate flowers blooming at this time of year, but the trees at Jollanar have flowers and fruits of different sizes, including green, which has not yet matured, and some of them have reddened their cheeks and begun to crack.. “It's the tree of heaven,” Jollanar remarked, noticing my amazement.

I did not need information about pomegranate trees and the medicinal properties of their flowers, which are especially useful in stopping bleeding gums, but I was curious to know what brought Jullanar here, and why she chose to plant these winter flowers, and did not specialize in one flower that represents her?

The six days we spent in agriculture, Jollanar satisfied my curiosity that we met many years ago, and we lived in one town at a time. I am well aware that this feeling is the result of total integration in reading. This habit often confuses me, and puts me in embarrassing situations. Sometimes I greet someone on the way, and I talk to him, and he apologizes that he does not know me, and he lets me talk, and he goes away! Then, at a moment of brightness of my mind, I discover where I saw him. We met in a novel, between the covers of a book, I got to know him, I lived with him, and we wandered in strange cities that I had never visited before. I knew the smallest details of his personal and intimate life; and we became friends; and I drew a clear picture of him that could almost talk!

When I discovered this trap, that I had fallen into so much, I started ignoring even the people I really knew; and this also got me into another trouble!

Then.. Jullanar and I have not met before, but our sense of the fading time between our birth and the day of our acquaintance is enough for our meeting to have happened in a bygone time, a time when the green wings of birds turn into a headscarf, a scarf for the shoulders, and a soft shirt for Jallanar's body. When she turned to me, smiling, I knew that she had read my thoughts, and she confirmed that she sometimes feels a transformation in her body, so she grows wings, and becomes like a green goldfinch bird that has the freedom to fly and tweet in a beautiful voice.

Jollanar starts work in the morning, and finishes her work two hours before the sun goes down. I accompanied her on the first day after we finished planting the marshmallow seeds and the fish's mouth. On either side of the steps leading to the entrance, I noticed a queue of crock pots filled with flowers with a pleasant smell, “They are local natural flowers,” Jollanar told me. She explained that it is not one of the internationally known flowers that are grown in gardens, but rather it is specific to the Mediterranean region, and she has brought its seeds, and its stems from friends living in those areas.

On the walls she hanged light pots full of dancing flower, and planted in the basins beneath the wall a garnish flower in[24] its various colors, potted red as pomegranate flower, white, pink, and orange. Jollanar said that the dearest flower to her heart is the "lover's mouth"

I said: What I know is that the dancing flower is called "Fuchsia" or "beautiful flower" This is the first time I know that its name is the lover's mouth!

Jullnar smiled, and answered me: "This lover's mouth is next to her, look at it.. Its pink flowers are thin and soft and small, its paper is thick and shiny, and it tastes sour, so I use it in salads, but I personally eat its leaves and flowers together. Pick it, and taste it. ” It really tasted like sorrel.

[24]- The popular name in Syria for the geranium flower

Jollanar told me that she is a mallow. Its leaves have fine hair like mallow; while the second type, "the girls' mouth", has a smooth and thick leaf, and it tastes good. Shukriyah is characterized by a beauty with no smell beauty; and it is of the same species. While the "fragrant" leaves give the tea a wonderful flavor. Its small purple flowers are placed in warm water, and drunk before bedtime... Jollanar grows all kinds of green aromatic plants in addition to autumn and winter flowers. They warm her up in the cold winter days, and most of their flowers and leaves are used to make many types of tea.

She pointed at the ponds scattered around the house filled with wormwood, rosemary, melissa, fragrant, basil, and mint, feted by the celosia plant "known as the rooster" in its beautiful red color alternating with the cuchia "Broom of Paradise25".

I gasped when I saw her. I remember from my distant childhood an incident in which I appear to be grounding her thin leaves, and caress my face with them; and I remember the face of an old lady scolding me for doing that. What surprised me about that plant was not its softness and beautiful coordinated shape, but the game of light inside it, when it tricks the sun, so the viewer thinks that the light is emitted from it, as its transparent leaves allow the light to reflect as if it were a mirror! Just as high poplar leaves that reflect light do; so they look like white flowers. I called it then: “my green jellyfish”

I asked Jollanar if she used the flowers of the night perfume, or the candle, which adorns the roof of the balcony and around which the bees gather heavily, in the kitchen. “It's just for decoration,” she said, “and the bees feed on their nectar too. Notice that the wax flower cries, when its opening is complete, its tears drop pure sugar. "

I noticed that the ground was sticky under the wax plant, which climbed the walls, and stretched in a magnificent pergola in the

[25]In the Levant, it is called vermicelli.

corners, and the ceiling. I stretched my finger and picked up a tear from one of the flowers, and I tasted it as a stinging drop!

On the wall near the window, Jollanar hung her painting "Hymns of Teyla". It was written in red ink on a green floor; it has the same orthography; the same beginning. The spirit which is uncontrollable by words almost touched my body with their fingers. Letters flew around me like free spirits.

Inside, the curtains were drawn, and the food was arranged on the table in the kitchen. What attracted my attention was the shape of the bread hanging in one of the corners as if it were a chandelier. Jollanar said: "I eat cold dishes at this time, and I sleep directly." When I asked her why, she said that she is used to it. She does not like to see the sun setting; so she sleeps two hours before sunset, and wakes up after dark. It hurts her to see the day ending, so she avoids the dusk hour. When she wakes up, she finds the "cute young man" waiting for her to drink tea in his presence. She explained to me that the enchanting plant with its greenness and colors was called "the youth of the nightfall" because its flowers bloom in the evening and close in the morning. She commented laughing: "He is the cute young man who watches over the comfort of his beloved, and sleeps during the day!" Jollanar did not laugh, but swallowed her saliva with difficulty, and got up to raise the curtains.

The night has fallen in the reserve; so we went out to the balcony to drink aromatic plants tea. I was confused by the plants' scents, and the flowers of the "night perfume" were pungent with the smell of a strong candle, and the smell of the sultan of dense flowers.

I felt my breath tightening, so I said to Jollanar, “How can you tolerate this amount of suffocating smells?” She replied, "The still wind is the reason, if it moved, it would push the smell away, and you would feel ecstatic then." I was surprised that Jollanar gathered all these flowers, that some bloom in the evening and spread their smell in the atmosphere, and others whose smell comes out at night. She picked

for me some flowers of the night perfume and put them in a glass of water, and said: "This is the only way to make you see the flowers in the daytime, and smell them by separating them from their stem and putting them in the pot. And she did exactly this with the flowers of the candle from which she picked tablets in a dish in which she put a little water so that the flower-bearing stick absorbs the water from the dish and the flowers do not get wet, so that they do not change their velvety pink color. Candle flowers represent a fascination to look at, as they are small, star-like, velvety, waxy flowers with a solid brown eye in the center of the star , and the flowers are attached to thin sticks that branch from a solid stick, and line up next to each other in a circular way, so they look at first glance like a single flower! Jollanar flowers resemble them, blooming at night, and spreading their pungent scents in space. She told me that her mother was calling her:26 Jollanar, the seeds of pomegranate. She admired the wife of the triumphant king Saif al-Din Qutz, who was killed by the Tatars. And that she memorized many Arab stories, some of which I read in books, and some of which were transmitted to her orally, as the inhabitants of the Ferghana Valley, are mostly Muslims, who preserved their history.. Alexander of Macedon and Genghis Khan passed by that valley. and Tamerlane made Uzbekistan the heart of his empire. Jollnar's roots are from the Tajik part of the valley. She moved to Uzbekistan for reasons related to poor living conditions. She is from a village whose men leave for Russia for sustenance. Women bear the burden of caring for children, repairing houses that collapse in the winter, grazing livestock, and planting vegetables that help sustenance. Her grandmother, the eldest of the village, gets up with the first rays of the sun to milk the cows, and then leads them to the pasture at Aladdin Lake or the footsteps of the mountains. Before the collapse of the Soviet Union, she worked on a tobacco farm, then there was no money; the exchange of goods became in kind. She grazed the sheep for a third milking, and the rest of the family women

[26]Jallanar: Some say that he is of Persian origin, a compound of two syllables, and some say that he is an Arab. It means pomegranate blossom, and fire in Turkish means pomegranate.

collected firewood for the winter, refurbish houses, and take care of children. Their food did not contain meat, but bread, curd, sugar, and French fries. Her mother and uncles' wives collected firewood, made bricks to support homes, and prepared margarine, cream, and cheese in preparation for cold winter nights where temperatures were below zero. Many men did not return to the village, including her father, whose face is not known to her. They have no radio, no television, and they know nothing about the world around them. The only strangers they see are mountaineers.

She handed me a cup of hot tea, and she smelled of fragrance saying:

"When I was twelve years old, my mother encouraged me to go to the city with a lady who came to our village to film a television program. My mother didn't want me to live like her; she wanted me to have a better life. My mother's picture never left my imagination as she flipped milk with her hands to become thick, and sang a song about a Tajik girl married to a man she did not like. She moved to his house, and spent her life in house work. This is the life of all the women of our village; their only entertainment was lighting a fire, dancing and singing. Nostalgia pushed me once to return to our village. I wanted to walk the path that my father walked. My adoptive mother prevented me, and she said: "Leave your father's path to your father, and find your own path." My mother27 told her not to let me return to the village, no matter what the circumstances are.

In Fergana, I met a young man from the village of "Nay Nay" on the Newroz holiday, which lasts six days. Something happened in our hearts, as we danced joyfully in the Eid. I lived with him for a year in his village located on the border of Tajikistan. I was often nostalgic to visit my mother, but circumstances did not allow me to do so. Our stay in Nai Nai did not last long despite the love that my mother-in-law surrounded me with. Life was harsh and my ambition was greater than living in a small village, a country house with several cows and a

[27]- Rasul Hamzatov: Dagestan is my country

small garden that has enough vegetable crops for the family. I was a rebel by nature, and I liked to choose the lifestyle that I live by myself. For this reason, we escaped from the family system imposed on us, and we chose to go to Andijan...

The Ferghana Valley is famous for being a center of Islamic culture; loyalty is to the family and the tribe, and to the power of "Aksakal" or to the white beards.. The residents of Andijan learned over the years to bend to the storm as do all the people of Fergana, but they were never subjected to the Akramiyya group founded by Akram Yuldashev - a member of the Liberation Party, who was arrested for the bombings that shook Tashkent. They carried established commercial projects distributed to the participants, refrained from paying royalties to the police and were arrested. Charges were ready: "planning the overthrow of the regime" Of course, the government cannot leave them; because this will lead to the fall of the regime. Their relatives and acquaintances held demonstrations to demand their release, and called for the overthrow of President Islam Karimov. The massacre took place.

On Friday, May 13, he went out to work, and did not come back. On his way home in the evening, he saw people rushing towards the main square. Curiosity might have pushed him to find out what was going on! There, he saw people gathering, and one of them speaking and demanding the overthrow of the president. It did not take hours until the shooting began, and the buildings adjacent to the municipality building caught fire, and tanks surrounded the demonstrators, and fired at them. I was told that the police arrested him, as he was transferring the bodies of the dead to military trucks; the number of the dead exceeded three thousand! But he did not return, and I did not hear about him. Some friends advised me to leave Andijan; because they believed that my husband's fate was in a mass grave, and I could join him!

I fled the country, but I did not forget the bread I never forgot him. Every evening I feel knives stabbing my body, so I hide in sleep until it is dark so that I do not feel the end of that sad day.

What's the story of bread? I asked Jollanar, and she said: Bread in Uzbek culture is almost sacred; we still make it in the traditional way, by hand and in clay ovens, as we make the dough thick disks; we make a hole in the middle with a wooden press to give it a beautiful shape; and we brush it with oil to stay shiny and keep it for a long time. The most famous city is Margenan; and the name of this city consists of two parts: "Marg" means chicken and "naan" means bread. It was so named, because its inhabitants provided Alexander of Macedon with bread and chicken when he entered it. When a man leaves the house for military service, he takes a bite of fresh nan bread, hangs the loaf he has eaten from in the ceiling, and stays until he returns, at which time the bread is distributed and eaten. You must have seen the loaf hanging in the ceiling, my husband ate from it before he left. I stayed years hoping he would come back to eat from it again!

My tears were flowing on my cheek, as I listened to the end of Jollanar's story; I shouted from the depths of my heart: " Oh God, how could you endure all this pain?"

She extended her warm hand, wiped my tears, and said in a tender tone: "I am relieved now.. I feel like I'm not alone in this universe anymore. " “You won't be alone anymore,” I said.

She embraced my gift, the BOX, and said, “I will, and we will meet in a few days.”

Juan a year and a half ago

This is not what I wanted. Believe me, Teyla, I did not know that the destruction would come to my soul, because of the abortion of a foetus, but rather because of killing it. Your words had a harsh impact on my soul. I went to the doctor as you asked me to do. I went alone this time, and I hid it from Rika. Your intuition was right, I killed my child. Now I can understand Teyla's feeling, and understand her tragedy. Now we are together in a sinking ship wrestling the waves in vain. Sadly, I can't reach her, and maybe I don't want to, what am I going to say to her? Will I apologize? Shall I tell her the truth?

Ricca said, "Facts are relative, you are not responsible for the death of her child, it is a medical error, just a mistake - it happens a lot - that made us believe that you are sterile, and that she is a traitor." This time, Rika didn't succeed in getting me through the ordeal, nor in convincing me that I wasn't responsible for the crime. I am responsible in one way or another, whatever Teyla's crime is - if her treason is proven - I am a murderer, I used a murderer to deputize me in killing my child, and throwing him in an unknown place!

I started going to the cemeteries, taking orange carnations for the children there, and I sang to them that song that came out of my soul the moment I knew that I could have been now the father of a beautiful child, and that I would have a family and a warm home. Has my concept of freedom changed? That miserable paper proving my ability to have children blew up all my concepts. Suddenly I felt the misery and ruin that gnawed my soul A whole year has now passed since I knew the truth, during which I could not succeed in composing a new melody. The last melody I made was for him, for the child I did not see, but I imagined him growing up in front of me, talking, and singing. I accompanied him to amusement parks and

gardens, we ate ice cream together, we rode the train, and I bought him a wooden bed, a small musical instrument, and many toys.

Next year I will teach him to play music In the third year, I will accompany him to school I will choose for him the most beautiful names and the most beautiful clothes, and he will travel the world with me.

Teyla's gone.

I searched for her for a long time, but in vain.. Mira refused to tell me where she was, but her tone of voice reassured me. I feel that she is here nearby, and safe I feel that you know where she is. Don't you know it, Teyla?

I stopped reading; it was exhausting and exciting. I felt I needed a kind of work that keeps me from thinking about Juan; I pulled out one of the paintings that the bridesmaids had begun to embroider, brought the silk threads, and began to work. I saw them together working before me a month ago.

A month ago. Silk road

There is stillness in the reserve on a morning with a faint sun, whose rays are trying to give the whiteness of the snow a warm color. If it succeeded for a few minutes, the wind overcame it by gathering more clouds in the white sky. The atmosphere outside suggests a calm day after a snowy, stormy night whose wind broke the huge linden branches at the Temple of Tela, and blew up several ready-made roofs that covered some crops to protect them from frost.

I watch the road, the horizon, and the movement of trees to determine the color and rhythm of the day. It is a confusing day for me. During the past months of my stay on the reserve, I prepared myself to face it firmly and confidently.

They all arrived on time, took off their coats, and shoes at the door.. They put the colored cloth and wooden boxes in front of me, and sat on the bamboo chairs around the large table that Yolande had brought from the village specifically for our meeting.

Yolande organized the place, decorated it with flowerpots, and I was even surprised when I entered the lounge, and I did not know that it was my room. Undoubtedly, Yolande is skilled in flower arrangement, caring for her utensils, choosing colors, and skilful in caring for her cows! I asked her where she learned that art; as it really needs studying, not just good taste. She told me that she learned it from her participation in the Cordoba festivals that are held every spring; and they begin with the "Flower Battle" procession and competitions, where the residents of Cordoba open the doors of their homes, decorate the courtyards and corridors with flowers, and compete to win the title of "the most beautiful courtyard". They use colorful iron pots; they hang them on walls and balconies; and choose

their colors in accordance with the colors of handmade Islamic mosaics.

Now I have to teach the bridesmaids something from the knowledge I have. I chose to teach them embroidery.

I learned embroidery in an ancient Chinese town called Chenhu. On the outskirts of Lake Tai, every house has a woman who is proficient in embroidery, and their number has reached eight thousand women. I learned at the hands of an 86-year-old woman. The first thing she taught me was to insert the thread into the needle. I had difficulty in that; while she was doing it in a jiffy.

She started embroidering as a little girl at the age of nine. She told me, the ancestors in "Chenhu" were tattooing their bodies with a dragon drawing, and with time the totem culture disappeared and was replaced by painting on clothes and decorating them. Embroidery is the last form of that culture. It has four styles, the most famous of which is Suzhou embroidery. The first step is to draw the pictures.

All the women were enthusiastic about the work, and the first of them was Viola, who put many wonderful drawings. Although they did not sign their names on the fabric, I knew the painting that belonged to Yakout, the painting that belonged to Hema, and Viola's painting. Only three paintings did not contain the flower that represents it. The rest of the girls each drew her own flower on a painting. Sawsan, Nisreen, Jullanar, Zaffran, Khuzama...

Viola chose to paint on the canvas using graphene white and paint. Viola clearly knows the secrets of embroidery, so she chose the best way to preserve the drawing for a long time without fading.

Hema chose to paint in black on a yellow canvas.. Yakout painted on a brown fabric. There is no doubt that what Viola drew was the most accurate and complex of drawings. Yakout's painting was the warmest and deepest. As for Hema, her drawing reflected a flying spirit, which was condensed in a child's smile in the middle of a field of sunflowers.

The field was a light background, but the child took up the entire area of the painting from below, and the flowers appeared behind her head.

The bridesmaids had to dye the silk strands in their boxes with natural dyes that they extracted from the plants they grew. Hema did a great job; she dyed her silk yarns from the vegetable juice and brought a red dye from the marigold, which was light in color, and surprisingly distinctive. Another quantity was dyed yellow from persimmon, and a quantity grey and black from Womo.

The black color with which Rafif dyed the silk yarns - after she obtained it from the decoction of iris with iron filings - was distinguished by its shine and gradient towards the silver color, and thus she was able to secure the colors needed for such a painting.

Camellia explained to me how she got a distinctive green color from green tea juice. I knew Camellia's accuracy, patience, and mastery in accomplishing work, whatever it was, through my experience with her in the tea industry. I knew that she would get the desired color by stirring silk continuously and steadily within green tea juice so that the color would become harmonious. She wrapped the silk strands on a stick and dipped it in water, and moved the strands to a second stick alternately until she got the desired color, then twisted the strands on the stick, so that they would be squeezed and finally dry up.

All the bridesmaids distinguished themselves with precision in dyeing the threads with the desired colors, and they did a great job completing it now by starting the embroidery process.

They had to know at first how to use the needle in the fabric in a way that does not show the thread at the other end. And to know the specificity of silk thread in embroidery; because if we embroider with it across, its color becomes brighter, and if along, it becomes dark, and if diagonally, it becomes a medium between shine and darkness, and so we have three color shades of the same thread.

Viola suggested that they start with one painting to shorten the time, and then each of them embroiders one independently at home. They agreed to the proposal, and started working.

There was silence, during which I could hear the sound of the light breeze outside caressing the daffodils in the small aquarium near the window. I see their souls fluttering in the space of my room. The intimate atmosphere that gathered the bridesmaids reveals a stunning harmony that made a strange idea dominate me, and prompts me to ask in an audible voice: "What is your blood type, girls?". Their hands relaxed, and they looked at me in amazement, Viola whispered "o+ " I glimpsed their eyes shining and a smile adorning their lips, and they continued to work!

I have never liked to be in the position of a teacher who gives advice, but I found myself playing the role well, and saying to them: "Be careful not to be obsessed with time, or get bored. Impatience will kill the work, if one of you feels that she made a mistake, she should pull out the thread, and start the work all over again."

Jokingly, Hema said: “You only need a stick, and you would become a serious teacher.”

“Yes, I will in the next lesson,” I said. They chuckled, and merged into their work!

I approached Khuzama and watched her work. She used dark color in embroidering her flower. I told her: "To embroider a dress or a flower bedding, you have to leave some flowers mysterious and inconspicuous, which gives it depth and beauty."

“Do you know all kinds of embroidery?” I'd like to learn it all, it's really fun work especially on long winter nights.” I said: "Yes, I know all of them, and the most difficult of them is to embroider two different drawings in different colors on both sides of the dress. This requires two skilled girls to do the work. The fabric is fixed on a wooden stand, and each girl stands on one side, and as such the skill

appears when one embroidery does not affect the other, but the difference is in the seam, color, and shape. My teacher once told me: "Nature and humanity merge here; they harmonize when we together produce a silk embroidered painting."

The light was leaking from the window lightly; and it reflected on the fabric in front of her, so the wonderful waves of the white thread in the cat's fur painted on the fabric, although she did not replace it throughout the session. I asked her with curiosity: Why does the color seem to change like this?

"To give depth and dimension to the painting," she said, "doesn't the fur look real to you?"

I said, "Yes, that's what I'm asking. How did you manage to make it look real as such?"

"You see, the change of direction and the thickness of the thread from place to place make the painting talk" she said.

At that moment, I heard a live meow that terrified me, and I involuntarily took a step back.

She laughed, "Don't be alarmed by what your imagination makes, pick up the string with your fingers, and split it from below. Well, you did it!"

She took it from me and brilliantly her fingers were dividing the strings into sixteen strands, then divided them into twenty-six hairs, even thinner than hair! I almost didn't see them under the sunlight, which suddenly burst out of the window after it broke through the clouds that accumulated in the sky. My teacher used more than a thousand colors to make her painting! The painting looked like one made by the world's greatest painters! Her work was characterized by simplicity, precision, order, density, and elegance. "It's a close-to-perfection work!" That's how I shouted when I saw it. she said confidently: "Nothing is perfect in existence,"

After a month of diligent work, the bridesmaids finished embroidering the yellow fabric that Hema had brought. They hung the painting in the corner of the room, and when they looked at it, they shouted in one voice: "It almost talks!". “When you're done embroidering,” I said, “light and the angle of view play a role in the hue and beauty of the painting. The thickness of the thread also plays a role in accentuating its beauty.”

Viola commented: "The most beautiful thing about the painting is that it gave us a sense of the importance of collective achievement, and created intimacy and closeness among us." Hema continued: "We did not know that we loved each other like this before!" Camilla said: "Not love! I feel that there is something much stronger than it. “Yes,” Jihan said: “It is something that makes me almost cry Tears are swarming in my throat!” Khuzama approached me and whispered in my ear: “What is this blood type story, Teyla?”

Juan seven months ago

Our last concerts were unsuccessful, the new album didn't make the expected sales; I was angry, and I'm looking for the reason, and I can't find it. Rika contracted a caterer to make a party at Al Dawi Castle. She said the place might give me its creative spirit, and it is a chance to test my feelings well.

As happened years ago, the intimate place, the distinctive audience, the sparkling Reka, the incense, the atmosphere itself, but my closed eyes did not see the spectrum of a woman. It was complete darkness; the incense jammed in my throat, and the cough suffocated me. My fingers stopped playing for a second; and I looked at Reka. She continued dancing with her eyes my hand; my fingers sagged. Reka raised her hand towards her head, and jerked it with a harsh movement towards my face. Her fingers were sending arrows of suffocating smoke that crammed in my throat.. I apologized to the audience, and left the stage. I didn't wait for Reka; I got in the car and found her getting in my way; I didn't stop; I went back to Barcelona alone.

A week passed, and I was in isolation. It was strange that Reka did not follow me; she did not ask about me even by phone call! When I asked about her, I learned that she was in the hospital. She had an accident the same day. The doctor told me that she would not be able to dance again, as she had several fractures in her pelvis, legs and right arm.

I was on a date with the truth, when I visited her in the hospital. Reka wanted us to stay friends; and she admitted that she had planned everything to set Teyla up. She simply said it. She was convinced that Teyla had snatched me from her, and that she had me back, no

matter what the means is. The important thing is that she dealt with the matter as if I was her own property!

You know something? I did not feel grudge, anger or rage, but rather comfort; as if I am the one who confesses, and atones for his guilt; I am the one who apologizes; I am the one who reduces the feeling of sin.

I breathed with difficulty as I read Juan's last words; and suddenly remembered the announcement of their party in the village. How did that happen? Has Reka healed? Are they back working together? What about the doctor's words about her not being able to dance again?!

How would I know the truth?

* * *

SECTION TWO

To the right of the gate of the temple of the oracle Teyla stood a huge linden tree that exceeded thirty meters in length; and from its large, smooth gray vertical trunk, a huge collection of branches spread out. The upper part of the stem with its branches resembles a crown. Time has left its traces on the bark of the linden, and deep cracks have appeared. Winter has removed the affliction of its leaves, which give its shadows the shape of the heart in the midst of the summer heat.

To the left of the gate, there lies a young linden tree, not more than ten meters long. It is of the Arabic type with spear leaves that resemble olive leaves. The two trees contain hives made by an artist's hand that keep bees away from visitors. Linden honey has a delicious flavor. The benefit of linden is not limited to its flowers, but its flowers, beards, and leaves are used together in medicine. It contains "antioxidants", volatile oils, and "tannins" with astringent properties.

The bridesmaids did not tell me about their relationship with the fortune-teller, not because time did not allow it, but because they were instructed to refrain from mentioning anything about her, before I arrived at her temple.

Before leaving the room, the seer pointed to the linden cup next to the book. I had a cold and a cough, and she prepared it for me before I arrived to treat the fever that visited me that morning.

After I drank the warm cup, I poured out another glass of a ceramic jug and placed it on top of a jug boiling over a low flame emanating from a small stove. Within half an hour I felt much better, the headache was gone, the cough stopped, and the pain subsided.

I hadn't finished reading the book when the seer, Teyla, entered, and she sat in her own chair against the couch where I sat. She said:

You must have realized after this journey that reaching "karma" requires first of all a natural readiness and a definite desire to get rid of the pollution of the outside world. You passed the test; and I was certain about it. Your soul has atoned for what it has done in previous lives. During a year, you have lived a life of complete justice, learned patience, compassion, and not harming others. You were able to limit your thinking to what is eternal; and your passion is no longer related to what begins and ends. You have been able to abandon the first illusions of “individual” humanity and get rid of their ill effects on yourself. Your soul is now prepared to unite with infinitely, and a unique serenity will fall on you, after you have cleansed your heart of its lusts. I do not promise you that you will feel absolute happiness in this world - as the pagans believe - nor in the second life - as the people of other religions think - it is impossible. But I can say that you have now obtained a cold tranquillity after you have cleansed the lusts from your soul.

- Everything became the same for me, praise and vilification.

- These are the qualities of the wise; the first indicator of which is your conviction that others cannot attack you morally, unless you allow them to do so, so the cause is in us, not in them.

- I closed all my windows; my ears could no longer hear the sounds of the outside world. I feel so disconnected from my past to the extent that I don't even know me! My body is strong enough to start the journey, but my curiosity has not stopped. I would like to know my relationship with Abdul Hayi.

- You will find everything in the last chapter of the book; and when you return from your journey to get the jasper, and make your own amulet, you will find the temple waiting for you.

I said in a trembling voice:

And, what about you?

- I'll be here, downstairs. Resting from my journey in life.

Teyla knew how to get me out of the state of indignation towards the world around me wisely and calmly. she said:

"Fill out your heart with love for the world; it is your way to God. You will face dangers and psychological disasters if your energy centers open and are devoid of love!".

She knew that my hatred of the world was caused by Juan; I loved him, and he let me down. I hated sex and all men because of him; that's why red energy was sucked out of my body, and turned to brown, the color of monasticism and retirement. I used to think that I liked brown, because it is the color of the dirt from which we were formed, but she made me understood that it is the color of withdrawal and isolation, it is serenity, and the end for me. I do not see it as a beginning, but rather an end, as at the end of our life, we return to dirt. she said:

"In any case, what happened to you is not bad; it is the beginning of a retreat that can be positive if you use it to meditate and enhance your spiritual side. You will then have a deeper and greater awareness."

When I fell into the well of solitude, I exhausted my energy of talking. I withdrew completely towards my depths, and it became boring for me to talk to others. The conversation with myself is prolonged to the point of fatigue, exhaustion, and relaxation. I turn off the light, close the curtains, and stretch straight. I lift the light cover over my head, close my eyes, and it's a long time before I can fully control my limbs and body parts and inspire them to sleep. Gradually, I began to feel the harmony with my body, so I floated over a soft cloud, and the precipitation began. Teyla warned me not to enter the black area and fight it with words, so retiring from speech is a gateway to enter the deep depression that leads to pathological melancholy. My last treatment was at her hands.

In The Book of Shadow, Teyla wrote a chapter about her life for me personally. She said in its introduction:

(To Teyla, who will one day come carrying her bleeding heart to stop the wheel of time in the reserve, and give me peace and the feeling that I was able to perform my message, and to maintain the promise that the brother of the spirit and the soul left for me.)

All those who approached Teyla had the goal of healing, including me, but after I started reading her book, I had a strange feeling that this woman lives inside me, and my interest grew to knowing her more than caring about myself. It is not easy for anyone to discover Teyla's secrets, her emotions, or her way of thinking. She is the one who controls others with her amazing energy, and imposes on them the pattern of dealing with her. She was a strong, tall, and stiff woman, as if her body never ages, even when time has left some traces under her deep eyes and under her chin. Her arms look like those of a twenty-year-old girl, and her legs like those of a gypsy dancer. As for her gaze, no one can bear it for more than seconds... She said to me, staring into my eyes:

"My whole life has been associated with my name. I have become accustomed, with time, to being a lofty linden, spreading its shadow and perfume to others, and acting as a protector, and guide to them.

My soul has reincarnated this tree with which poets have been preoccupied throughout the ages. It symbolizes pure love, so that some of them went to the point of sanctifying it. That association pleased me, and it gave me its strength, hardness, and fragrance. I wanted to be like it in firmness; but in movement, I liked the Arabic name for the fast and light camel. They call it "Zayzafouna".

One of the mothers who took care of me was calling me a sap, and my father, who raised me, insists on calling me a linden, arguing that the rhythm of the name is more beautiful and stronger. The little sorrel was full of vitality and activity, meeting everyone's demands throughout the day, and her smile revealed white teeth that her mother used to rub daily with charcoal linden powder with sage powder that makes them white, and removes bad breath. Perhaps this is why I have never experienced to a disease or inflammation of the mouth or gum in my life. My mother used linden flowers to treat all diseases, because they are everywhere we go on our journeys.

Abdulhai was the first to call me Teyla! At that time, I no longer allowed anyone to call me sorrel, although the meaning is the same. I am a linden tree, no matter how different the names are, and no matter how different the languages are.

Teyla wanted to pass me her bed which is made of sandalwood, whose aesthetic value lies in its special fragrance and the positive energy it broadcasts around and through itself. She also wanted to give me a vase in the form of a linden tree.. And she wanted to give me an icon in the form of an elephant of eucalyptus and hundreds of bonsai pots with their trees and flowers that she loves, inside a room that she allocated for me before I came!

The last chapter of Teyla's The Book of Shadow was about her life:

All of a sudden, out of the blue and, and in three days, I became Sasha's wife. I wasn't even 15 years old! It is not important in our laws that I like the groom or not. Parents choose, and determine the fate of girls. I wasn't allowed to talk to him, or get close to him. According to our customs, I have to go to his family's house and live with them. And he would be like my brother for a long time in order to get acquainted with each other, and for me to get along with his family. Everyone in the neighborhood is happy except me. Even the groom wore the white shirt, clasped a bouquet of roses around himself. He looked happy watching the dancers celebrating his wedding!

When I entered my room, the windows were closed, and behind the curtain I saw a royal butterfly trying to get out. Its brown, honey, and transparent gold wings beating fast, and it suddenly stopped clinging to the thin fabric of the curtain. I approached her, opened the window, and watched her in her last attempt to find her way to freedom. It only took seconds; the breeze that moved the curtain opened the way for the butterfly to get out of captivity.

At that moment I became lonely, and I realized that my dreams had been buried in their bud. I dreamed of becoming a doctor. It was not just a dream. I had a deep knowledge of medicine, as I know how to treat many diseases despite my young age.

I acquired some of the knowledge by observation and curiosity, and other things I learned from a wandering Spanish fortune teller, who spent time in the neighborhood next to our suburb, the gypsies came to for treating bone fractures, fever, infertility, and skin diseases. I used to accompany women, squeezing myself into their hiding places; and when she paid attention to my passion, she devoted a time to me

in which she taught me the secrets of herbs used to treat diseases, and trained me to splint bone fractures.

My reputation spread among the neighboring camps; so the women consulted me on matters of their own, and they found the right answers.

However, my people did not treat me in a special way, but I was covered by all the prohibitions imposed on women. It is not permissible for me to cross the man's road, nor comb my hair after lunch, or touch a man with the skirt, nor am I allowed to study! Males are excluded from the ban; they study at least five years in Russian in order to learn arithmetic. Behind their backs, I was learning what my brother knew. For five years he mastered only some letters and numbers; while I was able to spell the letters on my own. I used to steal his books, go out to the wilderness to collect grass or strawberries, disappear for hours and then return the books to their place.

Gypsies in our neighborhood believe that they do not need books, they sing to children instead of reading them stories. And our children are raised by everyone. A woman does not only look after her children only; so it occurred to me to gather young girls around me every Sunday, tell them a story, and teach them how to write letters on the dirt. Sunday was a ideal day; it is the day men left the camp to go out and work in construction, and women were busy with their work.

My problems with my mother-in-law began to appear on the first holiday that we were invited to by the head of the family. I did not realize the hidden reasons behind her harsh treatment of me. I tried to be compliant, peaceful, and do all the housework that she assigned to me. It has nothing to do with young men's looks at me while dancing, nor with women's praise. I was the gypsy with more luck in beauty, choreography, anecdotes, and other acquaintances. Everyone was likening me to the linden tree; I was the tallest and strongest girl

in the camp. My mother-in-law once allowed me to accompany Sasha to the neighboring village for shopping; contrary to tradition. He was walking behind me a few steps away from me, he didn't approach me, he didn't try to talk to me.

On the way back we went into the wilderness, I collected some flowers, picked wild strawberries, and sat on the grass waiting for him to take the initiative, sitting next to me, but he didn't! I called him, he sat shyly. I asked him about his dreams, he said he wanted to build a house and buy a car. I wished he had referred to my presence with a word. If he had said that he was dreaming of a house and children from me, or that he wanted the car to carry me away from here. He stopped talking a little, then continued: "I dream of becoming a football player. In the neighboring camp, there are magazines by a friend of mine who knows everything. In these magazines, I saw pictures of football players, and I watched matches on television. I know that dreaming is forbidden, and that my father will not agree, and I will become a builder like him, the Gypsy does not have the right to dream!". I encouraged him to talk to his father about this; and when we got up to go, he asked me not to tell anyone what happened between us.

On the morning of the tenth Sunday of my marriage, I got up to a commotion in the outer courtyard. I woke up terrified; voices rose in such a way as to suggest a catastrophe. I opened the window and I saw men carrying my father-in-law with blood flowing from his body. I did not understand what happened; it was a real disaster; he fell from the top of the building; and his bones were shattered. He was not at an age that helped to repair the fracture quickly, so he stayed for long months in bed, and I had to take care of him on the orders of my mother-in-law, who moved his bed to my room. She said to me in an indicative tone: "Prove your knowledge and skilfulness in medicine." I knew then that my mother-in-law's curse stemmed from her severe distress with my knowledge.

I did not succeed much in treating my father-in-law.. But the leg splint was successful, and after the plaster was removed, he was able to get up, and walk with the help of the cane.

During the period of his illness and my care for him, his treatment of me differed, and when he recovered, he gave me a lot of privileges forbidden to women in the camp, especially education! This increased the resentment of the women of the family towards me. Then I dared, and I told him about Sasha's dream of football, and I was surprised that he allowed him to play local matches with our Russian neighbors. The children of the camp were not allowed to be in contact with the Russians, and the Russians prevent their children from being in contact with our children, but some of the boys broke the rule, met in the plains between the camp and the village, played together, and rode bicycles. However; this did not last long, as the children of our camp do not master the game, and the Russians are afraid to play with them, because they cause them harm when they hit their feet instead of the ball! Sasha, though, did not stop dreaming of finding an opportunity to graduate from the camp, fly him to Spain to join a famous team there, and become a professional player for whom the doors of the world closed gypsies would open.

Women were forbidden to sit at the table with men, but I made an exception at the celebration of my uncle's recovery. I was the first woman to sit with men on the Eid.

None of us dared to tell the father that we wanted to leave the camp and go to Spain. But Sasha was planning to leave his family and travel. He started working in construction. He was saving some of his wages away from his mother, and he secretly informed me about his plan one day, and asked me to give him my dowry. I was shocked at the time. I had nothing to give to Sasha. His family paid my family only a small amount that my father kept. Unusually, they paid my dowry some robles, and did not bring me any gold. Although it is customary since the arrival of the "Kaldirash" here, that they pay the dowry in

gold pieces used since the seventeenth century, and bring the fiancée dresses enough for ten years. But Sasha's mother brought me only some fabrics, and asked me to tailor them myself! So far, I am surprised how my parents have agreed to marry me in this humiliating way. But, I am not allowed to open my mouth about anything.

Sasha's eyes shone as he whispered to me, "How about you give me your earrings, the golden necklace, your anklets, and your bracelets?" I jumped in panic, and walked away from him. But I said after a short thought, "If you will take me with you, I will give you everything." In Sasha's scheme there was no role for me or idea about me. He was surprised. Until that moment, it did not occur to him that I was his wife, and that when he leaves me and goes away, he will put me in an awkward position. I will not be able to marry another man, and I will not leave his family's house for the rest of my life. It's not because he loves me that he agreed to the deal, as each of us knows that one doesn't love the other. But what binds us now is stronger than marriage, it is the dream.

We didn't have to run away, or sneak out at night. We drew up a good plan to go to the village, and then to the city, and then the doors of the world opened up to us.

Borders are cancelled in front of a Gypsy; he does not need a passport or identity card; his affiliation is enough for him to cross anywhere. Although the road was not easy, and travel was exhausting, Sasha's company was entertaining.

After arriving in Seville, I met the Gypsies of Spain through a flower vendor in the streets. I bought a bouquet of carnations from her. Why carnations? And why does a gypsy like me need a bouquet of roses instead of bread? For that I didn't look for an explanation. Suddenly I stopped in front of her on the sidewalk, and pointed at the bouquet of carnations. At first I spoke to her in Russian, and she answered in Sanskrit: "I know that you are like me, and you speak this language, where did you come from?" I answered her: from Russia. She stared

at me unbelievably, and said: "Russian gypsies have different features." I said: "You are right, I am a Chaldea, we came to Russia in the seventies of the nineteenth century." She smiled again, and said, "No, you're not one of them either. I know them well. Come by the Pathia. I think you need to see the fortune teller, who will tell you where you are from."

Sasha grabbed me by the hand, whispering anxiously, "How could we go there? "Aren't you afraid?" I said angrily: "What made you run away from your people, if you do not have the spirit of adventure; how will you learn, then?".

A young Gypsy of Sasha's generation approached us, and he said in a polite tone: "My name is Juan, I work with Julio in his band, you can trust Matilda, she is known for her integrity in our camp. She grows roses, sells them, and is good at dancing, singing, and everyone loves her. The most important thing is that she will not steal anything from you, and she will not take money for hosting you!".

We didn't say a word. It is foolish to argue with a Gypsy, no matter how young he is, and even more foolish to belie him.

I sat near Matilda on the sidewalk helping her sell roses. It is noteworthy that within an hour of my being with her, calling up for carnations and the margaritas, all her goods were sold out. She smiled, and said to me, "How about you stand next to my husband for an hour so people can buy from him?" I realized in moments that the men were stopping for me, buying roses. And I knew that Matilda would stand all day; and often did not sell the roses she had brought!

I was happy when Julio started singing for his merchandise. I listened to him, and I memorized the song from the first time and started repeating it with him. He looked at me in amazement, and said, "Do you know Spanish?". I answered in the negative; I only knew a few words, but I am a quick learner. He replied in Sanskrit: "You are a treasure, you are amazing."

When the "Oracle of the Pathia" looked at me, she said: "You are a gypsy with a Bani Murr descent. Your destiny brought you to Russia. It is the destiny of the nomadic Gypsies who have no homeland." I was stunned.. And these are the ones I grew up with! "I knew you'd get to me one day," said the fortune teller. "I read your fortune before now, when I met your mother who gave birth to you in one of the migrations". We had met on the Lebanese-Syrian border. Your people were on their way to Jordan, and your mother had tuberculosis. Her people isolated her in a tent, and walked away from her. They decided to leave for fear of disease. I would walk by her tent every day, bringing her food, water, and some herbs that would help her endure the pain.

Meanwhile, a Gypsy from the Kaldirash passed by our camp, and a woman of them came in, and helped me take care of your mother, who was in labor pains. Your mother died hours after you were born. We buried her there, burned her tent according to tradition, and the Roman woman took you with her. I never doubted that I would see you, and you would get from me all the knowledge of fortune-telling.

That night, Matilda hosted me in her wooden room, until they arranged for me a private residence, and Sasha slept in the next dwelling with some single young men. The camp was not what Matilda told me as it is now; its inhabitants depended on a single tap of water; and no one had a wooden "caravan" or a separate room. There were only miserable tents, and they had no contact with non-gypsies. Now, they sell on sidewalks, go out to see how people live, and have many household items.

"Rika, get your grandmother's porcelain cup for the guest," Matilda called to a little girl.

She took the cup from the girl's hand, poured "Caiardo" into it and joked: "You will love it, make sure I put coffee in it, not just water."

I had not fallen asleep when I felt something heavy hit my body, clawing at my hands and face, I got up terrified, my heart was beating hard, the scarce light of the moon allowed me to make sure that there was no human in the room... I almost screamed, when I discovered the rapid movement of a large mouse crossing the room to hide between the bags and the cartons in the corner. Matilda did not tell me that they live among the huge mice that eat everything, and abuse them during sleep. Fear made me sit up all night. In the meantime, I heard the voice of the boy "Juan" who told me about Matilda's integrity. He was singing with a voice that shook the throne of the heart, and penetrated into the blood. His voice had the hoarseness of a flute and the sweetness of a stream. The words pierced into my heart before my hearing. I found myself coming out of the room into the open, approaching the source of the tunes, and listening.. Whenever he finished a musical sentence, I repeated it after him in a low voice. (You will make me do something stupid, you will make me leave you and depart, we always quarrel and do not communicate.. Because you are like water, my child, and I am like fire28!). I clapped with ecstasy: "Wow, boy, you're going to be great in the future". He laughed as he approached me: "I need the soul of a woman to accompany me while I play, so that I would fly away. What do you think of accompanying me as a dancer?". His offer made me laugh, I did not take him seriously, I saw him as a little boy, too young to think about him, or to accompany him! He expressed regret by shaking his head, turning to leave. "I may not suit you, you winged boy," I said gently, "You deserve a dancer younger than me and prettier." "But I want you," he replied without looking back. He's gone!

Suddenly I felt a strong hand landing on my shoulder.. Blood raged in my body, and I froze in my place, I did not dare to turn around, and I did not utter a word when I heard a loud laugh penetrating my ear.. He turned slowly, Julio walked away from me, puffed out his

[28]A gypsy song by a band from the Spanish Pathia camp.

cigarette smoke nervously, and said, “What brings you here?" Don't you like to sing, kid? Dancing is better for you, let Matilda teach you.. You are a real treasure. ”

I worked in the carnation project, working in the cultivation and sale of roses is very suitable for my nature, and is in harmony with the place where we live, it is the art of the city of "Seville".. Selling roses was not enough to secure the needs of life, but I found my way into the hands of the customers, so I read to them the horoscope, and in a short time, the corner where I stand became more crowded, and my roses sold quickly.

We did not go out at the week end to sell flowers.. Matilda let me into her room, dressed me in a Spanish costume that Spanish flamenco dancers were famous for, and asked me to imitate her in dancing. I asked her: Is this the uniform of the Andalusian gypsies? "The Gypsy heritage is extinct by changing the place every two generations, the Gypsies change their clothes, and their songs to suit the place where they are, the costumes you see are not the same as those worn by our grandmothers," she said. I said: "It is difficult for me to dance with such shoes, but it is difficult for me to walk with them on the road in the first place. I was in Russia dancing barefoot despite the decision taken by the Soviet Council of Ministers in 1956 to oblige the gypsies to work, and to oblige the dancers to wear shoes on the theaters."

Matilda said: "Wherever we go, governments impose their own laws on us that do not suit us, and we go along with them, because we are people who reject war and love their freedom. The Gypsies of Spain came to it six hundred years ago, claiming that they were Turks who were persecuted by the Ottoman Sultanate because of their Catholic religion, which was not true; the Gypsies do not have a religion, but they usually claim to belong to the religion of the state in which they reside to protect themselves from persecution. They fabricated identity papers that allowed them to travel to Santiago to perform the

ritual of veneration of its saint. But they never made it to Santiago! They were treated exactly as in all countries of the world. Their children were ostracized and treated racially by the indigenous people, especially when the gypsies decided to send them to school. We are the minority most ostracized by the societies in which we live, people see us as dirty thieves, and liars.

I did not find it very difficult to learn to wave the skirt while dancing, although Russian gypsies did so only in various theaters. My mother taught me to move my legs forty times during the dance without repeating the movements. There was only one girl in the Kaldirash camp other than me who mastered that dance. The Russian Gypsies abandoned their dance heritage, and were influenced by the Russian dancing they saw on television.

It was clear that Matilda and the Oracle wanted to make me to be a pure Spanish Gypsy. I did not see anything wrong with that. Changing clothes, the way of dancing, and the accumulated knowledge will not change my reality even after a hundred years.

In Pathia, it was not forbidden to sit with men on Eid as we were in Russia. I learned to make coffee, "Cayardo" and how to cook local cuisine, grow roses, and commit to regularly taking knowledge from the Seer. This turned over time into an obsession that made me work before the Seer authorized me to do so. Everyone in the camp admired my abilities in medical treatment, and no one took their child to the city's doctors anymore. It was very expensive for them, and the camp residents were poor. The most important thing is that they were convinced of the importance of natural treatment with herbs and rose extract, and women were active in collecting what I asked for from herbs and helping me make ointments, medicines, and toothpastes with the simple means available. In my own pharmacy, I relied on linden blossom, so I used it in the manufacture of cardio-stimulant drugs, anti-epileptic and anticonvulsant, and used it as an analgesic for stomach pain, insomnia and anxiety. I was best

known for doing a linden bath that helps sweating, stops nervous tremors, and lowers the systolic blood pressure associated with atherosclerosis. I followed in the footsteps of Avicenna in using boiled linden leaves to treat varicose veins, plasters to remove the tumor, and pain relief. As the Roman historian Blaine did, the leaves were used to treat mouth sores.

Julio also wanted to make me a flamenco dancer and a singer who would give a glow and an exceptional presence to his male-only band. He had a band touring marginalized neighborhoods around the world. Knowing that the politicians are the ones who called the gypsy neighborhoods "marginalized" because of poverty, the gypsies find nothing to do but simple crafts, selling scrap, singing, and dancing. They do not master agriculture, because they do not own the land, so they compensated for this by believing that anywhere in the world is their homeland, but the problem is in governments that see them as something surplus to the body of their society, but see them as a distorted part that must be amputated, so their police chase them, expel them, and remove their tents and remains in order to improve the appearance of the country, so they leave to find another place where they reside for some time. The Gypsies only live their day, and they do not need a lot of money. This is what they convinced themselves with to go on with their lives.

I was singing to women one evening "There is no happiness without singing, that's why human songs are more than water drops in the sea29"; and Julio heard me and offered to join his band. He did not need time to convince me of this, I had a previous acceptance of his offer, and yet I only continued to work with him for a few weeks, as I realized that singing and dancing would take my time to develop myself in the other types of knowledge.

In the midst of my preoccupation with all these things, I forgot Sasha, and I no longer care about him either as a brother and a traveling

[29]- Gypsy song in Spanish.

companion, or as a husband imposed on me by tradition. Since I knew that I was not a Chaldea gypsy, I understood the secret of my husband's family dealing with me with arrogance, and I understood why my father and mother were satisfied with a small dowry of robles, and a few miserable cloth dresses in exchange for my marriage!

I have no doubt that they wanted to get rid of me. My adoptive mother loved me very much, but she could not violate the traditions and customs prevailing in the gypsy community wherever they were. Perhaps I was very lucky to accompany her. If I had stayed with the Al-Riyas clans where my people left my mother, my fate would have been different.

I believed from the beginning that fate had drawn the details of my life, and I would live it as it is, and I could not change that no matter how much I knew and will, but I tried from that fateful day to live its details with understanding and love, just as if it were a personal choice for me.

When we arrived at Pathia camp, Sasha met an old man who loved football, and he set up a team of camp boys to supervise their training after his dream of getting out of the camp and joining a famous team through which he achieved fame and stardom. He could not become a professional player because he could not read! Reading was a requirement for professionalism in his time. As for the boys' team that he supervises, they were always losing matches, and did not exceed their seventh place in the league.

One day, Sasha returned so happy, as he met a famous team coach who saw him play, and promised to enrol him in his team if he underwent regular and harsh training. The features of the dream began to become clear, and Sasha began to move away from me in spirit and body. He guessed that when he joined a well-known sports club, he would find his way to professionalism, money and fame, and then he would not have to stay in the Pathia camp, but Sasha did not know how to read either! He knew only a few words in Spanish. So

he felt bad, when I asked him about it, and he said grimly: "I will take a language course to communicate with the coach and the team. The issue of learning is not important, and the coach will overlook it."

We were staying in a house built of stone with a tin roof. We rented it near the entrance of the camp on the main street. The seer chose for me that place where a large area of it is occupied by a huge linden tree that people use as a shade. It was surrounded by an empty, clean yard. She said it was a good place for people to visit me.

One day, Sasha went to take a nap, and I went to visit the seer. Only an hour passed, when we heard a murmur, screaming in the camp, and the young men ran to find out what had happened. We went out to explore the matter and found them carrying Sasha to the camp car in which we transport goods and flowers. I did not understand what was happening, it was mysterious, and the vision was confused, and I asked in amazement about what happened. All my senses were disrupted. They told me that a reckless driver lost control of his car, and it entered the camp, crashed into the wall of the house, settled in the dining room, and a stone fell on Sasha's head as he slept. As for the young man who was driving the car, he left it, and ran away. No one searched for him. When the police came, they took over. Everyone in the camp was busy with Sasha.. And when they brought him back in the evening, he was dead!

Long weeks passed since my isolation; and many questions looted my nerves: “Do I love him? Why didn't I realize it before he died? What shall I do now?

I came out of my mourning for Sasha, and I made my decision: I will not marry again; I knew that I was destined for something more important than a relationship with a man. The first decision I made, and told the fortune teller, was to travel in search of my people. She did not object, but she reminded me of the need to return to take her place, and I promised to do so.

* * *

Undoubtedly, I was lucky - so the chief of the Bani Murr clan told me - when I entered her hiding place in a space belonging to a luxury villa in Amman. I never expected to visit this country, and my destiny would drive me south, north, and west to reach where the sun rises. What is more strange is what I heard from the chief of the Bani Mur clan after the expiry of my hosting period according to Arab traditions. She told me, "We want you to be our daughter, and I personally will hold on to you to stay. I often dreamed of having a daughter who has your qualities, to teach her what life taught me, and send her to the university to take over the leadership of the people after me." I said with amazement: "I really came for this, Grandma, I also love education, although I do not aspire to power or leadership." The grandmother sighed, stared long into my eyes, and said, "So how about you marry one of our clan members." My heart shrank; the idea of marriage itself was not in my mind for my future life. I told the grandmother that; and she hit her palms with each other signifying her surrender and said: "Then you must know, my daughter, that you do not belong to our clan. You are not from the Murr clan, although we are proud to have a girl like you among us."

I can't say that her words were harsh, but rather terrifying. Did I come all this distance to hear this? So who am I? - Where am I from? Who is my father? And who is my mother?

"That's a long story, you should know," Grandma said. "Where is my father, then," Grandma asked. "Your father loved a gypsi from the Tabbaly clans, I think he married her, and stayed with them," she said quietly. I said: "What I know is that gypsies do not marry their daughters to anyone from outside the clan, and if one of them does so, they slaughter her." "The Tabbalies do not slaughter their daughters; because they are their only source of livelihood," she said.

Before the grandmother started the tale, the sun that was looking out with its head into the tent disappeared. My heart trembled; I did not

need to turn around to see him standing at the door of the tent blocking the sun; I smelled a strange perfume that wrapped my body like a scarf; I closed my eyes, receiving that unique sensation of shivering. It was the first time I felt my heart beating irregularly; it was the first time I felt dizzy that made things around me move, fly, and move away to enter into a dream. I controlled myself with difficulty and slowly turned around. I saw him, he was staring at me and his gaze carried an unanswered question. The grandmother said: "Why are you standing there, Abdulhay?". "You have guests, Grandma," he said it with confusion. "Not a guest, Abdulhay," Grandma said cunningly, "this is your sister Zayzafoun."

As a thunderbolt her words pierced into my heart; "Brother!". I wanted to ask the grandmother how did that happen. She was ahead of me to explain the matter to Abdulhay: "She is Cady's daughter Zayzafoun. I told you about her one day. She came to look for her father; and I chose you to accompany her to Syria." Come here; give me your dagger. Abdulhay did not hesitate to obey the grandmother. He approached her with steady steps, took out his dagger from its pouch, handed it to her, and kneeled before her. The grandmother was quick to resolve the matter; she left me no room to think, nor to refuse, I had to accept the brother she chose to accompany me in the search for my father, and she made him my brother by wounding my hand and his to mix our blood!

My whole body was trembling, not only the heart, not the body, but my soul was trembling. The grandmother tightened the gauze around our hands; my fingers were hugging his; I did not care what the grandmother thought, nor what the Abdulhay thought, nor the laws of the entire universe. The decision, the judgment, and the knowledge all were made by my body and my soul. What happened was a marriage not a fraternity. There will be no blood in my body other than his own, and there will be no tremor in the soul similar to that left by his fingers merging into my fingers inside the white gauze,

with the spot of blood spreading, growing, and blocking the outlets of vision before my eyes.

It was a malicious act done by the grandmother, but it was a good lesson for me; it taught me not to take a decision in my life unless I was sure that I would not back down from it no matter what happened. I found out within minutes after telling my grandmother of my intention to stay single that it was the stupidest decision I had ever made in my life, and I had to live the rest of my life enduring its painful consequences.

The grandmother removed the bandage from our hands, wiped the wound, and cleaned it with violet water, then bandaged it with gauze after putting a compress of violet water mixed with barley flour on it, and said: "The wound will heal quickly, you will not leave before I remove the bandage."

At that moment; I was no longer interested in knowing the story of my father and mother; I was no longer interested in knowing anything; I just wanted to sleep for a long time to understand what happened to me within an hour of time! My mixed, contradictory feelings are more intense and deeper than my ability to comprehend their details. What exactly happened, is it love?

* * *

The grandmother did not force me to stay in her hiding place, and she left me the freedom to walk around and go to the other part of the clan. It is the story of the poor who live in tents, it is the gypsies who Bani Murr try to evade their affiliation with them, although they cannot deny the kinship between them. The rich in the world also ostracize their poor relatives; they claim that they are opportunists, liars who try to distort their reputation by being scammers and by committing many crimes of fraud, theft and kidnapping; even though, they carry the same genes!

I told the grandmother that I would leave in a week before the cold attacks, and it becomes difficult for Abdulhay to travel with the herd. The grandmother said: "Abdulhay is only our shepherd, and he does not have a herd, and he is not of Bani Murr." Was my shock with this news equivalent to my initial shock? Why did I meet the grandmother, why did all this pain overwhelm me with her bad news, and why did she make him my brother if he was not from Bani Murr? Did she really want to give me a lesson, or did she want to oppress me, because I refused to marry and stay in the clan?

It seems that the grandmother picked up those negative signals that my body launched, and reflected in its movements, as my posture contracted and the blood disappeared from my face, so she wanted to ease the impact of what she said on my heart: "However, Abdulhay is like my son, and his wage throughout his years of service to me is a number of sheep, and a good amount of money. I gave him the option if he wanted to take the sheep to give him their money to buy sheep from the area you will go to."

That night the grandmother summoned me to stay up in her company, and she told me the story of my father and mother.

* * *

Cady was the[30] most beautiful girl in the town, when she turned fourteen and did not marry. Her mother believed that someone had written a spell for her daughter to prevent her from marrying; and the rumour spread in the neighborhood that Cady was tied up. That was followed by a stronger rumour that she was a genie to prevent the bachelors from asking her hand. Her father, meanwhile, was depressed and frustrated, and he was the largest jellyfish merchant in Yemen. Brides from all neighborhoods come to his shop in the

[30]Cady: A tree of the Bandanid species resembles a palm tree, but it is shorter, and its stem is a sparsely branched list near the summit, and it has prostrate roots, and its leaves are narrow and rectangular, similar to a sword. It grows in Yemen, South Asia, India, and Australia.

jasmine season to buy necklaces and crowns made by skilled craftsmen who occupy a private room behind the shop where he sells jasmine.

That afternoon, Cady came to her father's shop to take necklaces of jasmine as a gift for a friend of hers who got married the day before, and it would be her second night which follows the wedding night.

She arrived at the shop at the time of the afternoon prayers time, and saw the inner curtain drawn down and the door closed. It is customary for the people of the market not to close their shops at the time of prayer, but only to drop the curtains of cloth, or to put a wooden beam in front of the shop saying: "I will be back in a little while." She entered the shop, sat on a straw chair in the corner, and then it occurred to her to enter the inner room, and take what she needed from the jasmine necklaces, but she retreated at the last minute, she was afraid that her father would be angry at her behaviour despite the special treatment for her. Meanwhile, a large car stopped at the beginning of the street, and an old man dressed as a resident of the Hijaz got out of it. Behind him walks a young, handsome, well-groomed, tall man. The man advanced until he was next to the door, he nodded to the young man, and the young man bowed his head, and hurried to enter.. He was surprised by the presence of the girl who got up confused, and tried to leave the shop, but the young man followed her, and called her: "Come on, you, when will the owner of the place return?". Cady took control of her heartbeat and said: "After the prayer"

Two words confused the boy, made him turn around, not knowing what to do. Her voice was like a wave of unique perfume that overwhelmed the scents of jasmine that filled up the walls of the market, its sidewalks, and the details of its shops. "Cady," he whispered in amazement. "What happened to you, come here," his master shouted.

Mr. Abdul Samad did not dispense in his travels with the beautiful orphan boy who grew up in his care, and raised him since he was five years old when his sick mother died, who was serving the residents of the house. He learned the craft of perfumery from the age of ten, and accompanied him wherever he went to smell perfumes, and examined them before buying them. Mr. Abdul Samad, on his last trip to Yemen, decided to trade in jasmine, and brought Jamil with him to examine the goods, bargain over the deal, and ship it. The master's role was only to accompany men and visit them.

Before Jamil calmed down, Cady's father arrived and welcomed the guests, showed them the goods, and Jamil entered the back room where skilled workers were joining the jasmine necklaces, then visited the small factory where the Jasmine was distilled, and perfume was made from it. He returned an hour later to stand at the door of the shop, unusually silent and stunned. The master asked him with amazement: "What happened, Jamil? Did you close the deal? " "Not yet, you talk to Mr. Abdullah," Jamil mumbled, stammering. Mr. Abdul Samad fidgets. Jamil put him in trouble that may cost him a lot of money. He used to accompany him; and he would enter into a conversation with the workers for a time that does not exceed an hour, during which he can know the secrets of the profession, the method of preparing the perfume, and the proportions used in preparing it. He often works to thwart the deal, buys the raw materials from another place, and then he constructs the perfume and puts it in bottles that he specifically orders. He mastered making it resemble the original brand, and sells it in the market as an imported perfume.

He was fortunate that night as Mr. Abdullah made the sale easy, invited the merchant to visit him at home, and accompanied him to the wedding of his friend's son.

Jamil felt that life had opened its arms to embrace him. He was walking in the streets and alleys as if he knew all the details there. The color and size of the stones, the length and width of the alley, the

shape and decoration of the doors.. Until they reached the house of Mr. Abdullah, and his heartbeat began to rise.. - Yes, it's right here. He is sure of that.. He smelled the scent of the caddy emanating from the walls, his spirit was bumping into the high walls of the house, sneaking as in a dream through the narrow openings of the closed windows, and entering her room. He saw all the little details of the room, her bed, her hairstyle, her clothes, her shoes, make-up tools and pillows. He captured everything. His anxious looks watched the closed doors as he entered behind his master, and the master of the house.

In the guest room on the first floor, the damp walls obscured the world behind them, a light darkness that did not allow the interior to comprehend the place at first sight. The owner of the house needed a minute before the place was lit by electricity as he welcomed the guests, and called his daughter to prepare food.

Mr. Abdul Samad noticed Jamil's anxiety and astonishment, and thought that the boy had been touched; especially when the young man was known only for balance and wisdom, the presence of intuition, and the speed of completing the work.

When they left the house, the boy was a few steps behind, leaning against the wall, twisting, and falling to the ground. The owner of the house rushed to call his servant to help the boy return to the guest room again, laying on a bed placed by the servant in one of the corners, and left him to rest. Jamil did not need more than that. That house was devoid of its owner and master, as he was sure that it would come.. And he'll see her and...

He heard light steps slowly descending the stairs, accompanied by the rustle of a garment touching an anklet that emitted a soft hiss that he knew was silver. "The doors," he whispered. "are open to you," he heard her voice say.

She appeared at the door.

His heartbeat stopped, his body shook, not from fever, but from the impact of her presence. "Have you been waiting long?" she said. "It's like an eternity," he said. "And the end of longing?" "a meeting," he said. "So?" He got up from the bed, walked up to her, his legs failed him, he tripped, he almost fell, his fingers hit a bone in her forearm. "You're like a female caddy tree with a rough shell and a soft heart," he said. "I am the one," she said.

The car was nearby, and Jamil sat behind the wheel waiting in the dark. Within minutes, he heard the sound of her light steps, and he was overwhelmed by the wave of perfume as she rushed inside the car, sat in the back seat, and disappeared among the baskets of jellyfish.

The speed at which he drove the car may have been insane, but he didn't care what might happen because of that. A single obsession controlled him. He had to cross the border into Jizan before her father would find out.

Jamil had little difficulty crossing the border with Cady. The baskets of Jellyfish facilitated its passage without problems.

In Jazan, he took refuge with a friend who provided him with a temporary dwelling away from eyes. The house was far from the village on top of a hill overlooking the border.

"A Jasmine morning." The morning greeting was not as metaphorical as people use it, but it was much less than what Jamil accomplished that night. He moved the baskets of jelly into the house from the pick-up car, brushed the floor, corners, and the bed with it, and made necklaces with which he surrounded her neck, braided her hair, and wrapped them around her forearms. He did not forget to decorate the necklace with a "cuddy" flower. "You will always bloom in the heart, even if winter comes, my heart will protect you from the cold," he said. She laughed coquettishly and said: "That means your heart only blooms in spring and summer when Jasmine blossoms," He

said, "Rather, the temperature of your love is enough to sprout Jasmin in all seasons." She said, "Jasmine loves light, the sun, and water, for it cannot bear thirst." He said, "I will water it with spirit water every day, and I will pick its flowers for you in the early morning with all their aromatic oil, and I will put them on your pillow to see which of you is whiter."

She said seriously: "Are you thinking of growing jasmine? It is a profitable trade. My father has become rich in Yemen, thanks to it. And it is also an opportunity to employ a large number of workers. I wish you could make this project! My father first learned the craft of paving the beads of a jasmine bush to form a "sniff" of jasmine from a Tunisian man who worked in the jasmine trade between Tunisia and Yemen. "

He sighed with sorrow, "If I could stay here, I would. I would make all of Jazan a field of jasmine, trade in it, and make perfumes from it. but.

She did not need a word, but in order to be aware that they must leave Jazan as soon as possible, there is no doubt that her father and his master are looking for them now.

As the men in Tunisia do, he entered it in the evening with a jasmine sniff in his hand, and he adored the jasmine flower to emphasize his full manhood, and he found it waiting for him and she was crowned with jasmine necklaces that he arranged with his hands in a wonderful way.

She did not lift her head; he approached her, and took off the loose robe that she had worn instead of the wedding dress. Nothing was left on her body but left but breathing from the cells of its skin; he stretched on top of a bed of jasmine, and his fingers drowned into its folds For a second, he was confused, and he no longer knew whether he touched the petals of jasmine, or those of her body despite the skill he had acquired all those years in making perfume. At that

moment, the idea shone in his mind; it is the fragrance of a mixture of jasmine and Caddy; it is a perfume specific to her. He immersed her body in jasmine petals, stretched gently on top of her, and clutched into her. Within an hour, the water of jasmine was dripping from her body mixing with his water. When he calmed down, and closed his eyes, a special smell was exuding from his forehead with sweat drops. The dream was dragging him away from the state of awakening to his own world. However; he would wake up after minutes having a stronger appetite to make a second bottle of perfume.

That night, he emptied all the baskets of jasmine that his master bought over her body, and collected her water in a small bottle that he carried with him at dawn, as they left the house before his friend came to ask about him, and alerted him that there were people in the village asking about a strange black man accompanied by a Yemeni girl.

After that incident, there were many stories in Jizan about the two strangers who stayed there for two nights, and no one saw them. Some of them; however, enriched the story with credibility by describing the beauty of the girl and the courage and strength of the chap. The shepherds loved the story and composed songs about it that flew through the valleys and mountains to reach Yemen and Jordan, and chase the story's heroes who camouflaged themselves gypsy costumes, crossed into Jordan, and stayed in the tents of Bani Murr.

The shepherds in Jordan were passing by those tents singing that song, about the jasmine merchant's daughter who fled with a servant she loved on a dark night, and about a grieving father and an angry master who are still tracking their traces through the smell of jasmine they leave behind them wherever they go!

When Jamil heard that song, he buried the perfume bottles in the Jordan Valley, and went to Syria, and from there to Lebanon, and forgot about that past associated with the perfume industry.

But the traces of jasmine did not stop; people planted it in Jazan until it was known as the "city of jasmine." Every bride would practice the ritual of jasmine that Jameel created. The second night of the wedding was dedicated to jasmine; as the bride completely decorates herself with a crown on her head, necklaces on her neck, and bracelets on her wrists. These are all made by relatives of the groom, along with the bride and groom bed which is completely covered by jasmine. The most beautiful necklace that became famous later is the necklace decorated by the flower of Cuddy in the middle of it, where its length is suitable for the flower to fall into the valley of the perfume located between the two breasts.

* * *

The grandmother stopped talking as she stared at me, watching the effect of the tale on my complexions. I did not know that I was; the fruit of an intercourse that was flooded with jasmine water. Everything I have felt during my life is mysterious and confused, and is associated with strange visions, for which I do not know an explanation despite all the knowledge of astrology that I had at the hands of the Pathia Seer.

It is no longer a mysterious fate that drives me to travel in search of my father. The picture has become quite clear in my mind, and even brighter with Abdulhay accompanying me. I was controlled by a stubborn desire to lengthen the road and lose the trail of my father. I did not mean it. Coincidences served me, when we arrived in Hama and visited the tribes of the Tabbala.

We were attacked by the scents of shaflah flowers, which are easy to bear by the hot evening breezes. I was surprised by the dense aromatic plants that fill the sides of the road surrounding the flower of the clock. I picked it, I gave it to him, he said, "You know what? These flowers have a mysterious memory that I do not know what it is; but I often find myself eager to see these flowers, and when I come

close to them, I get a prick in the heart. I had never picked a flower from it without its hands pointing to the sunset!"

The camp was vacant of men and girls. We were received by children scattered in the vicinity of tents and wilderness near the main road. They showed us the house of the clan leader. She lived in a mud house on the steps of which there were tin pots full of flowers, and from its roof there were plants placed in plastic containers of different sizes, colors, and shapes extending downwards. It is clear that the eldest of the clan is fond of flowers and grows them in pots that are no longer usable.

The interior of the house is completely different from its simple exterior appearance.. In the house, there are all the luxury tools, a desert air conditioner, a television, colorful mats of stilts that covered the walls, and a carpeted floor. We took off our shoes outside, and entered.. Abdulhay sat outside near the door until the grandmother called him, ordering him to enter. He entered shyly, and sat close to the door. The grandmother asked us if we were hungry. Abdulhay denied being hungry. He was smoking heavily, so I asked for a cup of tea for him, and expressed my desire to eat.

I told the grandmother that her house makes one feel relaxed, because of the abundance of aromatic plants around it. She told me: "The river these days is shallow, and mosquitoes are abundant. These aromatic plants drive away insects. Roses, lemongrass, basil, lavender, thyme, and mint, all of which have adapted to the soil, give us their fragrance, and give our food its distinctive flavors.

The head of the clan did not ask me about my request directly, and I did not want to tell her. Inside, I hoped that I would not find my father; so that I would continue the search along with Abdulhay. I asked her about the men and girls of the clan, and she said that they were at work. Men go with them to protect them.

It is known that the clans of Tabbala live on what their girls earn from working in clubs or weddings, and they are called in these areas "Hajjis". They all work in dancing and singing, even if they do not have a graceful body or a beautiful voice. As for the men, they do nothing here except make teeth, which made some of them rich as a result of their travels to Europe.

We were exhausted from traveling, and the exhaustion doubled after eating. The elder expressed her readiness to host me and Abdulhay in her house when she learned that we were brothers. She prepared a bed for us in the living room, and she slept in an inner room.

It was a noisy night during which I could not sleep, drums were beating in my blood and my arteries swelled, and I felt that my heart would explode in a moment. I thought a lot about getting close to his bed, but I did not dare... The first hours passed as he slept deeply while I watched him.. There is a strange innocence in his features while he is sleeping. In the middle of the night he moved a little, then coughed, and lay in bed. My body trembled vigorously. "Can I get you a glass of water?" "No, thanks, I was having a nightmare," he looked at me as if surprised by my presence. Stammering; he asked: "What is it?" Do you always see it? "Yes", almost every night," he said, "I see myself falling from a high mountain, the rain and mud flooding me, the torrent pulling me down hard, then I wake up terrified." I asked him if he knew the place he saw in the nightmare. He said: "No, but grandma told me it wasn't a nightmare, but it is the only truth I remember from my past."

Abdulhay told me that night that he did not know whether he had any family or any past. The Gypsies found him unconscious in a valley of the mountains "Garagra" and carried him with them. They treated him. And when he woke up and recovered, he did not mention anything about himself except that he was grazing the sheep in the mountains! It is the only image stuck in his memory. A picture of a herd of sheep grazing in the mountain, and a shepherd leading them

wearing a wide cloak hanging on his shoulders. He knows that cloak well, and hardly remembers anything else. It was an anti-bullet or sword cloak, and if it is stretched on the ground, it protects from death, He was surprised to be in that place that the grandmother told him about. What he knows is that the cloak they found in his quiver is worn by the shepherds of Ferghana. He remembers the golden road to Samarqand, the royal road to Bukhara, and the winding silk roads across the Ferghana Valley. He sees himself in a dream where the river flows towards the plains of Hungry.

"It's not just nightmares," I said, "it's a spark to find out the truth if you're looking for it." "I looked for it for a long time until I became desperate; and it no longer concerns me after I adapted to my current life," he said.

I did not want to continue that conversation, even though it was the only way to escape my burning feelings that night. I don't know what came to Abdulhay's mind at that moment, when he was silent, and we were silent together. His gaze carried more than one interpretation that an ordinary woman may not realize, but the lover knows her well. I cleared my throat as I tried to catch a side of the interaction that would save me from the earthquake that shook my being. How can I bear such a thing? The night, the tranquillity, his close body whose heat I feel as if it is glued to me! How can I bear it! He suddenly said, as if talking to someone else: "My people used to resent the existence of a female even in cattle, as they believed that when the first born is a male, they think that things are okay, and if it is a female, things will be bad."

It wasn't a slip of the tongue, but an intentional phrase that definitely indicated what was being thought about. I stared at him without question, and he continued, "I feel like I was on a search for a male child carrying my name in this world, and I did not find him."

I said: "The Gypsies believe that the female is a continuation of the offspring; for this reason they sanctify the woman, and give her a

special status despite all the prohibitions they impose on her." He bent his head a little, and said without raising it: "But I am not a gypsy!".

Before I commented with any word, he added, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean any harm, by God."

I swallowed my saliva with difficulty, and I did not speak. I felt that I had put him in an awkward position. He was looking for a good phrase to apologize for what he said. When he did not find anything to say, he got up and left the house. I followed him a few minutes later, I was afraid that one of the men would see him and think badly of him. We stood together in the open, then walked away from the tents, sat on the borders of the plain, and watched the dawn, while we were silent...

When the sun began to send a faint twilight warning of its coming, I asked him if we should return to Amman, and he shook his head, refusing to return. He said "How about I buy a few heads of sheep, and we stay here? I am captivated by this plain, its pastures as fertile as they seem."

He said, "But I haven't found my father yet! I promise I'll think about the herd and settle down after I find him. "

The girls celebrated us even though they returned late at night, but they woke up early, prepared food, and relatives gathered around the table to welcome us. After breakfast, I told their eldest about my quest. A tear came down from her eye; she choked with words, got up suddenly and hugged me.

She told me that my father was the husband of her daughter who died while giving birth; and the baby died a few days later; so he could not stay in the clan and departed west. I asked her where I could find him. She said: "I don't know exactly, but some of them said that he settled in a village near Jisr al-Shughour. A shepherd saw him working there as a shepherd!

Ain al Suoda

The distance to Ain al-Soda was not far, however, when we arrived at the outskirts of the village in the evening, I was very tired and exhausted. We did not enter the village, but rather took refuge in tents set up by nomadic shepherds, so they received us with welcome, and I needed to sleep before anything else.

Before the next evening, I befriended a group of village girls who saw me filling their jars at the spring of water. The most beautiful of them approached me, and she reached out her hand, asking me to read her palm. An unknown sensation made me agree, I said what I saw in the girl's eyes, the jerk of her hand, the movements of her body. She trembled, got up quickly, and disappeared into the narrow path leading to the village.

I did not read in the girl's palm what frightens her, but rather resorted to the lying that fortune-tellers are experts in. I told her that there is a snake that sprays its poison in her absence, and it is waiting for an opportunity to bite her, and that there is a wolf lurking in front of her, and that there is a crossroads in front of her, one of which leads to relief that she will take, and her story ends well. What exactly frightened her?

When the girls around me left me heading to their village, I noticed his presence under a huge fig tree meters away from my sight. Then...

He seemed to be lost and sad; and I didn't need my experience and knowledge to understand what had happened. He fell in love with

Fitnah the31 daughter of the sheikh of the Alfahid clan, the lady of Ain Alsoda.

On the second morning, I saw Fitnah waiting for me near the water spring, as she was confused the first time, and her body was shaking as if she had a fever. "I came before the girls to be alone with you," she whispered, "I want to know who the shepherd sitting there under the fig tree is." "He is my brother," I said in brief. Her eyes teared, and she ran on the road without uttering a word.

Days passed in which I was busy asking about my father, and I knew from some Bedouins that he had passed from here, and there was only spring and summer, and he left in early autumn towards the south.

I have not forgotten Amber, whom I have called Fitnah "seduction"; because of the severity of what befits the name in all its manifestations. By that time Abdulhay had bought a herd, and a house isolated from the village. He got up early, went to the pastures and came back in the evening. I could not find anything to do during the day except to read in books I carried with me, but that lasted only a few days, after which the girls dared to knock on my door, drink coffee with me, and talk about their affairs. A few weeks made me know all the women of the village, the secrets of the houses, the men, the youth, even the number of children. It was not difficult as the village is small and its women are talkative enough to know every detail of their lives without hardship. I used to hear stories from them individually and together. I had to separate between what is real, what is imaginary, and what is malicious, until I began to smell an unpleasant smell in their conversations about Fitnah!

She came to me in the evening before Abdulhay returned. She sat shyly near the entrance. She lowered her head until her shoulders

[31]- Fitnah is an aromatic flowering tree with a yellow flower tinged with white in Syria. In the regions of the Arabian Gulf, the flower is large and mostly white, in Africa it contains multiple colors closer to orange and yellow. Also called Anavar.

transpired and her back bowed. She muttered shyly, “Would you mind telling him I want to meet him? I can't see him in the pasture, nor near the spring. The watching eyes that my cousin releases around me will see me like shepherd dogs, when I get out of the house."

I didn't say anything, my heart was pounding, I got up, I hugged her, how could I not meet her request, when I knew the meaning of what she was feeling! "I will never forget your favour all my life," she said out of deep emotion. Do you like rain? I adored him yesterday. He was pouring music from his flute singing a strange song about a Yemeni girl. She adored a boy who had no origin, and she ran away with him, and they were leaving Jasmine on the roads. Tell him that wherever he walks, it rains amber.. Yesterday, I realized that. Between drowsiness that still dominates my eyelids and waking up, I am trying to get into, there came the soft sound of rain caressing the road lightly then rising and becoming dense to mix up with the sounds of a shepherd's and the gagging of sheep. She got up quickly, opened slightly the wooden window, and looked at the horizon. The sun had not risen far enough behind the hill to spread the spray of its rays into a transparent fog that prevented her from seeing the beginning of the road. I stared well, I was surprised by the clear sky, and the clear blue of dawn mixed with a slight redness of the sun that soon emerged from its hiding place with a sparkling smile. I opened my mouth in amazement when I comprehended the scene well.. The rain beads that I imagined were nothing but the sound of the sheep's feet on the road making their own music! Is this believable? I closed my eyes to relive the dream of rain again! It was hard for me to believe that this music was not the rhythm of the rain!

I stepped back when I heard Marwa's voice whispering: "Fresh milk.. You want some?

Why did Marwa come at this time?

I went back to look out the window with deep anxiety: “What happened in that moment, when he raised his head, and looked at my window? I cannot accurately describe that earthquake that swept through my body, and that glow that escaped the pores of my face is hot and confusing.

I thanked Marwa32 in my secret, because she did not pay attention to my confusion, and did not stand at the door for long, but left immediately after she put the milk jug on the wooden table near my bed, and returned to Abdulhay his bucket.

I said, “Who said she didn't pay attention! So; who started the rumour?”

Fitnah couldn't control herself. She quickly sat looking at me in amazement. I explained to her that the girls of the village were circulating mysterious news about her love for Abdulhayy, and that her cousin would kill her, if he knew about it. She eagerly and desperately said, "Please save me." I asked her, "Do you love him to the point where you can do without your family? “Yes,” she said without hesitation. “I'll tell him tonight and get back to you tomorrow,” I said.

Abdulhay did not react with any surprise; on the contrary, he bent his head a little, and then raised it to say: "Do you think it is wise for me to declare my love to her? You know that she is the daughter of the clan leader, and engaged to her cousin, so what can I do? ". “What my father did,” I said. He opened his mouth in amazement. The idea of run-away marriage was not a convincing idea for Abdulhayy. He wanted to do it properly like knights do. He said that his morals do not allow him to kidnap a girl even if she loved him. In his previous life, he may have done a lot of foolishness, but he is vaguely aware that he would not have acted in a way that harmed a person he loved.

[32]Marwa: A name for different types of rahan characterized by their fragrant scent.

I did not agree to him going to her father's house, but I reluctantly accompanied him.

Her father was wise and calm. He did not expel us or harm us with words, but received us with hospitality and generosity, and refused our request, because his daughter was "bewildered"/"engaged to by tribe conventions" by her cousin from birth, and he does not violate the custom of the clan, even if it is against his wish, or the desire of his daughter. I sensed that her father's heart was soft enough to make him change his mind, but the convention was always stronger than the wishes and will of individuals.

Our efforts were in vain; and when I asked 'Abdulhay about what he would do; he said he would sell the house and the herd, and leave the village.

When he turned to get out of the house, Fitnah was blocking the door with her arms outstretched to its sides.

We brought an elder and two witnesses from outside the village, and we wrote their marriage bond. I left home for an hour, in which I sat in the open watching the road. Fitnah had to return to her father's house until Abdulhay sold the herd and the house, and prepared himself for travel. But what happened was too much for him. Her cousin had returned on leave from the army, and he had heard of our visit to her father. We were surprised by him knocking violently on the door that night, and he told Abdulhay: "You have to leave the village in two days... otherwise;"

We both know the meaning of the word "or else." But Abdulhay refused to leave and submit to extortion, not only because of his dignity that would be undermined, but because of his love for Fitnah, and for a reason stronger than all the previous ones, Fitnah was pregnant, and she had to leave with him.

When the deadline ended, and Abdulhay could not see Fitnah, because her cousin tightened his siege on her, and no one bought the

herd from him, he decided to confront the matter bravely. But what good is courage in the face of treachery? The next morning, he found his flock dead in the shed. Only a baby sheep survived, as it was sleeping in the corner of the shed, far from its mother.

The disaster for me and Fitnah was not in the killing of the herd, but in the fact that Abdulhay was attacked days later by masked men who beat him until he was unconscious. We found him lying near the spring under the fig tree, his clothes torn, and scars of daggers were seen on his body. Obviously, he resisted his attackers vigorously, and they clearly intended to kill him.

It has been a month since Abdulhay did not leave the doorstep of the house, and he did not see Fitnah. And I was treating his wounds and broken bones. The relief finally came, when we learned that Fitnah's cousin had returned to his brigade in the army, but he locked her in her room, and put guards watching the house.

When Abdulhay began to move and get up, he sat in front of the house, watching the passers-by, and looking at me with amazement. I didn't immediately realize what had happened until he asked me, "Teyla, why am I here? Who did this to me?! I knew that Abdulhay had forgotten what happened, and he no longer called me linden!

He started talking about people, asking about things I didn't know...

It was not easy for me to accept the matter, Abdulhay recovered his lost memory, and told me all the details of his previous life.

The lover boy who searches for the meaning of roses

He was ten years old when his father was killed, and his mother fled through the forests. She was holding his hand tightly and the soldiers were firing their bullets in every direction. All he remembers was hearing the sound of her gasping and the beating of her heart as she urged him to let go of her hand and run away, as she could no longer run.. The most present in his memory is the sound of the bullet that killed her. He froze in panic, and he no longer knows whether he should keep running, or return to her to hug her body before it cools down?

He spent the rest of his life in pain, because he could not hold her head to his chest, and dig a grave that protects her slim body. He lived his life with the feeling of a murderer who committed a crime in the hands of another hired killer. He returned when the war ended a long time ago, and he was over twenty years old, and he was well aware that he would not know the fate of her body, but he returned in the hope that he would find survivors who knew her, and show him a place that had become a cemetery for those unidentified bodies. He was delirious of fever for weeks, as he crossed the distances between the villages destroyed by the war in search of a living witness to tell him where all these people had gone. In a village near the forest, he stopped, felt the place with his eyes, and smelled a familiar smell in the air that filled his lungs. That smell that fills him, when she held him to her chest, so he rests, and sleeps.

Drowsiness tricked him in the shadow of a tree that blocked the sunlight. He saw her in his sleep pointing to him. He walked behind her, deep in the forest. In a spot whose details he remembers well, he found her scarf stuck between the branches. Its color fainted; it was torn up; but he realized in his soul that it was hers.. On the trunk of

the tree itself and at a height of one meter and 70 centimetres, his fingers touched a dark spot, and his body trembled. Her blood had merged with the dark colour of the trunk of the tree. He dug with his hands under the tree, cladded her scarf with a small stone, and turned the soil, then put a branch on top of it, and dug with his dagger her name and the date of absence, and returned with his tears dry.

When he woke up from his sleep, everything was clear, awake, and normal in his body. The fever went away. He clearly saw her face smiling at him, and heard her voice asking him to stay in his ancestral land. It is noteworthy that she was singing him a sad song about a terrible Caesar who slaughtered her people, displaced hundreds of thousands of them, and she survived the massacre as an infant saved by a Jewish family who raised her. But they did not hide from her the truth of her family. He remembers her tales, and mentions that the month of May means to her the great annihilation 33.. She felt invisibly that her end would be in May, but she was reassured that he would survive.

With these songs and tales, she wanted him not to forget that he had a homeland to return to. She did not realize that her tales made him get astray in this world searching for another homeland where he felt safe away from the atmosphere of wars.

The beginning of his career was in trade with the man who adopted and raised him. The man who saved him from starvation in the woods. It was the same man who threw his artillery lava at small, peaceful cities. He was a soldier driving a tank in the war!

The column left the place, but the last tank stopped, and the soldier came down from it to go to the bathroom in the field, where he saw the boy. Fear almost destroyed him, and he did not know exactly what happened to him. When he woke up, he found himself in an abandoned house in the middle of the fields. He later learned that

[33]- A reference to the massacres committed against the Circassians, their displacement from their homeland, and the Russians replacing them.

the soldier fleeing from death carried him, and walked long distances, until they got away from the hell of clashes. They spent long weeks moving between fields and forests until they were safe.

The man who survived the war returned to his house, and he did not find his wife nor his two children. When the boy saw their picture, he knew why he saved him from death. They looked like him, twins with the shape of his eyes, their color, his height, his hair, and even his smile!

The Night of the Lily, the Night of Ozinia, Mother of Sümbül/ Tibet/January/

His life was associated with a prophecy of a seer he met on the streets of Seville one day. She said to him: "You have a path with twelve planets, you will spend one night with women who carry the spirit of the earth in their genes, and whenever your water flows into the uterus of a woman, you would plant a seedling of perfume, and she would become forbidden to you. You will always be in search of a woman who will give birth to a male who will continue to be your offspring, but you will only reap the wind and female offspring!"

On his first trip to Tibet, he acquired a skill and experience in the field of making incense. He wanted to trade, but the craft attracted him since he entered the temple in the morning in the company of "Shiring", who provided seven plates of water, a lamp of butter, and incense sticks for the gods, as they are fed with incense smoke. It is not easy for any craftsman to learn in a short period of time how to make sacred Tibetan incense; it is made of a hundred types of herbs and spices, its smell helps to relax, helps to avoid diseases, and most importantly, it purifies the atmosphere, and drives away demons!

Regardless of his belief in the validity of the belief, he was satisfied with the smell that drove the ghost of the disease away from him, and relaxed his nerves. It's the sacred Naymu incense! This is what Schering's daughter told him, when she offered him tea on the morning of the tenth day of his presence in the village of "Tonda", which is the town of the inventor of Tibetan incense. This village is inhabited by two hundred families, all of whom make incense, and believe that every mountain has a god around which they roam until they are free from their sins.

The people of Tonda believe that incense is the means by which the earth meets heaven. Like incense, his breath rose to meet hers. From the mountains surrounding Tonda, he brought herbs, bought spices, put them in her father's stone bowl, and began to crush them with a circular stone. The movement and smell made him feel delightfully dizzy. He read the books of the "Sutras" to the mixture of herbs and spices to be blessed. The blessing of the Spirit fell into his body.

The historical stone mortar bears the fingerprints of those who used it over hundreds of years. He wished that a trail of his fingers would remain above those traces. She brought him tea, she whispered, "It's time for your break." He said, "I will rest when I light the incense stick for you; and its smell reaches between my earth and your heaven." "Train your fingers to work quickly," she said, "it may be too late to light incense; and you leave before the smell reaches the heaven!" "I'll stay," he said, "and it will be there, just find the right place." She said: "My father will not accept, as my earth is linked to the heaven of a man who went to bring my dowry, and it will not be long till he returns." "But the spirit of incense carries you to me every night, and I see you near my bed smiling," he said confidently. "Let it carry me to you then," she said defiantly.

That night he had confidence in Yang's energy. He lit the incense he made with his hands. The smell filled the space of the room. He felt that the smoke had condensed to the point of blurring the vision in front of his eyes. The smoke rises, comes out of the open windows, reaches the sky and the gods rejoice. At that moment he glimpsed her, she lifted her body until she sat on the base of the window, inserted her legs, and jumped to the floor of the room.. Her loose coloured dress fell in a strange way, he did not glimpse her hand, which pulled a thin belt that fastened the dress to her waist, and he did not know the mechanism by which she wore that dress. Her nakedness dazzled him, she reached for the candle, and turned it off. The light leaking from the window was enough for him to see her. He thought so at first, but when she was near the bed, he realized that the

light had come from her body. A block of light lay before him. His eyes were staring at her in amazement, the smell of incense that filled up his body began to emit light smoke, and the fragrance drops fell from his fingers over the surrendered body near him. In each cell he smelled a distinct and special Odor. The spices he used to make the incense sticks were not mixed, as he recognized the smell of her mouth while kissing her lips and savouring the taste of honey in the sweetness mixed with the sting of cloves. When his lips gently touched her neck, he smelled the smell of nutmeg, her nipples were coconut-flavoured, and on the fingers of her hands were his herbs, Tina, Ozinia, Mukul, Magort's herb, Adi Lawood, Custis herb, white sandalwood, Goat's beard, and the Indian spike. The spices that he grounded and kneaded with cypress wood pulp soaked in water to make incense sticks.

When his lips reached the outskirts of her basin, he smelled the burning smell of pine wood, and the smell poked him. He took out the wood pulp to knead it with spices, and made incense sticks from it. Where did the smell of burning come from? Mumbling as if talking to himself, he heard her whisper: "It cracked, shattered, and caught fire; you didn't soak it in water well." "Yes, you did," he spontaneously replied. Within moments he discovered the folly he had committed. How does he fix what he screwed up? All his senses were exasperated and alert, which brought him out of the stain of love and opened his eyes to the details of the miserable room. He got up oppressed, lit all the incense sticks he made and went back to bed.. The smell almost suffocated him, hadn't the wind sent its light breezes to gently push the smell out of the window. She lifted the cover over her body, and the darkness prevailed, he tried again... This time he was drunk, dizzy, and did not know what to do, but a great force overwhelmed his body. He rose from his inhibition. When he flew into the skies of desire, he hit the branch of the hard cypress. It was dry, thirsty, and needed a spring of water to irrigate it to become soft, flexible, and compliant to his hands, which became trained to knead the pulp with spices to make a new incense stick.

"Maybe it's a bulb," she whispered, "the smell stuck to my index finger." "If so," he said, "it's the first planet in my galaxy." For the first time in his life, he felt that his body radiated health, wellness and freshness. He became certain that the ancient Chinese were right in believing that the smell of burning cypress wood sucked heat, moisture, and bacteria out of the body.

After that night, a deep sense of loss overwhelmed Abdulhay's soul. He felt mysteriously that hidden forces were pushing him to leave Tonda. He looked at the grey mountains as he walked along the waterwheel, saying goodbye to the trees of the town, its birds, its houses, and all their details. His eyes paused for a moment above the mill, contemplating cypress wood powder, smelling its deeply moist scent, making strides, and staring into the water. He saw her picture there occupying its features. His body trembled as he walked away terrified of that stunning idea.

He saw her there reaching out her hand in distress, pointing to him with her thumb, and he was overwhelmed by the smell of the spike and rude to the point of suffocation.

For many years, that vision kept haunting him, but it was not just a prophecy. It turned into reality when Ozinia drowned in the waterwheel, and left his daughter, Sonbul, who bore the name "Nargis" alone, as he was thousands of miles away from her.

Violet Night, Pansy Night

Late February /Pushiavo/ South Bernina Pass/Italian border

It became clear to me that Abdulhay's choice of the type of trade he practiced, and his choice of the cities in which he traded, was linked to that ominous prophecy that drives his destinies towards it.

Abdulhay was the essence of perfume in nature. Every time his water flowed in the uterus of a woman he produced a perfume that reeks from the skin of her foetus. The second perfume was violet. He met Viola's mother in a harsh winter during a snowstorm. The violets then with shyness stretched her thin sticks in the shady places under the pine trees where the snow did not reach. Above their thin necks the juicy flowers that Abdulhay had plucked from her made a necklace that surrounded the neck of "Pansy" before he embraced her naked. The delicate flowers were crushed when the two bodies merged, and their hugs had an aromatic smell that the skin cells sucked, growing thousands of flowers in their field. The fragrance dripped over her body, mingling with his water. Not too many minutes passed till his body relaxed; and he smelled strong violets secreted by his cells, and oil droplets fell from his fingers from which he made his special perfume.

He told me that she was a stranger like him. They met on a train that had to stop at a mountain station due to snowstorms. They got off at the station with other passengers. They walked a little on the railroad track, and the storm forced them out of the way and into the woods. They became lonely in a spot where white willow trees grew around the trunks of freshly cut oak trees, he said: "There is no doubt that the lumberjacks left the place hours ago, the color and smell of wood warms the soul." Sitting on the trunk of a newly cut tree in a narrow

expanse under a thin, atrophied willow tree, she said, "I've never seen a willow like this before, I know its branches are long, and drooping."

He said, "You mean the weeping willow? It is the largest and most widespread, this species that you see resists cold and is found in high areas. " "Yes, the weeper is what I mean," she said. "I knew it when I visited the tomb of the French poet Mueses, which was planted by his friends in fulfilment of his will in one of his poems." "Yes," he said, "in his poem to Lucy. How much you look like her!"

He picked some leaves for her, put them in her hand, clasped her little palm, and embraced it between his palms. At that moment, he glimpsed those small purple flowers among the pine trees, and knew the source of the beautiful smell. He gathered the flowers in a handkerchief and presented them to her. They went back to the station.. They entered their carriage, and spent hours in different conversations. Abdulhay completed the story:

The Bernina train continued its journey. When we reached the city of Khor, the capital of the Graubünden canton, from which the Bernina train departs, she asked me where I was going. I told her that I was going to the city of Val Bushiavo on the border. She paused, and said, "Is it that tempting?" It was clear that she meant to the extent that I let her off the train alone. "You'll judge by yourself when we get there together," I said, "The South is irresistible!"

We had a good time eating pizza, drinking tea, and wandering through alleys and markets. I bought her a necklace of the precious stones that the city is famous for making, and they are abundant in the neighbouring mountains.

We rented a room in a house close to the train station overlooking the magnificent snow-capped nearby mountains. Behind the window, she stood contemplating the mesmerizing view of the mountains; as I contemplated her broad forehead. Her thin eyebrows, her delicate

nose, her chunky cherry-like-lips, and her turquoise-coloured eyes that lent a tinge of dreaminess and pallor to her face.

From the bottom of my heart, I exclaimed, “O God of Heaven, how much I love her!”

She was trembling as my fingers were touching her hair. She closed her eyes, and her face was flushed with a slight redness. My heart skipped a beat as I kissed her forehead. I felt for a moment that her transparent skin was not touched by the fingers of a man before me. She didn't need to while shivering: “Take it easy on me.”

We froze for a long time near the fireplace, while I was making her a necklace of violets. She took off the necklace of the precious stones, and said, "Stones are not good at talking to the soul." “They do; but violets out-skill them with their perfume.” I said She said: "It is rather your perfume that has seeped under my skin, and resided in the soul. Our daughter will carry in her genes the spirit of violets, and I will call her Viola. Didn't the seer tell you that? ”

Yes, the fortune teller said more, she said things that break the heart, and leaves it scattered in over those white peaks. When that night passed, we had to get on the train again to part. We were not supposed to meet. I left her an amulet that I bought in the markets of Pushiavo; it was a necklace of gray stones adorned with a violet flower. I desperately hoped to see my daughter Viola in the future wearing it around her neck. When I fell asleep on the train, everything was fading, and a thick white fog loomed, turning into a child running in the mountains like a deer carrying a bouquet of violets in her hand, a gray necklace around her neck, and with her hair thousands of blonde horses spearing.

Teyla wrote in the margin:

It is the necklace that made my heart stop, when I saw it encircling Viola's neck in our first meeting in Kejeo Reserve. That day, she said to me, her mother told her that it was the only memory of the man she loved, and she was devoted to his memory all her life, so she did not marry after him.

Pansy was one of the women who revered love and linked it to romance. She lived her life in an ever-new dream. Every time she wanted to get out of it, its fragrance ties her body. Originally, she had no intention of getting rid of its captivation; she rather nourished it with the hope of a new encounter, knowing that this was almost impossible.

Viola told me that her mother's skinny body could not bear the pain of love that she had endured for many years. Over time, it turned into an organic disease that weakened her powers and paralyzed her movement. But it didn't affect her mind, memory, and spiritual power.

She would sit on the balcony for long hours watching the snow piling up over the mountains in New Year's Eve, telling her daughter that she was watching his ghost coming through the fog, and that he visited her at the same time every year!

They repeat the same conversations, laugh, and surround her neck with a violet necklace, promising her that he will be present when Viola gets married!

The night of the fish's mouth

the night of Margarita, the mother of the twins, Ares and Dolphin.

London/ March

These exotic flowers, in their cheerful colors, were hiding behind a long row of marshmallows, which, in their spectrums of colors, formed a charming drawing, starting with sandy yellow, and ending with blue. There is no doubt that the designer of the back garden of the house was a creative painter. I said that to Margaret, and she replied that she was the one who did it, because she loves the flowers of the fish's mouth, and to protect her from the eastern wind, she surrounded it with a wall of marshmallows. “One for fun, one for benefit and protection,” she told me. She poured me a tea made of marshmallows, which she said was good for my chest in cold weather. I was feeling a sharp cold that night, when I accompanied Margherita home after a tour between tea merchants that ended with a bargain for both of us, and my prize was an invitation by Margherita to dinner at her house.

I did not know that she became a widow recently, and that the house in which she lived and the commercial office were not the inheritance from her father, as was believed, but that her husband left them to her with a contract of sale registered in her name.

After dinner, Margherita showed her super craft in making a dessert filled with fruit, and next to it was a jug of black coffee. She laughed when I expressed my surprise, and said that her origins are not English, and that she inherited the love of coffee in her genes from her Spanish mother, who could not adapt to the atmosphere of England, so she returned two years after her marriage to Mexico, and left her with her father, who in turn left her to a strict old nanny who

was keen to teach her etiquette even in the way of speech. But when she became a young woman, she rebelled against everything imposed on her, ran away from home, and followed her mother in Mexico, but she could not adapt there to life and weather. Her mother lived with a gangster who was famous for his good looks and love affairs. He was violent in his treatment of her, and jealous in a disturbing way.

She returned to England to live with her father, and to marry his friend, who is twenty-five years older than her. She convinced herself that she loved him, and that he was her choice, but in fact she was escaping into that marriage from her frequent emotional crises and from her homelessness, despite her excellence in study.

During two years, she proved to her husband her superior ability in management and accounts, so he handed her everything. And when he knew that he would not give birth to an heir, he left her everything he owned.

Margherita said: "You can rest in the bedroom, I will make you some tea from roses and herbs, and you will get better within hours. I do not like to take antibiotics and medicines, and I have not used them all my life. I get my own immunity from eating fruits and vegetables, and I by drinking tea made from all kinds of roses."

I didn't discuss it, I needed to lie down, and a tender hand to touch my hair. At that moment, my mother's face came out. She was reaching out to me to keep running. She was smiling as the bullet pierced her body. I never imagined that anyone could smile like that until Margherita leaned over the bed, stared into my eyes as she touched my forehead with her fingers, and smiled, “The heat will go away soon.”

I knew I'd fallen asleep a long time, when I saw Margarita fall asleep on a sofa by the bed. I got up feeling a strange lightness accompanied by a full awakening. I carried Margherita cautiously, stretched her out on the bed, and lay down beside her. I looked at her angelic face as

she slept, looking much younger than her age.. Hotter, warmer, less complicated. In her awakening, I was dealing with an intelligent woman and a clever interlocutor who left a sense that she was mysterious and complex. But now it is different, I am in front of a sexy girl in every detail of her body that calls me to it with a mysterious call. For a moment, I suspected that Margarita was not asleep. The movement of her eyeballs under her closed eyelids is evidence that she feels everything that is going on, but she pretends to sleep, leaving me to take the initiative.

Her sand-coloured silk dress receded from her legs after a seemingly spontaneous movement, that showed pink underwear. Suddenly her face was coloured, her cheeks were reddish, and her lower lip trembled. She moved her head and the golden hair clip escaped, and a river flowed from the blackness surrounding the light of her face. My fingers stopped at the border of the neck, dived into the clavicle.. She slowly opened her eyes, looking at me with a lukewarm, submissive look. I thought her to be saying: "you have come so late". “I was forced” I told her. She whispered, “And what makes you submit to circumstances, when you are free?”. “It is the destiny, I can't change,” I said. “Use this hour, therefore” she said, “if you go, you won't come back.” I did not need such an explicit invitation to do so. The heat in her body tempts me to embrace her, seek warmth from her breath full of rose vapor, and enter into the darkness of her hair; so that my soul sees what my eyes cannot see.. There are on the outskirts of the dolphins that open their mouths whenever the wind passes, and press their fingers against the neck of desire. There, I realized that the mouth of the fish is the thinnest of all flowers, the most delicate, and that the marshmallows have the ability to surround and protect!

In the margin, Teyla wrote:

Margherita wrote a letter to her daughter Ares after the death of her twin sister Dolphin: "Forgive your sister; she never meant to hurt you; she never meant to steal Charles from you; she was sick; and she wanted revenge from anyone; and by chance that person was you." The reason for Dolphin's infection with that disease was that she was exposed to an acute emotional crisis that made her take hallucinogenic drugs, and got addicted to drugs. Her condition began to deteriorate when she learned that "Juan" had left without leaving her an address. When she knew that he was in Spain, she followed him there, but she came back after a month completely destroyed to tell me that he had a relationship with a girl named "Teyla"; and that he denied knowing her, when he saw her, and he evaded her.

Please forgive me too.. I loved her more than you, and that's out of my control."

The night of Jullanar

The night of Zohra, Jullanar's mother

Uzbek/ late May

It was not Abdulhay's intention to trade with knives that the stormy city of Kokand, known as the City of Wild Pigs, was famous for. His passage through it was with no weight.

But Chaust's fame for making knives tempted him to visit it, and buy models that he would carry with him to Damascus.

Chaust knives are no different. They are pieces of iron that are formed by hand, and oxen horns are used to make their handles. The characteristics of art in them lie in the lead that is poured between the handle, the blade, and the coloured wax, and they are decorated with exquisite engravings. The knife gets its fame from the depth of its history, which dates back to the Stone Age, and even to the history of murder, although it is no longer used to fight! It has vacated the arena for the most lethal weapons, and gained a new role that it has also taken from the historical transformations of the methods of killing invented by humans, so it boasts of being a tool for decoration, and works to protect its owner from harm and evil. 'Abdulhay had a strong belief in that tale, which the narrators turned into a legend. He decided to buy a quantity of Chaust knives to sell in other countries as an icon that protects its bearer from the treachery of the murderers. He completed the deal and left for Kokand.

He left the mosque after the afternoon prayer and went to the "tea Khana/Inn" owned by Abdulhay in the old area of the city. That Inn was the center of the anti-regime movements that ruled the country

and shaped its history. People gather to drink tea and talk about everyday affairs, and passersby target them to rest from travel.

When he sat at the table in the usual corner and Abdulhay came to him with a teapot and a few presses of snacks, he saw her. She was sitting with an old lady who he thought was her mother or probably her grandmother. She put many bags near her that she bought from the nearby market. She was sitting contemplating with her looks focused on him; but he is sure that she does not see him. She is clearly staring at something that was not in the tea room. He heard the woman next to her calling her "Zohra"; he was confused when he heard the name; something made his hand tremble, and tea spilled on the table/ Abdulhay rushed to clean the table, and brought another cup. The sudden movement made the young girl pay attention to him, and watch him. And at a revealing moment her eyes met his. Something fell in her heart.. "My God," she whispered unconsciously. "Let's leave, Zohra," said the woman accompanying her, "we will not find transportation to take us to our village anymore" Abdulhay came running, and spoke to the lady in a low voice that did not prevent Abdulhay from hearing him: "Why are you leaving, grandmother, at this time, and where would I go? Isn't it a shame to travel without visiting with us for a few days? My wife and children miss you and Zohra; so do not deprive us of the goodness of your presence among us. Just a few days" Without looking at him, Zohra said: "Go ahead, grandma, say yes, I'd like to stay, it may be the last time I get out of our village! ... who knows!" 'Abdulhay confirmed her words: "Come on, grandmother, let the bride rejoice, do not suffocate her from now" That phrase fell into his heart like a sharp knife blade. He felt his warm place with his fingers. He wanted to say something as she passed in front of him on her way out of the hall and stared at him in amazement. He smiled confusedly and whispered: "The garden." and chocked with the rest of the words. What gave him the courage to talk to her! Is it possible that this could happen from a glance!

In the garden near the waterwheels, he sat waiting for her, and his heart beats whenever a girl crosses in front of him wearing that distinctive Tajik costume and putting on her head a waxed scarf decorated with large Damask roses of all colors. He had never felt such tension before.. He needed positive energy that boosted his self-confidence and to give him the certainty that she would come.. He approached the edge of the waterwheel, leaned down and extended his hand inside it. He felt the cold seeping into his skin from the movement of the water flowing from the small waterwheel, and tickling him. The numbness spread in his body, not because of the water this time, but because he saw her face on the surface of the water as she stood on the opposite side of the waterwheel. He has to cross over, then! He got up, walked a long way before finding an outlet to the other bank.

His hand stretched out, and snatched her fingers, as they walked side by side.. They merged into the garden; they took refuge in the shade of a huge pomegranate tree; she stretched a coloured cloth over the grass she took out of her bag, and sat down. He threw his whole body to the ground. He did not realize that his behaviour caused her embarrassment, and that he did not have the tact of a lover who met his beloved in private for the first time. Silence dominated; he was looking for the right words but could not find them. "I'm afraid someone may see us," she said with shyness, most of my relatives live in this city." He changed his posture and said: "Do you feel you made a mistake by agreeing to meet me?". He did not discover the foolishness of the question until hours later. She suddenly fell silent, and she did not speak anymore or even respond to his chatter. The flowers of the pomegranate trees were falling by the wind, spreading a dizzy smell in the air, and he felt the need to say anything to remove her confusion, anxiety, and fill the space of suspicious silence between them. That contemplated the beauty of the magnificent flowers, and his heart beat. He said, "How much you look like pomegranate flowers, glowing and sexy like them." Her face blushed with redness, and her fingers, embracing the flowers of the Jullanar, his gift to her,

trembled. It seems that he has finally succeeded in making her silence bear fruit in a special language of the heart. He reached out, grabbed her fingers, and kissed them. She pulled her hand quickly, and said, confusedly, "Please don't." But he was sure she wanted more. He whispered near her ear: "What do you say we change the place so that no one sees us?". "It's one place I can go to with you," she said. He adjusted his posture away from her. The desire became more violent than he could bear, he lay on the grass and put his head on her thigh, it was hot, tender, and delicious. He reached out and touched her leg. She was trembling; he closed his eyes, and succumbed to the rush of lust in his body. He forgot the place and the world around him; he forgot time; he only felt his body arousing and demanding her body.. He felt silk petals falling over his face and chest, he opened his eyes, he saw them scattering the jullanar petals on his face, their red color glowing in the sunlight creeping from among the leaves of the tree; he felt a sting in the heart accompanied by the flow of blood in his veins, the thin little petals crept inside his shirt; and whenever one landed on his skin, the cell mobilized for water. He hugged her tightly. Her arms, which tried to push him, gave up only after their lips touched, but her surrender was strange. Her body suddenly relaxed, and it almost escaped from his arms. He noticed in panic that she had fainted. Spraying her face with water, she opened her eyes, and said with difficulty, "What did you do, my heart almost stopped." He did not realize that love could do this. He thought that she was suffering from a disease that made her so fragile; but she assured him that she was suffering from nothing, and did not know exactly what happened to her.

He didn't have difficulty in finding a place far away from the old suburbs to protect her from peoples' eyes. The house between the pomegranate orchards is like a summer cottage for a farmer who accepted to rent it to him for a small amount. It was not important for them to enter the hut, as the density of trees in the orchard obscured the view for a long distance of hundreds of meters, which they crossed in minutes. He put a thin bed in the shadow of a pomegranate tree

whose branches crowded with flowers and touched the ground. She was trembling with fear, and he with lust. He pushed her gently and held her in his arms, staring into her eyes. She did not dare to look into his eyes. She looked away in a failed attempt to avoid his lips, which hovered over her face in search of her lips. She wanted to say something, but he pushed the words with his tongue, and he did not leave her an outlet. She almost choked, the smells of the jullanar drowned under her skin, mixed with sweat, and dyed the skin cells. She breathed deeply, inhaled the smell of jullanar and its perfume, and exhaled a blue smoke that floated around him, and he trembled.

Teyla wrote in the margin:

That day Abdulhay gave Zohra a Chaust knife as a gift, and he left Kokand; Zohra spent many years waiting for his return to kidnap her on a white horse, as he promised her when he told her that his people had a habit of kidnap marrying. Whenever she climbed the mountains in the spring, she took out of her pouch that strange knife, and her hand shook as she mowed the grass. She saw his reflection on the sharp blade, his lips shaking, his color pale, and in his eyes the remnants of tears! She throws the knife, lies on the grass, and stares at the blue sky. Minutes later the cyanosis turns fiery red; the jullanar flowers blossom rain, and she hears her baby's voice. Sometimes an unbearable idea comes to her mind. She feels that she wants to get rid of that child by any means; because it is the living, moving witness to her weakness, fragility, and her foolish docility to a passing whim. For ten years, she had hoped that her husband would return from his eternal journey, that she would have the opportunity to confess her sin and tell him that the child bearing his name was the fruit of a whim she had consciously committed, and that she wanted to separate from him to alleviate that deadly feeling of guilt. But her husband, who left her as a bride a week after their marriage, and travelled to Russia to work there, never came back!

The Night of the Eagle rose, the Night of Rose

Damascus, early June

Rose believed that her meeting with Abdulhay would change the course of her life, so she had the courage to tell her husband that she wanted to separate from him to get a child from another man. But on that day, he had not yet reconciled with himself, and he felt that her request included a great insult to his masculinity, so he pulled her hair, slapped her, threw her into the bedroom, had sex with her forcefully and locked the door of the room on her. He locked her there for four months, and he only let her go out to the bathroom. At that point the foetus began to move inside her, and she knew that she was carrying the fruit of that transient meeting in the city hotel. She tried to drop the foetus, but her husband noticed and took her to the doctor. When he heard the news, he almost lost his mind. They were married for a year, and she did not get pregnant, so how did this happen on a night, when he wanted to punish her for asking for a divorce, because she wanted a child? His mother told him, "It happens, son. And that's because you sincerely wanted it. "

He released her that day, leaving the door open. But she was accustomed to the walls of the room, and she could not get out of the state of depression controlling her. Although she knew that she could not take medicines at that stage of pregnancy, but, she did. When her husband saw the drugs, he wanted to punish her again, but he controlled his nerves. He did not want to beat her for the foetus. He began to love it before it came. He began treating her kindly, and brought her everything she needed without asking.

When she was free to go out, she went to the herbs shopkeeper "Jamil" asking him to advise her on herbs that could facilitate the

abortion process, but he refused because of the seriousness of the situation, especially since she exceeded the fourth month. He said gently: "I can't commit a crime like this. You know you could die too. Do you want me to bear the consequences of taking two lives? I never will.

He gave her a small box with letters along with a cloth bag full of dry eagle roses, and a box of Tunisian cakes sent to her in the past months. "Abdulhay left this for you before he went to London," he said. He waited for you for a long time, he hoped to see you before he left, I do not know if he will return, but he asked me to deliver this deposit to you, and ask you to leave him a response.

This time she locked the door from inside, opened the letter, and read it. He wrote to her: "I am sure that it will be a girl, and that you will name her Nisreen. Just tell me in a message, leave it with Jamil the day you give birth to her. I wish you would also describe her to me. Be well at all times; and take care of her for me.

She wept with a broken heart, why was she destined to keep the fruit of that sin? Why can't she tell her husband that the baby is not his son or daughter?

That night, four months ago, was the only night in Rose's life in which she experienced love in all its physical and spiritual details.

He filled the bathtub with hot water, emptied the eagles in it, left them ten minutes, then carried her naked, and put her in the tub. Until that moment, she thought about what happened and saw him doing it directly, as if he could hear the sound of her depths! But now she doesn't think of anything, nor wish for anything. She just surrendered her body to the warm, odourless water, sensing that she was spaced out, drowning in the water. The sounds fade around her, she no longer felt any movement, even as he slipped into the tub next to her, lifted her body over him, and rubbed the flowers with it. His finger touches were so ethereal that even if she realized them, she couldn't

feel them. She is almost certain that she is dreaming, and that what is happening cannot be a reality at all.

His fingers slipped on her back vertebrae, caressed her repeatedly, and pressed her hard. She felt the rose water flowing inside her, and during moments of ecstasy she became unconscious. She felt the bed sheet wrapping her, and sleep stealing her.. When she opened her eyes, she realized it wasn't a dream. The bed was wet with water as he sat on the chair, smoking. He looked at her anxiously, and said, “I was worried about you, you scared me, like it was the first time that...” She interrupted him: "It is the first time with love; what preceded was just a routine of life."

Teyla added to what she wrote a margin in which she used a different ink marking a new history.

(I do not know if the goal is interceding for me to follow a crooked method in treating her. What shocked me was the girl's awareness of what happened. Nisreen suffered throughout her life from the actions of her mother, until she started hating her with time. She could not get rid of that hatred, but it deepened with time, and turned into a barrier between them.

Nisreen was on her way to recovery when she was ten. As a result of physical therapy, she was able to get up and walk. When she reached her mother's bedroom, she heard the voice of a strange man. It was not her father's voice. She did not dare to proceed further, not move from her place. She fell unconscious.

She never left her room after that, and entered a stage of depression that silenced her as well. I had to close the distance between her and her mother, and explain to her that what she suffers from is not an organic disease, but because she is convinced that her mother betrayed her father, and for another more important reason is that a stranger occupies her place in her mother's heart, and because Rose no longer gives her all the time she needs, especially since she had no friends but her.

She told me that she did not love her father, and was comfortable with the cold relationship between him and her mother, which often makes him leave her bed, and does not care if she leaves him and sleeps in her daughter's room. Her attachment to her mother became a disease from which she did not want to recover, and it turned with time into hatred and isolation, and affected negatively her responsiveness to treatment. When her mother married another man

and then divorced him to marry a third one, it left a scar in her, when the latter tried to harass her while he was drunk.

I was able to rid Nisreen of her illusions by telling her the whole truth. The trauma she was exposed to was enough to make her respond to treatment. The first phase began, when she started talking about herself.

She told me about terrifying details she lived in her childhood. She would wake up at night to her mother's nightmares, and hear her babbling the name of a strange man, and ask the forgiveness of another. When she shook her with her little hand, the mother would get up terrified, look at her with hostility, and leave the bed.

Nisreen was not old enough to understand the fear that gripped her mother for years after that night at the city hotel! Rose suffered from her deep sense of sin, which was not overcome by her certainty that that night, with her honesty and madness, was the only real night in her life. She could feel the looks of accusation stinging and stripping her body, She became afraid to approach the place that was a witness to her steps back and forth to it. That nightmare haunted her in her wake and sleep throughout her relationship with her husband. When she separated from her husband, she felt relieved. She finally relieved herself of her heavy load, and immersed herself in her new life. Abdulhay is no more than a memory that moves in front of her in the form of a beautiful, helpless child who always reminds her that her whole past is not equivalent to one night.

To me, all of Rose's mistakes cleared up the moment she started telling me the secrets that I knew earlier from Abdulhay that night. But the surprise in Rose's talk is what she told me about Jamil, the herb shopkeeper. Papa!

Iris Night/Rafif's Mother's Night

Florence/ Late July

Stop here. I pulled her from the hand and dragged her through the trees. She was wheezing; I was thirsty. In a spoiled way, she said, “I'm still a teenager! These places are for young lovers. ” I did not understand her reference directly. I expected her to like the idea. I was seduced by the iris flowers in the garden, the smell of moist air, and the crazy idea that dominates my senses to live the indiscretion of a teenager, which is gone. What is wrong with doing them? Fleur meant something else that my burning feelings and my craving for her lips prevented me from paying attention to. She pushed me away gently, and said, “I'm not going to sit on the grass... my dress! And my elegance!”. I noticed at that moment that Fleur was overdressed her makeup, her hairstyle, her shoes, her handbag, and...

I walked out in front of her to the dusty road; she took another path, and sat on a wooden bench amid the flowers. I contemplated the water in the lake, the stone statues, the trees, the splendour of silence, and the presence of awe and history. I drowned in thoughts that pulled me out of my body and my desire to smell the iris, and embrace it. Fleur broke the silence, asking, “Will you be staying here long?” Without looking at her and unattentively, I said: “A few days until I finish agreeing on the perfume deal I came for”. “And you'll be sitting here until then,” she said. I noticed the sarcastic tone of her voice, and I also noticed that I was behaving in a rude way. I got up, invited her to lunch at a restaurant of her choice. “I love the old Florentine restaurants,” she said, “the food there is more expensive, but it is tastier, and it leaves us room to meditate on the Arlo River and walk on the bridge. Let me lead today, and I'll be your guide, and you won't regret it.”

I walked behind her, and as she wished, we rode the horse carriage to save the time to be spent on foot. I have not really regretted that; the charming city is worth spending a lot of time in. I remembered many details, as it was not the first time I walked over the bridge, and it was not the first time I ate here. But I don't remember where, when, and how it happened!

At dusk I went back to the hotel, and she accompanied me to the door, I kissed her, I turned to go up to my room, she stopped me and said, “Aren't you going to invite me to a drink? Looks like, you are a miser!”

I felt embarrassed and confused, why am I acting foolish for the second time? I held her arm, and we went up together.. The room overlooked the river, overlooking a beautiful view of the distant mountain. Fleur didn't care about that, I drew the curtains, sat on the edge of the bed, and lit a cigarette. I contemplated her carefully. She is a female with dominating presence and beauty, but she has so much mystery that puzzled me to find the way I should treat her. Although she works as a dancer in a nightclub, she looks like an aristocratic, authoritarian lady. She lifted her head, looked at me, and said, “ The shoes are hurting me, I 'm not used to walking long distances.” I kneeled on my knees and pulled the shoes off her feet. Her little foot is soft and seductive. I touched her thigh with my fingers. She smiled, and then giggled and said, "I thought you were greedy, you can't play, your fingers are dazzling in their tenderness."

Her laugh reminded me of the beauty of the Italian cinema "Ana Maniani" in her film "Mama Roma" . That laugh does not match the elegance of the aristocratic appearance. I found myself again confused, but my fingers continued to the top of the thigh, and I took off her sock. I whispered: "This is better?". “Yes, you're on the right track,” she sighed.

Fleur didn't tell me she was married, and I knew nothing about her except that she was looking for fun with a rich man! I paid a lot to

satisfy her on her shopping before lunch. Crossing the bridge between the two palaces that belong to the Medici family was a trap, as it is a market with most of its shops selling gold!

When she finished buying the gold pieces she loved, we moved to the first Cosimo market built in the mid-16th century, and reached the bronze statue. “Come, try your luck,” she grabbed me by the hand. She put the coin in the statue's mouth, moved it, but did not fall into the hole in front of it, frowned, and said, “That means your luck is bad, you will not return to Florence.” “Yeah, I guess,” I said, “without trying my luck.”

Although the reasons for the invitation to her house seemed suspicious to me, I accepted it. Perhaps because her house is located in Ultra Arno, the other bank of the river, where buildings here lean on the edge of the river, the narrow alleys with their labyrinth-like branches, and the small buildings that do not exceed three floors with their windows filled with flower pots. It is natural to find roses in the windows as long as you are in Florence, but what is amazing is those closed windows that stirred my imagination.. When I approached, I discovered that those were just paintings painted on the walls. I did not know the purpose of making the passersby think that there was a window, and that someone inside the house would reach out to open it, and a waving hand came out of it, and a smile sprinkled on the passersby with perfume and the alley with rose water!

It is the tricky windows.. Windows painted since the construction of houses in the eighteenth century, and on the walls of the alley there are iron columns, the end of which is in the form of a horse's face, in which a ring was attached to which the horses were tied, and it remained a witness to the history of the city.

When I entered the apartment where Fleur lived, it was dark; she lit up the place, and I discovered that the room had no windows. It looked like a cell! Fleur made sure to decorate it with candles and marble sculptures. The wall was painted white with yellow irises at the

edge of a river.. A painting pierced by a marble shelf, with a bronze candlestick beside it a statue of the Virgin. In the room was a spacious bed with many pillows, a small bar, and a dining table surrounded by four bamboo chairs.

Fleur set everything up for an intimate encounter, she obviously wouldn't waste time on a pointless, naive acquaintance after a shopping tour that cost me a lot of money.

She sat on the nearest chair. “How can you live in such a place?” I asked her while lighting a cigarette. She said: "The house is not mine, I live here temporarily, by virtue of my work, I only come to it to sleep, and in order to sleep I must not feel anything outside the room." I smiled bitterly. “But now you let the outside world into your room, and how will you sleep?” She said: "When he comes out, the atmosphere of the room will return as it was; he will not leave a trace behind him.. I used to erase the trail of men going through my life right after they came out of it, so I could sleep. ”

My stomach shrank sharply, and I felt nauseous. I went to the bathroom, and when I came back I felt better. With the first cup I drank from Fleur's hand, my mood changed, and I no longer cared about her corrupting philosophy, but I found the appropriate excuses for her. What is the point of keeping the memory of a passing man, as he will become a thorn in the throat of any future relationship with another man; and perhaps it will prevent her from living in peace.. or even sleep.

Although Fleur carries in her name all the spectra of roses, she did not love him -so she told me- at least outwardly; he did not have a trace in her room.. And she contented herself with a painting of irises on the wall.. She told me that it existed in the room before she rented it; as it was inhabited by a vile painter who did not dare to leave the house for fear of people's gaze, so she painted on the walls of the house the Arlo River, iris flowers, distant mountains, beautiful gardens, and a window. She felt at night that there was a knight coming

on his horse passing under the window, reaching out his hand , opening it, and throwing her iris flowers every night. The dream developed, and she saw him once carrying her on his horse, and flying away. But when she wakes up in the morning, she hears the steps of the horses go away, and she realizes that they are horses that pull the tourists' wagons. The window remains just a painting on a wall that no knight can open!

That wretched girl is Fleur's cousin, she summoned her when she felt her time was near, as she was her only relative, and when she departed, she left her only these wretched things: a few statues, icons, and paintings on the wall. It is not these things that made her stay in the room, but its simple rent, and its quiet privileged location.

I closed my eyes as I heard the story; I felt like I was riding a white horse, passing under the window, opening it, and throwing lilies.. I felt the smell, it was strong, it was confusing. I did not open my eyes, I followed the smell, and I embraced Fleur strongly, I knew it was her, but my imagination was embracing another girl who was sweet, soft, and simple. Her features are normal, her hair is curly, and her face is full of red freckles. I kissed her lips voraciously; she was all shaking; and I was flying away in iris forests. I carried her gently, put her on the soft grass; and the iris field surrounded us. I wiped her wet forehead with my fingers; the perfume was exuding from her. I touched her lips. As if magic touched me, I was confused how to have her while she was with this full beauty and tenderness. It is difficult to make love to an angel without hurting your soul by her tenderness; this is what I felt when my body reached the point of ecstasy. My soul was tired.

The fatigue was not limited to that moment when I woke up to discover that Fleur was in my arms, and that the gentle girl I slept with my eyes closed was just an illusion portrayed to me by a window on a wall, nothing but a painting drowned in silence and solitude.

A year after I travelled, I received a letter from Fleur saying, “You're probably the only man who's ever been through my life and left a trail. The problem is that it is a trail of flesh and blood. If you want to see him, look for him in Upper Egypt, my husband stole him, and he returned to his country. I did not tell you then that I was married to an Egyptian worker I met in Rome, who worked as a waiter in a restaurant, and I was desperate looking for work, and I found in being with him a small house, good furniture, and food. But my ambition was bigger than four walls, some clean food, and a shelter. I was not made for this. I left him under the pretext of visiting my sick relative in Florence, but he knew I was working there, and he followed me there, and when I refused to go back with him, he stole the child and ran away with your daughter Rafif. "

Tela commented on Abdulhay's narrative:

Fleur's husband did not earn enough money for a luxurious life. All he could gather was to buy necessary needs for the apartment he rented after spending a full year moving between the apartments of his acquaintances, and sharing with them the rent and expenses. He was planning a stable life shared by a beautiful woman who would beget him a lot of children.

This is what Rafif told me about the father who raised her, and about things she knew when she visited Italy. She searched for her mother, and she met her.. That encounter, however, frustrated her and deepened her sense of loneliness.

It was clear that she meant nothing to her mother. She wasn't the brand she looked for; especially when a man came along to reproach her for being late for him. She got up without an apology, and did not ask for another date to see her.. She left her alone sipping the bitterness that had accompanied her all her life.

That's why Rafif refused to keep the hymn I gave her, and she said to me, "I smell her in the paper, I don't want it, please" so I kept it on a wall in the flower room.

When she got here, I left Teyla's book out of my hand, and got up quickly. I opened the door of the flower room where Teyla kept hundreds of bonsai pots. I looked anxiously among the frescoes for an iris hymn. I saw it in the middle of a closed window! What struck me in the iris hymn was that the lover boy only saw the bright side in his beloved. He accurately described her beauty, and talked about her charming colors and pure whiteness, which was specific to Mount Qasyoun, and the Iris "compass" that follows the light, and its analgesic effect on chest pain.. It is noteworthy that the boy searches for

meaning in every flower he loves, and he hopes that the love will be reciprocated in the same way. I learned from the hymn that "Thutmose I" brought the iris to Egypt after his victory at the Battle of Kadesh, and that the pharaohs' kings painted that flower on the walls of their palaces, while in Athens it landed on the ground in the form of a rainbow, and became a legend connecting the earth to the other world!

The Night of Certainty, the Night of Lavender..

Mid-August /Sparta.. Turkey

When Abdulhay arrived in Sparta for a deal to buy lavender flowers that he would export to France, the seller told him that he could agree with a girl living in the mountain on a deal that could be more profitable than selling flowers to extract essential oil. She makes lavender medicines that treat many diseases in addition to her deep knowledge of the characteristics of the flower she inherited from her Arab mother, as she was the first to bring that flower to the Koyojak mountains.

He reached the mountain an hour before the sunset. The small house, which does not resemble the houses of the village, was built of wood and rises above stones. It was tied by ropes to the surrounding trees, which formed a solid fence that repels the wind and passing animals. Inside the tree fence, and on the ropes, traps with strange shapes were hanged. The road leading to the entrance was paved with smooth stones for a distance of one hundred meters. The outer door that she erected between two cypress trees was of zinc, narrow and short, and topped with iron spikes.

He pushed the door gently and called out, "People of the House!" No one responded. On both sides of the long corridor, she planted the hyssop whose refreshing lemon scent penetrated his lungs. He breathed deeply, as he caressed its delicate leaves and its magnificent yellow flowers. He walked to the house, stopping in front of the wooden balcony above ground level. He climbed the seven steps and stopped at the door. He knocked gently, and called again, but no one answered. He sat on a wooden rocking chair on the balcony, and

closed his eyes. The fragrance of the flowers crept into his skin, sobbed him, and he fell asleep within minutes.

He did not realize whether it was a daydream he had seen or a real dream.. He got up from where he was sitting, and walked into the place. He called no one, he knew the exact details of the house; in the living room the frightening snakes were staring at him with their wide open eyes that looked like breakable glass eyes. He thought of approaching them, and breaking those eyes. The first time he overcame his fear of them. Since childhood, he has been afraid of their looks. He did not know that those eyes remain open, because they do not have lids. He was face to face with a green snake that was frightening in shape; he poked it with his stick; it dropped down into small pieces on the ground. He passed it, and opened the door of an inner room.. He found her there kneeling next to an icon of a woman of great beauty, looking in her uniform like a Bedouin female coming from the desert. He cleared his throat announcing his presence.. She turned without getting up, and pointed to him to sit on a chair in the corner. His presence did not surprise her! He sat silent while she finished her prayers, and she got up. She approached him, blew dust off a small table she had set before him, and, with her breath, leaked a breath of light perfume to sculpt his face. She brought a cold drink, and offered it to him smiling: “Drink it, don't be afraid, it's delicious, I make it just for myself.”

He drank a little while contemplating, the cold drink was strange-acting, stirred up all his senses, and made his hands tremble.. He put the glass in front of him, and asked her, “Is it wine?”. She said: "A little stronger, but the narcotic substance is light, do not fear something that is entirely organic and extracted exclusively from lavender, and has a mixture of hyssop."

He could not answer, he felt completely unable to speak. She nodded at him, and he got up automatically. He took off his clothes, and lay on a bed of lavender that she had prepared before he arrived. She

said: "I saw you coming since you stood at the lavender seller in Sparta. I was the one who removed the snakes from your path, paved the dust and gravel for you, and spread the dew on the lavender flowers to water your cells, and give you their certainty that the path must end under my feet. But when I looked deep into your eyes, I realized that certainty is the end of my path at your feet. Lavender can also deceive me, although its salvation is from the cells of my skin. It is puffed into me by a huge snake, when I was seven years old. Until now, I try to kill it, but in vain. The vision told me, that a Circassian man who travels the country in search of my flowers will one day arrive at my house, sleep in my bed, and pull out of my body that curse that torments me. For this reason, I plant hyssop in the entrance of the house to keep away the demonic touch from me, and put it in my wardrobes to remain protected, and scented."

"It's not a curse," he said, "your guilt portrays it as a curse." She stretched near him. The lavender scent again touched his face; he saw himself whining in a vast desert, to gather the tips of the cloak of perfume furnished on the bed, and with it he surrounded her body. Into her ear, he whispered: "Where do I start from?". "From my lips," she said, "if you can pull my demon out of them, stop immediately, and get out of my bed." He didn't want to stop; he whispered again, "I'll stop when I have the certainty of what roses you're being wrapped up in." "And what is that?" she said. He said: "I have been searching for its meaning for a long time, and I do not find it. In all the countries I visited, with all the women I knew, I was looking for meaning. Neither the smell, nor the shape meant anything to me, I want to get to the meaning." "Fragrance is the meaning," she said, "when you dive deep, you'll find it." "I want to know its name," he said. "You're the one who's going to name it," she said, "Try to find it the minute you reach orgasm, you'll find it, and you'll tell me." "No, we'll find it together," he said. She was silent, and left her fingers wandering in the bristles of his chest searching for meaning. She felt for a moment that her demon had gone away, but she did not want to stop. She wanted more. Before now, she did not know that the kiss could

shorten the entire sexual process, and lead her to the tremor. "Let's start all over again," he said, "Your demon got away from me." "It was snatched by a green snake that fell by a stick carried by a Circassian lover looking for the true meaning of roses," she joked. His response was to embrace her vigorously. She said: "To reach certainty, you must gently mash the flowers, the power astounds the essence oil, and it escapes. Lavender needs gentleness, patience, and knowledge of the keys to color and smell. " He looked at her. He contemplated her naked body, gently touched its cells, wiped her hair, and his fingers flowed over the reddish-pink pores. He closed his eyes.. He discovered that the flower had a soft touch, he clasped his fingers, and it was easily crushed. It was like a drop of dew that faded within seconds, leaving in its place an oil stain that made his fingers slip over her skin, as if they were playing the keys of life. He did not open his eyes, he only discovered the details by touch. His fingers approached the center of the universe in her navel, the small drop was fit to the size of his little finger; he touched its circular walls, and felt dizzy.. His fingers moved away a little, and rested on her low waist; he gently touched it. He was puzzled at the right time to stop that foolish game. He was never sure that continuing to touch her in this soft way would get him to his destination, but suddenly he felt dizzy. It was as if his fingers touched a hot oven that stinged him, and instead of opening his eyes, he increased their occlusion, and rose with his soul and body. He realized that he had ridden the cloud of perfume, and that it had turned into a cloud that rained heavily, and the euphoria shook him, and he shouted: "It is certainty."

Khuzama did not open her mouth. At that moment, she had to suppress her pain, wipe off the spatter of blood, but she felt a strange lightness as she got up, and she did all that. She bathed, put on her mother's dress, the wedding dress she had sewn herself, and wore it once. A blue dress with a red edge taut with a sash at the sink ends with many folds in each lavender flower sewed with silk threads.

She sat on the edge of the bed with water dripping from her hair. The smell of lavender with a light steam in the air, she said: "She will be a beautiful girl, and she will bear my name; lavender always gives certainty of the rightness of the vision."

“Give her knowledge,” he said, “and love her; for one day, she will make you a legend passed down by people throughout their history.”

Teyla wrote in the margin:

Abdulhay was not mistaken; Khuzama grew up and made her mother a legend told by the people of Sparta about a charming woman who killed snakes, made decorations for her mysterious room, and made lavender oil medicines to treat all diseases. Instead, people began to whisper that this woman, who resembled her Arab mother in her hardness, stature, and the way she walked; as she carried the features of foreigners in her face, and she couldn't be the daughter of a human person. Some of them said that she had a genie, and gave birth to this child, and that the snakes tried to take revenge on her by killing her daughter, but she gave her life, and died instead!

One Year Later

Sunflower Night, Tamika Night, Hema Wari's Mother

Japan/ Zama /Kanagawa Prefecture.

It is exciting to find yourself in the midst of half a million sunflowers; but it is even more exciting to fall in love with a flower that is distinguished from the half million by its ability to move and talk, and through its extinguished eyes, it can tell you a history full of temptation in moments!

She was standing behind a table on which she placed a crochet mat representing sunflowers, adorned with amaranth flowers of various spectrums and colors, which she hung on its edges in a circular shape. I approached her to buy some of the flowers and candy she offered. She stretched out her thin little fingers, handed me a piece, and said, "Won't you taste before you buy?" I laughed, and said, “Its shape is enough for me to fall into the net.” “Shape is not evidence of substance,” she said, “don't judge food you haven't tasted with all your senses.”

I laughed deeply this time, and said, "I understand that I can taste by my tongue, see with my eyes, and feel with my fingers; so how do I use my sense of hearing, for example, in evaluating the taste?". She said: "Food makes a sound, if your ears are comfortable for it, this is reflected on your lips as they whisper the word of approval. Some people express their thanks to the gods, and some of them murmur. Every medium of expression comes from that musical tone that food leaves between your teeth."

I looked at her in surprise. She added: "I used to make my customers listen to music while they were eating, so that their internal music

would be overwhelmed by mine, so they could not recognize the taste, and they would eat what was served to them as it is. Haven't you ever enjoyed that monotonous sound that lulls nerves while cracking the sunflower buttons? " I said quite seriously: “That sound gets on my nerves, and I get annoyed with it, especially when I listen to others doing it.” “You don't like it then,” she said, “and you prefer peeled nuts that are ready to go, their music is lighter, and more ticklish.”

She aroused my curiosity, so I asked her to meet her outside the festival to have tea and talk at length about it. In fact this was not my main intention, but I sought to meet her because of another kind of curiosity. The word "customers", which passed like lightening in her speech made me curious to know what she was doing, and what customers she was talking about? In fact, this was not the reason. There was something hidden specifically in her eyes that attracted me to her. Her eyes do not look like the eyes of Japanese girls. Their light honey color looks like a mature sunflower, their magic dominated me at first sight. However, I noticed something strange in them, as they are frozen all the time, her eyelids do not blink, as if she is staring at one spot that does not change, the spot is in my face. She can't be!

To go around my embarrassment because of those strange ideas, I said: “I was looking for a way to lead me to the fields of sunflowers, what would you advise me?” “If you can wait, I'll escort you before sunset,” she said.

This is what I was waiting for, I hung out in the market, had lunch, enjoyed my time until evening.. I saw her coming on time with a yellow umbrella, that has a grey circle in the shape of a sunflower, in her hand. My heart was ripped from its place, and I saw it rolling in the distance between me and her elegant stern steps.

She gave me her arm, I held it with eagerness, and we walked. She was not looking at me, she did not move her eyes towards me! I

whispered close to her ear: "We can go deep into the fields?". “Fine,” she said.

Suddenly, I could only see the green stems with their annoying poppers and the rough, textured leaves that stick to my clothes, whenever something touched them. She, too, stuck to me, clinging to my arm with both her hands after she closed the umbrella and hung it by her forearm. “Shall we sit down for a while?”

She searched for a small spot, paved the ground, and we sat down.. She put her head on my shoulder, listened, and said, “The bees are leaving, it's evening.” “Do bees sleep?” I asked her. “They really don't sleep; bees just rest in the hives and work inside,” she said. It was annoying that there were so many bees in the fields. Tamika told me that their presence was necessary for pollination, so that no empty beans appeared in the sunflower disc!

She raised her head a little, and said: "They pass through this place every evening carrying in their wings a dream that has not left me since I was a child until I came to Zama, and I settled in it. Here the dream extends, and it is condensed in the wings of the royal butterfly. "

I looked around, I didn't see anything! “She's exactly ten meters away on the fiftieth disc,” she said.

She got up and walked towards the place; I accompanied her, and instinctively counted the discs. I was astonished that the number was exactly as she said! She smiled with her fingers touching the disc's stem, feeling its leaves. “Don't make a sound. It will fly away if it hears your voice,” she whispered. She was whispering vague words. The butterfly flew, landed on a small disc that grew on the long stem aligned with its height. She brought her face closer to the disc, and kissed the petals that left yellow dust on her lips. The butterfly flew and landed on her shoulder right over the sunflower woven from silk threads on the collar of her dress. She smiled, whispering her

mysterious words. The butterfly flew again, and became distant from us.

“Shall we go back?” she said. Her question included the answer, and despite my deep desire to stay longer, I walked a few steps in front of her, then gave her my arm to stick to me again like sunflower leaves do. I felt for a moment that she had become a part of my body, and that I would never leave her.

On the second day, she invited me to visit her. Her house was far from the modern city in a quiet neighborhood whose houses did not exceed two floors. When she opened the door, I doubted my senses. This was not the one I saw yesterday. This is a woman who looks older than her age. She wears a kimono and lifts her hair in a hairstyle that the geisha girls were famous for. I entered confused. She smiled, and gestured at me to take off my shoes at the door steps.

I didn't know much about the Japanese tradition. She bowed in greeting, and took two steps away to make room for me to pass. She sat on a mattress on the floor of the room, and put a tray in front of him with three small cups. I thought she would bring me tea, but she poured sake, and she sipped three sips from each, and gave it to me. I did the same. She pushed the tray aside, and crawled until my knees were only a few centimetres away from hers. I looked at her carefully, everything in her contained the answer to the curious question I was going to ask her.. She wears a "Kosudi" kimono and the color of her collar is white, which is evidence that she is not a girl, but a woman who has passed the stages of training in all geisha arts. She gave me a drink from the three sake cups, and this is a marriage ritual, or by having a master according to the geisha girls tradition.

She leaned back, “You want to taste with your ears.” “I'd love to hear you play,” I said. She said you'll hear your inner music when you eat my food, I won't let you get caught up in anything else. ” She served me a plate of sushi, another of crabs, a fresh vegetable salad of calendula, dandelions, exotic herbs I had never known, and bread

made from sunflower seeds. I didn't like the sushi before now, and its look and size made me laugh, but she served it to me in a dish with an abundant amount of rice, and she smiled as she put the dish elegantly in front of me. I didn't ask about the secret of her smile; what she meant was clear. I ate the food slowly, and tried to imitate her in every move she made. I was afraid to misbehave, as not make a move contrary to tradition that would make her laugh at me. I never dreamed of sitting with a Giesha girl, and it never occurred to me to fall in love with a woman who dances, sings, and entertains clients. In fact, this point did not excite my imagination as much as the mystery surrounding her, the strange rituals she practiced, and the carefully studied movements. What bothered me the most was the white makeup that she painted her face with, so she completely obliterated its features, and her reactions no longer appeared to me. She simply embarrassed me. I had the courage to say: "I wish you would have stayed Hema Wary, as I saw you yesterday, it would have been easier for me to deal with you." She said: "Hema is not my name; it is the name of the sunflower. I am Tamika. I have known 34this name since I became aware of things. I was born in one of these houses to a mother working in this profession. She died at an early age before I turned fifteen, and I became ready to get the profession from her. "Okasan35 ", the house manager, taught me Geisha arts; and I did not continue for long in that work. The nature of life in Japan changed after the Second World War, and the work of the Geisha became a heritage. American soldiers returning from the war promoted a distorted image of the Geisha girls as prostitutes for physical pleasure. In fact, I wanted to show you a part of my life that I loved and that I passed on because of an accident that hit my eyes as a teenager. The girls gathered that day to see a strange phenomenon happening to the sun about which I knew nothing, but the housekeeper warned us not to look at it so as not to lose sight. I did not resist the temptation to see the sun playing this game of hiding, so I put a jar of water in the

[34]- The meaning of the name in Japanese is the daughter of everyone
[35]- Okasan: An old woman who runs the Geisha House, "the mother of the house."

courtyard behind my room and stared at it. I thought then that the brilliant idea would not let the sun cause me harm! What happened next was a mistake made by the eye care supervisor after their inflammation, as she washed them with water that she said was clean, and put me an eyeliner, which she said would heal them!".

She got up, removed the thick powder layer, and kept the eyeliner that gave her eyes with the blue color between the two lines a shape closer to a doll of plaster. She loosened the raised strands of hair in a beautiful way, but she did not take off the kimono.

Only one candle remained in the light in the corner of the room. It was enough to reflect that glamour buried deep in her eyes, for moments my heart felt empty, my soul tired, and I was overwhelmed by anxiety for which I could find no explanation. Before I could utter a word, she said, “It looks like the sake influence. You're not used to drinking, I'll play for you.”

Her music was closer to the sounds of nature, the singing of birds, the sound of the waves of the sea, the sound of the wind. I didn't know where those sounds were emitted from: her guitar, or her soul!

She handed me the harp and said, "Play for me." I took it from her hand, and I said, “I don't know how to play.” She touched my fingers gently, each finger individually, and said, “You do it, your fingers say it.” I was the one who was astonished when the guitar's melodies started as if a genie had moved the wind inside it, so a cry of pain came out, which soon faded as if it were a whimper that swayed its hands, and two fans opened carrying them with her palms, each one in the form of a half-disc of sunflower. The two fans met, and became a disc. Drops of yellow light fell from them, rose, and landed on the wall. The shadows followed her consistently, forming a second woman with different movements. The playing did not stop, and I did not know if it was my breath that came out of the harp, or my soul! As the wind intensified, I saw the yellow petals filling the floor of the room. It was not an illusion, nor a bluff of sight. Something Tamika

does, that I don't even know what it is! Within moments, the shadow united with her, and the garment fell to the ground. What I know is that the kimono needs someone to undo their belt from behind so that she can take it off; and I was sure that I was the one who would take off her dress! Suddenly, I saw a strange scene with a graceful movement. Tamika put a silk hat on her head attached to a silk gown that showed her arms at both ends. She began to spin and the gown began to spread and rise with the movement of her body until it took the form of yellow sunflower petals; and small yellow soft flowers began to fall from the hat; and beneath it there appeared gray sunflower beads with the speed of rotation. Tamika's graceful movement made me fly. I felt the lightness of my body. Lust overwhelmed me to an extent of floating in the space of the room, and ecstasy threw me back to bed. Numbness seeped into my fingers, and the guitar fell from my hand the moment Tamika's dress became a full sunflower in color and splendor. The garment had risen as high as possible. It became over her head, and her body transpired naked and luminous; and like a point of light she landed gently over the bed. Her fingers lit up the cells of my body, carrying the scent of the sunflower's prickly leaves. She stuck to my body, and I felt for the first time that I no longer hated the texture of those rough leaves, and yet my skin mobilized, and those red spots that usually appear when I eat a fruit with a hair like peaches, or any kind of vegetable like radish leaves appeared. I felt an intense urge to scratch. As if she was reading my thoughts, she said, "You just need some challenge, then you will gain immunity against allergies. Running away from confrontation increases the problem." I was afraid of touching her skin, because I thought that touching it would increase the problem, but she was able to convince me that the medicine was of the essence of the disease.

“It's like your body has never played its music before,” she said. I said tensely: "Who said so? Rather, it was created for the ritual of love only, and it knew many women. " She said: “Not every cohabitation is an experience, and not all women understand how to play the body strings. Your body needs trained fingers that know where music

comes from.” “It's your fingers?” I said. She didn't answer. She put her fingers in my hair, touched my forehead, my eyes, my nose, and stopped at my lips. Like a sweet breeze they passed at the endocardium of the lower lip. I can't name that, but it was enough for my skin cells with their entirety to bloom, and mobilize. My lips spread spontaneously, and a breath of suffocating perfume poured into them, so that tears came out of my eyes. I was in no condition to comprehend what was happening. I was just living it. She whispered: "Your skin color has become white, it is your music that has resisted allergies." I was amazed at what she said, how could she know the color when she could not see? ". She smiled sweetly: “Skin texture varies with color and music. I recognize all of you with my fingers and ears. Some people think it is the soul; I am well aware that it is my intact senses, hearing, touch, and smell, with which I perceive existence around me. " “So you could tell how many sunflower discs separated you from the butterfly?” She said: "This is also because of previous knowledge. During planting, we leave between each disk and another a distance of twenty centimeters. And there was between me and the butterfly ten meters, but between me and you thousands of miles." I tightened her to my chest and my heart beat hard. She said, “Take it easy, that's a fate you won't be able to escape from, but you can be gentle with me, and calm down a little. I won't object to you leaving. ”

She handed me a glass of water. I sipped a little of it, put it aside, surrounded it with my arms, leaned a little, collected yellow rose petals in her hands, and tucked them between our bodies.. Like a wave that was leaning in my arms, moving away, approaching, entering my cells, coming out, surrounding me, immersing me, then receding leaving my body wet with its fragrance. As a cloud hovered over it, I stretched, stepped gently, and it rained... When the fragrance spread its arms in the sun, the texture of its body had become smoother and smoother, it gave up its hair, and my body was pure white, bathed in pungent, fragrant drops of oil, and the color of the transparent gray dawn touched the window glass, waiting for the joy of the sun.

Tamika was captive to the smell, however she moved, pulling her nose, specifying distance, time, and color. However, she did not neglect those soft vibrations that caressed her ears at a certain time of the night, so she brought it to her, intimidated, hesitant, hot and delicious. She feels the mattress delicately, so her fingers collide with the body of her little girl Hema, as he liked to call her, to wake up to the fact of his departure.

Not because she loved solitude, she stayed away from people throughout her pregnancy, but she wanted to live a distinctive sense of all its confusing details away from the eyes, as she was sure that inside her womb it was growing, moving, struggling to come out to life, and standing in front of her as it was that night!

But solitude became inherent to her, so she drowned in the details of herself, and her love that became her whole world.

She was exhausted by that moving scent in the form of a yellow perfume cloud the color of the afternoon sun, but it did not prevent her from practicing her weekly ritual on Sunday, the day she danced like a butterfly, gave up her dress, and mixed with its smell to the point of fading. The day she embraced his spirit to the last breath when she knew she would meet him. She was filled with a sense of wondrous lightness that carried her on the wings of a dream that opened her eyes completely, and she saw for once the face of her child.. His face as she painted it in her imagination!

Tea night, the night of Hanem Illy, Camilla's mother

End of July

Moments and the street became empty. Rain accompanied by hail like stones, and chaos caused by the violent winds in everything, and the vision is no longer clear to me, so I can no longer determine where I should go.

She was alone in the storm. I approached her to ask her about the way to the hotel. She raised naked hands to her face and said with difficulty: "Near here, the storm took my bag." Then she lowered her voice, adding in a timid tone: “I have no money to help me get home.” I got confused, I didn't know what to do, should I invite her to the hotel until the storm subsided or reach out for money?

I was embarrassed, and she found me inviting her for a cup of tea in the lobby. I loved the Turkish tea ritual. I ate the pitcher, poured it into the porcelain cup, and poured it into a small transparent cup with a fine waist. She smiled, and said, “Why did you order me a ceramic cup! My origins are not English, I drink tea the Turkish way too, fermented, heavy, and in a small cup. " I laughed, and said, “Do you smoke too?” I was asking her as a joke, but I was surprised when she said that she smoked a hookah while drinking tea in the Turkish style described in the stories! But the waiter apologized that they had no hookah. I suggested to her that we go out to any popular coffee shop to smoke, but she stopped me from doing that crap in that ritual.

Together our silence, we watched the mad storm through the foyer's glass. The white stones, metaphorically called hail, were determined to shatter the glass, the water flowed into the lobby, and the hotel staff mobilized. It was impossible to get out or even stay in the lobby. I booked her a room, and we went up together.

I hadn't slept when I heard a light knock on the door, she opened, and I saw her standing shivering.

“Do you have extra clothes, I'm cold, I must have a fever,” she said.

I sat on the edge of the couch, ready to get up at any moment. I opened the black bag in which the gifts were arranged. I searched for an English prune dress I had bought from London for Rose and handed it to her. Her hand was cold, her forehead sweating. I wiped the sweat off with my handkerchief, I was stung by it heat! I called the reception, inquired about the possibility of calling a doctor. The employee replied: No one comes out in this storm. I prepared boiling water for her, put dry linden flowers in it, and waited ten minutes. She slept a little after she drank it, I would put cold compresses on her forehead every now and then, watching the heat fade before dawn. She opened her eyes, looked around her with amazement, and flinched when she saw me... She was embarrassed, confused. She said: "I apologize for the inconvenience I caused you. I feel guilty for depriving you of sleep. There is no doubt that you are tired and need to rest. I will go to my room." I grabbed her hand, she stopped without turning, she was facing the door and I was behind her. There are many things that don't need logical reasons to happen; so was our hug; I pulled her to me; she lifted her hair down on her shoulders, kissed her neck from behind, and whispered in her ear: “You are mine.”

She shuddered as she wriggled from my arms, trying to open the door.. I let her do it, it's not appropriate for me to force her into something she doesn't want with all her senses.

We went down to the reception together, had breakfast, drank tea slowly, both of us trying to hold on to time and stop it, so that those moments would not end, and we would part.

She got up, wanted to go, and asked if I could go with her. My heart beat, I was waiting for her invitation. I am sure that we will not part at this speed.

She lived with an old lady in the Sisli neighborhood.. The room is small and its furniture is simple, a bed, a chair, and a wardrobe of linoleum. It descends few stairs after the entrance, and the single window allows the beholder to see the feet of passers-by in the narrow street. The room is separated from the kitchen, which is not more than three meters wide and four meters long, by a small space that leads to the bathroom, the door of the house, and the internal staircase that leads to the lady's room at the top. She let me into her room; she whispered, “Please don't make a sound, the lady won't let me have guests. She closed the internal door leading to the staircase with the key, prepared a snack of cheese, olives, and jam that was in the refrigerator, then brought my teapot, put pure water in the large teapot, let it boil, then washed the tea and put it in the small teapot, added boiling water to it, and put two small glasses of thin glass on the table, and sat waiting for the tea to ferment.

She said, “I have no possibility of inviting you to a lavish lunch! Maybe if we were to meet again I would cook you Turkish food. ” I said, "It is enough for me to eat from your hands so that the food acquires the flavor of the dream, it is not important what I eat, but what I feel."

Her hand trembled as she raised the tea cup to her lips; so she spilled on the small table on which she put the food in the corner of the kitchen; some were spilled onto her legs, and she got up quickly to wash them with water. In an automatic motion, she took off her pyjamas, splashed water over her thigh, and the skin swelled directly ...

I carried her unconsciously, stretched her on the bed, and rubbed her thigh with a burn ointment, as she showed me where to put it. Her eyes were watering as she looked at the place of burning, “I won't drink tea anymore,” she said, trying to laugh.

I said, “What is the fault of tea? It's mine. I'm the one who said what confused you. ” “I wish I could capture that moment, and stay confused for the rest of my life,” she said. “Just confused?” I said.

“What do you think?” she said. I did not want to speak, I felt that the words were tasteless and soulless, I embraced her for a long time, I kissed her lips, she said, "Your lips taste like tea." “That's why you'll always have tea,” I said. She poked me in the shoulder, “cocky.” your cause. And I remember thinking that the only men I've known

When I got up to go, she accompanied me to the door, she whispered: "Hold me tight, I need this moment, it is my food for many years to come in my life; years I will live with a man I do not love, but I am linked to him by an eternal marriage contract, I have no choice but in this life." Taking her arms off my neck, she added:

"If it is a girl, I will call her Camelia, she will be hot like our stolen moments, and I will drink tea as long as I live, I am sure that we will never see each other again."

When I arrived in Damascus, I found a letter from her that preceded me to the address of my friend, the apothecary Jamil. I opened it eagerly, it was like a telegram: “Camilla will come in months, she will become my friend, and I will drink tea with her on the brink of sunrise every morning, and it will taste like your lips.”

Tela commented on what Abdulhay's narrative:

Camilla discovered that she was not the daughter of the man who taught her, raised her, and lived with him all those years. Hanem Elie kept letters in a box of Damascene mosaics locked on her with a key that kept a chain of gold around her neck.

When I accompanied her to the radiology clinic to examine her chest, she had to take off the chain, tucked it in Camilla's hand, and recommended that she keep it. Is it curiosity or ulterior motive that made Camilla open the box, and dig up her mother's secrets? The motive no longer mattered after she knew the truth, until her guilt had faded, the shocking truth was greater than any punishment she could be subjected to, the truth itself was a cruel punishment. She decided to leave the house and leave without telling her parents.

The letters written by Hanim Eli to the mysterious man with whom she spent one night were enough to discover that he planted in her uterus a juicy tea leaf that crippled her husband, the researcher and writer interested in studying that wondrous plant. He even left it a few days ago and went on a trip to China to write research about it.

The night of the carnation, the night of Oily, Susie's mother.

Upper Egypt/ Late August

"Open your eyes and eat milk." He heard that thin voice with his foreign accent whispering behind his back as he tried to shoot at the buffer. His hand trembled as he fired the shot, then he turned and his eyes fell on the fiery color of hair flying, obscuring part of her face. She put her hair away with her hand, and smiled, "Missed!" "The important thing is milk," he said. She laughed, and said, "How are you going to get milk, and you missed?". "With carnations," he said. "How did you know?" "The spirit perceives the smell," he said. "It's not enough to be aware," she said. "Perception is a step into meaning," he said.

He did not mean at that moment what Ueli understood, his soul inspired his tongue and without knowing it, he walked with it, leaving behind the weapon, the milk, and the joys of celebration. She was telling him in her beloved accent the history of stones, and the language was as if she had been born here thousands of years ago. She said: "Today is the day of awakening, I woke up from dawn, and I sat on the roof of the house waiting for the sun as the residents of the area do here, there is no scene more beautiful than seeing the roofs of houses at sunrise as they celebrate their residents as they wait for the dance of the first ray of the sun, as they believe that it is dancing with joy at the birth of the Prophet." "But it's a heathen ritual," he said, "aren't they Muslims?" "They are Muslims, of course," she said, "but they have a strange ability to integrate the rituals of their civilization with what Islam has brought. People here are simpler than you think, they are not strict in matters of their religion, and they have enough tolerance and love to see the direct goal, which is their relationship with the Creator. The same simplicity that forced Napoleon to

celebrate this occasion with them in order to win their hearts for the French campaign. "

She was talking as if she did not see him, she did not stop talking, and walking, although her eyes glazed with lust when they reached the Hummus cart. He bought her a red bride of sugar, and a generator horse. "There'll be no sign of the bride," she said. "The reeds stay as long as the Nile runs," he said.

As he uttered those words, he realized that the temptation of cloves was greater than his ability to resist entering the enchanting moment accompanied by the voice of Abdul Halim singing: "O symbol of beauty, you clove blossom." He guessed that she is working with a team excavating antiquities, and he was not surprised when she told him that she is doing a comparative study of ancient languages, and she has a lot of research in this field, which is the reason for her presence in this charming spot of the earth. He asked her if she was bored with loneliness? "I don't have time for such luxury," she said, "work takes time to wake up and sleep together." 'Abdul-Halim used to sing: "His flowers, like a cup, get people's minds drunk." When he stared into her eyes and saw the carnation halo falling from them, a wave of perfume was broadcasting around him, pulling him away. He got up, and said, "How about we sail the Nile?" "I like crazy ideas," she said.

The water surrounded them, and they drowned in the stillness of the night and the pleasure of hearing the sounds of sad singing in a faint tone as if it were a groan of a soul. "Do you hear the reeds moaning?" He was stunned. When he listened carefully, he knew that what he heard was not a human voice, and that the words he imagined were only vague murmurs, which I interpreted with equanimity as the dissatisfaction of the spirits with the movement of the paddle. His hand froze, he let go of the oar and asked if she was serious. She told him she was never joking, and it was shameful to start dating them on such a serious charge. Her speech smelled of annoyance and protest.

He apologized in all languages, approached her, sat beside her in the middle of the boat, and inhabited everything. Her hand was cold, her gaze fixed on the water sheet. He could not make her look at him, so he only embraced her right hand, and passed his fingers on her palm in a circular motion until the waxy color began to disappear, and the warmth infiltrated her. Then he saw her head drop a little, and her left extended to gather her hair forward from the left. Her neck seemed to him naked, thin, long, tempting. He clung to her, tightened her gently, kissed her neck, did not respond, did not push him away. She remained immobile, her eyes staring into the darkness. Minutes later, she said, "Your heat is enough to light the temple on fire, but the snow surrounding my body is only melted by a volcano, this body is destined for loneliness." "What you're saying is an illusion," he said, "your relationship with the embalmed men around you is the reason why he's in control of your thinking." She turned to him with her whole body, stared into his eyes, a little bird fell into her heart. She saw him bleeding over the sheet of still water, dragging his small body and disappearing into the reeds. She had a mysterious invitation in her eyes that he did not understand, and his fingers continued her journey in the ignorance of her dense fiery hair. She said: "Because of the many times I dealt with the dead, my feelings were confused. Sometimes I think I am just a mummy moved by a mysterious curse, and sometimes I feel that I am just lines engraved on papyrus, and sometimes I turn into a desperate tone that comes out of the reed wound, and the wind carries it to distant graves. There is no certainty in me that I live life, and I have often wondered what it is. Is it the food I eat and the water I drink? Other than that, nothing connects me to her. Since I came to this country, I have become part of her tombs, her stones, and her mysterious language. I no longer feel anything outside the cemetery, so I seek to prove my existence by deciphering the talismans of the language. "

She barely finished her sentence until her body cramped, and she began to gasp hard. His heart almost stopped, he asked her if she had asthma or any other disease, does she have medicine? She didn't

answer, putting her fingers on her chest, pointing to the beach with her other hand.

He drove the boat quickly, went ashore, ran toward the temple, and ran after her. When I got inside, I sat on a big stone, and breathed quietly. I lay on top of the stone, the stone was carved as a bed with an ornate backing on both sides. She smiled, "He was calling me." She saw his stunned features and added, explaining: "The place, it calls to me.. Here I feel warm.. Whenever I have shortness of breath and the cold freezes my limbs, I resort to this stone, it is my bed. I slept on it for long days, here I wrote most of my research. In the house where I make noise and movement that prevents me from concentrating. The stones here give me stillness and tranquillity, and isolate me from the whole world. " "It's a perfect place to experience life," he said. She said, "Who said I didn't try it? But I didn't get the result I was looking for. Didn't feel it. "It depends on your perception of life and what you're looking for," he said. She said: "I am looking for the spirit of the carnation, my mother was the undisputed lady of the carnation, I worked with her in the fields for a time, and when I did not find his spirit in me, I left the village, and left for Paris. There I couldn't find my soul either, so I decided to retire to the farthest place that could give me peace. Here the stones gave me time, but sometimes I wonder, is this what I was looking for? I can't find a satisfactory answer. "

He stretched her proximity, gathered her hair, wrapped it on his arm, smelled it deeply, realized that her soul is here in the fiery color of her hair where she flashes, breathes, and with every exhalation the air is perfumed with clove extract. The smell made him drunk, spread her hair with his fingers, and covered his face with it. She stuck to her, she didn't move, I feel for a moment that she didn't make a mistake when she described herself as a mummy. He felt powerless to make her body respond, but he didn't back down. He was in a frantic race with time, struggling to prove to her that life begins with a kiss, and it does not end at the first cry of a child who leaves her womb forcibly,

but it is renewed, and it continues as long as the desire for love exists. "There's a terrifying shadow moving down the hall behind the pillars," he whispered in her ear, "Don't get up, I'm afraid your move will stir him up." She grabbed his shoulder, tightened it to her, clung to him as she trembled, he whispered warmly: "How dare you sleep here alone without fearing the spirits of the pharaohs?". Her heart raced, blood flowed in her face, and he felt the heat of her palms as they hugged his face. She closed her eyes, and surrendered to his lips! She shook her head a little, and asked him, "Do you still see those shadows? I can almost hear her voices!" He assured her that he sees her getting away the more she sticks to him, and getting closer the further she gets away from him! He said, "How about we try again in the water, there is no doubt that the souls of the reeds have songs that excite all your senses." She said, smiling: "You know what excites me, it is the fear that gives me pure pleasure, I do not like ordinary things, it makes me feel like a vulgar; it is the vulgar woman inside me; gods who are not satisfied by the little, nor by the ordinary. I may seem to the Egyptians here a faintly European woman whose body does not bear the heat and excitement of the East, but when they sleep with me, they discover that the spirits of their queens have settled in my body, and that I am more demanding than the women of the South, so they stay away from me!

The essence of the pink color in her cheeks proved to her as she contemplated her face in a small mirror that she had experienced life for the first time, and she knew that she would not give up the fruit of that unique experience that may not be repeated again.

Ouili bore the name of carnation, and this was the only link between her and the past that she left behind in France before coming to Upper Egypt to seek warmth, and in search of what stirs her cold feelings, and arouses in her the lust of life.

She was a mysterious and difficult woman. Dealing with bodies made her lose her usual reaction to sad things in life. The idea of death no longer arouses her, nor do funeral and mourning councils stir her feelings. For her, people are just ghosts who move, eat and laugh, sleep and wake, marry and have children, and then go on aimlessly. She was dealing with the mummy, dealing with the gypsum statues, and this was reflected in her sexual experiences, so she failed to have fun, every time she chose a young man who was younger than her, with physical strength expected to satisfy her desire, and spread the spirit in her, but she reaped nothing but disappointment. At first, she did not realize that it was related to her need for fear. She always blamed her partner and abused him because he was not good at making love as he should!

After that night with Abdulhay, she discovered the secret; it was that little lie that confused her, made her afraid, and clung to it, and made the spirit of carnation run in her body, and flow in her veins, so she had hope for the return of life to her body. After that night, she began to search for what aroused the impulses of fear, and made her heart beat quickly, and her body sought protection where pleasure was undiminished.

Saffron Night, Jehan's Mother's Tanila Night

Atlas Mountains/Ain Umm al-Rabi '/ November

For a moment I thought that my eyes were deceiving me, and that I had moved through time to the era of Islamic conquests. She appeared just as in the tale wearing the old Amazigh costume, and on top of her was a row of jewellery topped with a scarf that dropped on her shoulders, and on her wrist were silver bracelets, and on her leg was an anklet that was invisible because of her long clothes, but his voice opened the door of temptation.

She put in front of me the casserole of vegetables, meat, and bread, and didn't smile. “Do you want something else?” She was avoiding looking at me, “Saffron tea,” I said. She went quickly, climbed the stairs to the top of the café, then came back with a teapot and a small cup, put it in front of me, and went without leaving me a chance for any comment, or a new request.

I finished my food, and I waited for you to come back to take the price, but I was surprised by an old lady smiling at me, and saying, "Will your stay be long between us, stranger?".

“Until I get the red gold,” I said. “But it's expensive,” the old woman said. I was ready to pay any price.. But I didn't know that price could be a bug in the heart.

My steps led me to the mountain away from the cafes and the small village. Those charming echoes of the sound of the wind carried me against my will on its wings, so I went up behind them, robbed of the will. Up on top of a hill opposite, a Berber girl was sitting and she turned her back on me. Her voice nailed me to my place, a sound like shattering the glass above the marble, sharp, and tingling the

heart. The lyrics of the song are ambiguous for someone who knows only a few words of Berber.

The hill descended cautiously, then climbed to where she sat. I was right behind her, she stopped singing, she said, “Come on, stranger, why did you come here?” I said, "I'm looking for saffron, and only Tanila will give it to me. She rose up, turned to me, and said in amazement, “How did you know my name?” I said: The saffron told me that his mother is an iris, and the Berbers call her Tanila. Then it must be your name. ” She lowered her head, didn't look at me, thought it was shame. I got closer, squatted down, looked where she was looking. The waterfalls flowing with life, the mysterious mountains surrounding the many depressions as a maze, for moments I felt alone, the place filled the heart, and the breeze dazzled the soul. Something confused me, distracted my mind I was on the edge of an abyss preparing to fall of my own volition, I stood up, opened my arms, the wind pierced me, gently pushed me away from the edge that's what I thought, but I felt her hand clutching my arm tightly, pulling me as she whispered, “You want to jump from this height! Beneath you are rocks that will keep you from reaching the water. ” I didn't want to jump, I wanted to fly, I grew wings! I whispered: "It is your voice, Tanila. There is no doubt that it accompanies the soul to mysterious horizons, so you leave the body, and do not feel its presence." She smiled, and her smile increased the mystery of her form, and confused me. It has something magical but repulsive, which attracts you, and then pushes you to stand stunned two steps away. I was about to reach for her scarf, but it was suddenly framed by the wind, and her charred hair appeared surrounded by a halo of crescent-shaped ornaments and moons with a few silver liras and a red agate pill in the middle, and a blue bead hung in the middle of her forehead. “Don't stare at me like that,” she said, “you'd better turn a blind eye.”

Once again I felt a slight tug of my heart, which faded but prevented me from moving towards it. I also thought she was shy or maybe

attached to a man standing between me and her. I asked, "Is there any place you would recommend me to visit?" “Nature is all around you,” she said, “wherever she goes she opens her arms to you. It has no definite destination, no end to its temptation, but if you mean to visit an antiquity, without you, it is the beginning of every love story in the Atlas Mountains and the end of every failure. " “I don't like dark endings, I don't like dubious beginnings, I'd rather leave myself to the eyes of water and trees,” I said.

She walked in front of me, a few steps apart, her authoritarian walk hitting the ground hard, making an impermeable, suffocating sound that leaves a contraction in the breath. I had only experienced such an ambiguous sensation once when I left my palm to the Seville fortune-teller to read my horoscope.

Under a huge olive tree I sat down, and she gave me a place near her. She said that this tree is a landmark of the atlas that strangers do not know, and few people in the region approach it because it does not bear fruit, but in the flower season it is full of waxy flowers. It stays luminous in the dark for more than a week, and then hot winds come in the company of a sharp sun that strongly blows it, and within hours its flowers fall, and the grey leaves appear sad and gloomy. The age of the tree is from the age of the mountain. It is its favorite tree that hides behind huge rocks from the west, so you do not see the sun at sunset.

The sun was setting when I embraced her body strongly, she said, "Do not do before darkness, light is my enemy"... But I heard only vague grunts, and then the voices around me faded. He inhabited everything, and the universe shut up. The moment my body got high, her eye shone with a glaze of glass from a whiff that moved the branches of the tree, allowing a faint light to creep between us. A red flash penetrated my heart, and my body rose away from it. The smell of saffron made my nose feel sharp and unpleasant. She reached out her hand and collected the hairs scattered over her dress, put it in a

small right, tucked it in her pocket, and got up without settling her clothes. She was walking towards the edge with confused steps, sat on a high rock, and began to sing in a faint voice, which soon rose, cutting distances to the mountains surrounding us. Up you go then. “Go alone,” she said, “I'm staying here waiting for Jihan. I will tell her that you loved me enough to lose sight of the danger in your eyes, please.. Go ahead, I will not look at your face again, because you will not be able to leave the place after that, you will be buried in the spot where you stand. "

Teyla wrote in the margin:

The secret did not know any human in the eyes of the mother of spring, only the wind whispered it in the mouth of an abandoned well, and it overflowed on a rainy day, and flooded those plains. At the heart of the storm was Tanila lying in the middle of the torrent in the valley, and she had lost her glass eye!

Natir carried her on her donkey to the house, a decoction of herbs gave her to relieve the fever, but her body strongly resisted any visitor who pronounced it directly. There was no doctor in the village, and winter came with all its cruelty. Natir fed the wood stove, made her soup, and warmed her body with more blankets, but this was in vain; Tanila was completely resigned to the fever, soaked in her face as if she was enjoying her pain.

She whispered his name repeatedly, asking Natir to listen to her, and to tell Jihan the whole truth when she decided to get married.

There is no doubt that Tanila could not bear the absence of Abdul Hay, and she could not forgive herself for what happened to his heart as a result of her look. Her guilt was amplified by the desire to die as punishment for her soul and body, but before that, she chose a punishment that was harsher and harder than death. She chose to lose her glass eye in order not to see it.

It has been a while since she no longer sees the people around her. Her eye has one image that she gives to every person she sees, and every time the pain increases!

On a bitter winter morning Tanila took the truth with her, and left.

Chrysanthemum Night, Ming Night Belides' Mother

Kuli Yang/ China/ April

She accompanied me in my dreams throughout my time in the mountains, I was avoiding the intelligent eyes of Alipo. I felt more than once that he could read my thoughts, and dig up my feelings. I did not realize that the fever hallucinations had exposed me and Alipo understood what had happened between me and his ex-wife.

But she is my wife, and he has no right to force me to divorce her, or to impose on me the form of the relationship that I have with her. The certainty that I will meet her again is just a false mirage, this is what my heart tells me, not the prophecy of the Seer.

On the thirty-third night of our search for chrysanthemum seeds, I decided to return after surviving the fever. We had a good amount, and the nostalgia for Ming intensified. I was no longer interested in getting more. I even gave up the idea of trading in seeds. It was enough for me to plant a small field for her in a remote village, and settle down. I don't want a boy, one girl is enough, and the fortune-teller's prophecy goes to hell.

We were on the verge of the torrent when he pulled the leash of his horse, and let me walk in front of him. I did not sense the danger in that movement directly, I was reassured that he did not know what I was planning. Were you really reassured, or were you steeped in the thrill of conjuring up our unique night, imagining the close encounter in a house that would unite us away from Kuli-Yang and Alibu's wolf eyes? I was dreaming of daisy night and seeing it in front of me, a night when I was dead.

"Ming" prepared as a bride, brushed the bed with a colored atlas cloth, decorated the pillows with chrysanthemums, and surrounded her neck with a necklace of it. She put the tea sable on a small table near the bed, and two glasses of transparent glass on which a chrysanthemum flower was inscribed. When I entered it, the room was plunged into darkness, a single candle lit in the corner placed in a bronze candlestick hanging on the wall. There was no chair in the room or anything I could sit on. I kept standing confused, I didn't know exactly what to do, she nodded at me to brush a small pillow that she had placed near her bed. I stepped up, sat down. How do I start talking to a woman I'm insulting to? She removed my embarrassment by pouring a cup of chrysanthemum tea, and gave it to me in contemplation. “You can take off the cloak,” she said gently. I didn't know what costume the bride was wearing in this village, so I got confused. She came a little closer to me and I smelled the necklace. The breaths of the chrysanthemums were evaporating in the atmosphere of the room from the cup of tea and its neck. She put the glass quietly on the table, and asked, “Would you like something to eat? I made you a special dinner, even the bread I made myself. ” It was a clear signal that I no longer needed to guess. I took off the cloak, my belt, and my headdress, put things away, and stepped forward from the table. Any food prepared by a charming woman would be good food for a lover. This is what I felt in a matter of minutes as she extended her hand to put the first bite in my mouth. I sipped from her cup of tea, and said, “I haven't tasted better than this one ,because your lips have left their marks on the cup.” She said: "You tasted the trail and found it delicious, let alone who left that trail." “I'm afraid I don't have the right to do as per the contract you made with your husband,” I said. She said: "Rather, according to the contract, you have to do it, otherwise it is invalid. As for your agreement with Alipo, it is absolutely void, and it is not permissible under Sharia. " "But the stranger is the brother of the daisies, and they shall not meet," I said in a last attempt to get rid of my guilt. “It is,”

she said, “if you seek the truth.” I felt my knees trembling in that moment, how I was afraid of the apartment!

She tried to move the table, so I got up and carried her away, and I went back to my place. The distance between us became empty.. She took the hood off her head and her long dress, and stretched out her hand to take off the necklace. “No, leave it,” I said. She caved in without commenting, lying in bed. The explicit invitation increased my confusion. I needed something to make Alipo forget me and the whole world.

Meng was an intelligent woman who quickly understood what I was suffering from, approached me, and said, “There is no doubt that you need sleep, and there is only this bed in the room. “Come on!” That word, with its rhythm, its faint bell, and the content of its warm invitation, was enough to throw off all guilt. I lay next to her without any reaction. “It's not that long,” she said.

Does someone like me need more than this, what's happening to me?

She got up and blew out the candle, her shadow moved in the darkness like a wind that moved the curtain, some of the cold leaked with that movement, I lifted the lid over me. The wind was not cold, I stepped over my face warm, I smelled a heavy chrysanthemum that increased my heartbeat until I felt its beating in my ears. The naked shadow touched my body under the cover. Chrysanthemum breaths in my ears warm and dewy, my hand extended to the knots, I took out his soft petals, and spread them over her body. “The chrysanthemum gives itself to one who understands its language,” she whispered. I said, “And what is he saying at this moment?” “I wonder what you know,” she said. I said: "The knower asks, because he likes to have certainty from the spring." “The knower does not ask; certainty precedes and insight precedes sight,” she said.

I thought she was wearing a tunic, but when my fingers touched the waxy color that gave her body a wonderful wheat color, I discovered

that there was no tunic that I could remove! I felt the ivory color with more amazement. It was just like the tunic of the tiger's delicate nucleus. It has a soft and sexy texture. It opened at the abdomen to reveal a slight difference in color that the eye barely realizes, but my fingers realized the difference through the heat! The miraculous shape of her body was like that open tunic in the same way that the Creator created it when he wrapped the tamar kernel!

She said, "Wondering about the color and the thermal difference? It is the chrysanthemum juice that coated my body with a cold waxy color layer, and left that area fresh and hot.

Teyla wrote the sequel to what happened:

He was delirious of fever and alibu, dressing him in robes, purifying the fire with dry straws, boiling the water, and watering him with hot chrysanthemum soaked when he heard him whisper her name. His senses were all gathered in his ears until the beat of his heart, what does he hear? The stranger is talking about his wife. Alipo could not have dreamed of such a golden opportunity to glimpse the depths of his rival clearly and without feeling guilty, or being blamed. The stranger got himself into trouble and could not escape its disastrous results. Alipo had something that he quickly did, when the stranger woke up and recovered. They pulled the traveller, and went down from the mountains to Koli Yang.. The stranger dreams and Alibu awaits the right moment for revenge.

When they began to land in the middle of the torrent, Alipu delayed his horse, and let the stranger walk in front of him. The stranger turned for one time to measure with his eyes the distance between him and his opponent, and he saw his eyes shining with a suspicious look, the look of the malevolent knower. Could Alipu have discovered the truth? He did not have time to find the answer to his question. He felt his horse's foot sinking in the mud, and he felt it, repelling it, and growing on its front legs. The caution was not to save him, for Alipu was seeking to reach that moment to hurry his horse, and hit the rambunctious horse with the stick to give up carrying it.

The stranger fell to the ground, and the torrent pushed him into the belly of the valley. Alipu watched his fall until his body settled on the edge of a road far down the valley, and he was surrounded by a pile of stones pushed by the torrent in that direction. Alipu pulled the leash of the Persians, and marched towards the village.

He was sure that the stranger was dead, especially since the torrent did not have mercy on him, and the collapse at the edge of the mountain was great. Alipu did not realize that the stones did not kill him, but rather they were a reason to protect him from the terrible fall down, and they protected him for several days until the light passed through that valley, so they helped him, and carried him with them.

Abdulhay retired in his room for several days, during which I did not dare to ask him what he was doing all night. I was watching his lighted window, and I saw his ghost behind the window without moving. He ended his isolation after thirteen days, handed me rolls of paper and said to me, "Keep them in trust, they are for my daughters if fate wills and you meet them. In each roll of a hymn that tells them what I have suffered from the longing to see them, please tell them that I have never been a bad father, and that I have spent my life dying of longing to meet them. Please, Teyla, do not tell them what will happen to me after days, I feel that my end is near, let my image be beautiful in their minds as you know it, my sister of the soul. "

Convincing Marwa to help Fitnah escape was not difficult, we drew up a solid plan that we thought would inevitably work. Marwa was given a narcotic substance to put in the tea that the guards drank after dinner, and she had to steal the keys, and escort Fitnah to the borders of the village where Abdulhay is waiting for her in a taxi. But the plan failed, so it was not thought that there was a guard at the entrance to the village, who arrested Fitnah before she reached Abdulhay. Marwa ran away and came to me in panic and turmoil, and told me what happened, she had to leave the village for fear that the clan elder would kill her. I accompanied her to where Abdulhay was waiting, and told him what had happened.

That night it was snowing hard, the wind whistling, groaning, the trees falling to the ground. I asked Abdulhayy and Marwa to leave the village, but he refused. The driver apologized for transporting anyone, and said that the wind predicts a snowstorm that will block the roads within an hour, which means that he will get stuck in the

snow, and he will not be able to continue his way to Latakia. The road will be very dangerous from the bridge to the village of Al-Najiya.

We returned to the village, and Marwa ventured to stay with me. It was not until morning that we heard that Sheikh Nawaf called his nephew in Damascus, and told him that Fitnah was pregnant, that he was innocent of her, and that he left her to him.

The second night was heavier for 'Abdulhayy, he did not sleep, and he did not calm down. He was sure that he would soon die, but he would not give up sedition, would not let them slaughter her with her embryo, and run away.

He went to Sheikh Nawaf's house.. He got down on his knees in front of him, gave him his dagger, and said: "If you refuse to marry your daughter, kill me, and leave her free, she is my wife by God's law, and God testifies that we have not committed a sin. I implore you to spare her life and the life of my son, your grandson. "

Sheikh Nawaf did not respond, he challenged his dignity, he will not be able to forgive the stranger for trespassing on his home, kidnapping his daughter, and marrying her. He will not accept to have a grandson from someone who has no origin, just a shepherd who does not know where he came from. But when he grabbed the dagger, his hand trembled, and he asked him, "Where did you get this?" 'Abdulhayy said: "It is my dagger, Sheikh. My name is engraved on it, and it is also historical. I inherited it from my ancestors who were displaced from their cities, but they never forgot their origin. My mother, who inherited it from her father and grandfather, kept it and put it in my bag with bread when she released me to my fate before sniper bullets killed her in the war."

The sheikh looked at him, contemplated him, thought about his words, and his heart almost softened. The mind prevents him from committing such a crime, and this man standing in front of him deserves respect, not murder, not because of his history and origin,

but because of his magnanimity and manhood. But the arrival of his nephew at that moment and his screaming: "What are you waiting for, uncle? Haven't you killed him yet and washed your shame? " Note that.

He snatched the dagger from his uncle's hand, and planted it in Abdulhay's heart.

Screaming and wailing were everywhere. He entered his cousin, stabbed her in the chest, and stabbed her in the neck several times with the same dagger.

The women in the village gathered at the sound of screaming and crying, and they carried Fitnah, and took her out of the house in front of the eyes of her father and her cousin, who sat on the ground crying after he carried out his crime.

The women ran to me hoping that I would find a soul in her, and save her. They were right, and Fitnah was still fighting death. First I had to stop the bleeding, but it was almost impossible. I shouted to them, "Which one of you is the village midwife?". One of them stepped up and said, "I am." She looked into her eyes, and understood what she had to do. "Aren't you going to save her?" "Only God can," I said, "I'm going to save her baby."

I have never done such a miraculous work, the first time I held a scalpel in my hand, the first time I took a baby out of his mother's belly, the midwife did the job with me, I washed the baby, wrapped her in gauze, clamped her, and handed her to Marwa. Together, we sewed up the wounds of sedition, washed her tiny, slender body, and shrouded her. She gave up the soul when we cut the umbilical cord that binds her to her daughter. I looked into the midwife's eyes. "I will not tell anyone," she said confidently, "reassure me, there is a good light in the neighborhood, I will give her the baby to breastfeed her, take care of her, and protect her, and if she has to, she will take her

away from here." The infant wrapped in a wool cloak, and went out amid the preoccupation of women with saying goodbye to Fitnah.

The guards brought Abdulhay's body, and threw it in front of the house. The women in the village all sat around my house. I finished washing his body, shrouding him. I was alone, none of the men dared to come and help me, and the women were ashamed to see him naked. I was alone with him in a narrow room, his body cold, his skin very white and clear, his soul hovering around the wooden table, my fingers trembling. Within an hour, there was no house left in the whole village with a basil stick or a rose... Baskets full of rose, myrtle, basil, violet, daffodil, spike, fragrant, rosemary. It's full of water.

The women dug the tomb, put the two lovers inside it, and built on their coffins roses and dust. The tomb was decorated with a mound of ace and rose, and they braided violet wreaths, and placed them on the witness on which one of them wrote: "Here lies love, here two lovers rest from the noise of hatred. Here is Abdulhay and Fitnah, who started their lives on the night of February 14, 1975. "

On the third day of the funeral, she saw something strange, as the girls were all sitting in rows and they put small bags in front of them, then a medium-tall, heavy-moving brunette entered, sat in the chest of the room, and put in front of her a bowl containing a mixture of charcoal and butter, and another in it an eyeliner mixed with milk, and seven needles! I knew that a gypsi was doing tattoos for women, but I did not understand why she came with the work kit! The first girl who came forward from the gypsi revealed her forearm, and said, "I want it dark green." The gypsi smiled, and dipped the needle in the vase containing eyeliner mixed with milk, and began her work.

When it was over, I saw the tattoo, Abdulhay's dagger was bleeding the letters of his name!

The process of tattooing the village girls took days, the last girl who got the tattoo was me.. I was the only one who wanted a black tattoo,

the lighthouse dipped its needle in the charcoal jar mixed with butter, and it started working, the needle was pumping into his flesh cells, and I felt him breathing inside me. I wanted a tattoo that was distinctive from the rest of the girls, my tattoo that Abdul- hay carries to me every second, and with every breath he enters my lungs. I wanted it here in my veins, not in loyalty to the love story, nor in protest against the crime.. My reasons are too deep for me to comprehend. Hey, it's me.

The girls all decided not to marry, and to rebel against their parents who were silent about the crime, and did not prevent it from happening. Since that day, the "Ain al-Souda" has not taken off its mourning, and the tomb of 'Abdulhayy and' Fitnah has become a shrine for lovers, and its girls have remained single.

* * *

When I read what came in the hymns of 'Abdulhay, a thorn pricked me in my throat, and it was filled with tears. He forgot the linden!

Tela!

As I read this phrase, I remembered that there was a wrapped painting around which a green silk ribbon was carefully placed on the top shelf of the fortune-teller's library, surrounded on both sides by two small vessels with linden trees. I got up quickly, brought the scroll, opened it with a trembling hand, felt for a moment that I was sneaking at Teyla's secrets, but I quickly got rid of my sense of sin, as she did not hide the painting, but left it in the room that belonged to me. She wrote in a trembling handwriting:

(Come down from your high temple, O linden goddess

Take a grip from his footprint on the dirt

Spread it over mountain peaks and river water

He will collect his ashes, and return with the wind

You will know it when it rains linden blossom, and smell it deeply

He will be born in you, and will be with you forever).

Final act.

The End of Isolation

In order to live life, we do not need to retire from its tragedies. The world is wider than experience; and knowledge cannot be summarized in a book.

....

Teyla insisted that I take with me on two trips two escorts of my choice from the women of the village of the reserve, and I chose Yolande and Freesia[36].

The wind blew so hard that our steps made us slow. We could no longer face the storm. I turned my back to protect my face from the tingling of snow needles that began to fall quickly. The wind changed direction, and we started looking for depressions behind the stones to take shelter in until we reached the high area crowded with cypress and pine trees. The cave is not far away, it is in our sights, yet it was impossible to reach it as the storm intensified.

Physically Yolande was the strongest one among us, yet she retreated in front of the storm, squatting beside a rock holding the leash. “Can't you keep up?” She said, “On the contrary, the violet inside me is aware of the moment when I have to rest, the right moment for adventure, and the storming of the unknown.

Frisia was shivering like a butterfly as I searched inside for a reason for all this madness. At first I was seduced by the idea, convinced that having my own icon was worth the adventure, the challenge of the risks. But after we reached the edges of the plain, and the mountain

[36]- Cologne

was facing us, the idea turned into a confusing reality, even if it carried with it a beauty tempting to progress.

As the snow began to fall, it became almost crazy, as the wind predicted that the next storm would be devastating. So I shouted at the top of my voice, "Yolande, what do you say we go back?" But the wind swallowed the words, and Yolande did not understand what I said. Our voices were not reaching our ears. Vague murmurs is all I hear, it is the murmur of snow when he bets with the wind on penetrating and destroying the spirit of nature. Is it a conspiracy or a warning to me?

When I was able to reach the place where Yolande and Pharisee had taken refuge from the storm, I sat close to them on a small rock that I did not suspect that a human had passed through here, and he put it specially for me! It was under a pine tree whose long branches bent, formed an umbrella that carried snow, and left under it enough dry dirt to protect my body from the stinging of its harsh needles.

We did not sit long, we were afraid that the storm would intensify in a way that would prevent us from reaching the cave.

"Are we really going to find green jade stones in the Batcave?" There was no doubt at the moment. I knew in advance that the cave contained ancient antiquities. The excavation mission found statues belonging to the Iberian civilization, but I had never heard of the presence of jade stones inside it. I did not discuss my doubts with Tilla, but she said that she knew my thoughts. "We can't tell unless we try," Yolande thoughtfully said.

We arrived at the cave after harsh hours of struggle with the wind, the horses were tired, we tied them outside the cave, and we entered. When I set foot on its wet ground, I felt safe, the rocky cave is wide, and it has a calm beauty capable of reassuring the soul. Seventy meters from the entrance there were signs pointing the way to the mysterious halls. The cave was wide, and its temperature was moderate, with

many layers referring to an ancient time. We walked about eight hundred meters, we did not use a light bulb, the lighting is good, and everything is comfortable to look at.

As we entered the road, the place began to darken, the ceiling became closer to our heads, and the fragile stones moved when we leaned on them. And so fear began to shake my desire to move forward, so I said to Yolande, "What do you say we go back? Honestly, I'm starting to get scared. ”

“The stones haven't said their opinion yet, we're still safe,” Yolande said. I said, “What will the stones say? Do the stones speak?” She said, “My father used to work in a quarry, and he spent his life with granite, he used to tell me that stones speak, and sometimes they are silent, and they always carry a message. My father knows that stones have a language that only those who dealt with them understand. Therefore, he used to cut the stone from the middle, and his hand receives the sunrise, believing that the good hand is the one we find in the direction of sunrise, and it is able to make the stones speak, and give the best results, as long as we are in the belly of a cave, and there is no light, the stones will say their word. " I didn't comment on Yolande's words[37] because I thought she could understand the situation better than I could.

After half an hour, it became impossible to advance. Pharisee's foot was injured when she leaned against the wall, and stones the size of a palm fell from it. She sat down, wriggling in pain. “I'll wait for you here,” she said, “Keep going.” I was waiting for something like this to make me retreat, She looked into Yolande's eyes, She said, "If you insist on moving forward, I will accompany you, the decision is yours." “What did the stones say?” She was silent a little and I knew that she was looking for an answer that was not explicit, so I cut her off: "The stones said her opinion, she hit Pharisee's foot, and this is enough to

[37]- A foreign name, perhaps taken from Viola or Violet, which means violet flower, or from the Roman Odland, which means heritage snake, which is the symbol of the woman who reveals secrets.

keep us alive." Yolande sighed with relief, and Pharisee's arm lined up to help her walk.

When we reached the entrance to the cave we did not find the horses, and the Pharisaic horse was in poor condition. “Looks like it's the end,” she said. “Fear not,” Yolande replied, “I'll take you back to the reserve if I carry you on my back.” “You can't carry me,” Pharisee laughed, and Yolande insisted, “I can do it with the weight of a butterfly. I was carrying weights in my youth, and then the cows I raise, and I take care of them, are not enough to convince you that I can. ” Together we had a short laugh signifying confusion and anxiety.

Yolande came to the reserve from the countryside of Córdoba, a powerful and famous cowboy there. She lived her childhood with her father, and her mother did not know, so she was responsible for everything in the house from cleanliness, to cooking, to taking care of animals. When her father died, someone came to claim her debts, so she had to sell her cows and the farm, and she remained depressed for a long time, so it was not easy for her to find work. She found in the reserve her opportunity to regain her activity, fitness, and life. Her spirit was related to raising animals and cows in particular, and Teyla made her a full farm in the village of the reserve, assisted by dozens of women in raising animals, making milk, cheese, and butter, and selling surplus of them for the needs of the reserve. On her farm, you find all the pets you can think of, but the surprise among them is the presence of a strong deer that brings red deer in times of mating, and chooses the owner of the huge horns, our deer poverty indicates that he will have a strong healthy offspring.

On the way back, the snow was flooding the corpse of a red deer, Yolande stopped, and contemplated it sadly, and said: "The raisers will wrestle over his corpse, and also the foxes will ask for him." I asked her, are there foxes here? “As long as the wind whistles,” she said, “there will be foxes on the ground, and hunger will bring them.”

Until that moment I could only hear voices coming from my body, my ears completely closed.

When we reached the slope, our steps began to slow down, we have two options. Either continue to walk and be exposed to the danger of slipping, or stay in the protection of the pine forest until the storm subsides. I chose to stay, and Yolande insisted on continuing to walk, because Pharisee needs treatment, and we only have painkillers and herbs, and her swollen feet need plaster. I told Yolande I couldn't go back unless I got my stones, and I made my icon.

I was not as afraid of loneliness in my life as I am now, an hour after Yolande and Pharisee left, it was evening. I lit some branches, and I put the cloak that Teyla gave me on my shoulder! Then I covered my entire body with it. The cloak touched the ground and wrapped my body twice. It is a Dagestani cloak made of wool weighing six kilograms, the upper part of which is made of long hair and the lower part of short hair. It is the cloak that is not affected by bullets, or the sword, and protects its owner from death! The cloak had no buttons; it was designed to dislocate quickly if its owner was attacked.

It was only a matter of minutes until I felt completely isolated from the outside weather. The cloak had a mysterious charm as if it were a warm womb. I could no longer hear my inner voices. I was just floating among amazing clouds.

When I woke up in the morning, I was sure that Teyla had set a trap for me. There are no green stones in the Bats' cave to get and make my icon out of. These stones are not found in Spain, but in Latin America, China, and some other countries. So, Teyla sent me on a final trial to have the certainty of managing the reserve afterwards. It is certainty that will give me the reasons for happiness, and protect me from the fluctuation of passions, not jade stones.

I got up and continued walking, skipping the hedgehog flowers hidden under a thin membrane of snow... The wind is less severe

than yesterday, but it has become gentle, and the clouds gradually began to appear after the snow stopped falling. There were slight sounds touching my ears while walking, the sound of my steps on the snow, the sounds of birds, and a sound coming from my bag! She stopped walking, sat under a cypress tree, lit a fire, and made a little tea. The warmth was in my veins and my soul, so I kept walking.

All I fear is that I will have to give up my bag, which has become heavy, and it has begun to hinder my steps, and my back hurts. The wind began to whisper to me. I can hear it well and it sounds more like a flute, a harp coming from my back vertebrae and fingers. Suddenly, I found myself heading to the other end of the mountain, attracted by the kura music that emanated from the sides of the mountain, accompanied by a fast and strong rhythm. Oxygen started pumping into my veins, I breathed deeply. The third time, the inhalation was filled with violets, and my ears opened to the tremendous melody that overwhelmed the bustle of the wind, and enveloped the isolation of the mountains with an aura of light. The snow became just a magnificent view at the high peaks, the trees became denser and closer, and the dust became dry and soft...

I sat under a huge pine tree on whose branches the mountain goat was hanging quietly eating as if my presence meant nothing to her. The music sounded closer. I did not know that he was leading me to the dusty, narrow road that I entered a year ago on February 14th, and it was a full moon!

When I reached the top, I did not cross the same road. The rhythm of the music led me to another side. When I took it, I supervised a wide plain crossed by a train track, with simple houses scattered around it. On the side of the hill there was an African girl and a man sitting by a fireplace in front of a simple hut, she plays the harp, and he sets the rhythm for the draw! His slender arms were moving so fast that from afar they looked like flying wings!

Something in its strange shape snatched my heart, I could not determine whether it was the long white beard, or the grey hair flying with the wind?

But I didn't stop. Before I reached the plain, his voice reached me, he was singing in a hoarse, knurled voice interrupted by the sharpness of a strong clemency and cough, a song about a defeated lover who was broken by love, and whose heart took the death of his child before he saw it, so he raved on his face in the cities, carrying his pictures of his glory days to stick them on the walls, promising his audience a special party that he will hold with his dancing mistress who died of wounds and fractures after a painful accident!

The golden[38] yellow canola covered the spring prophecy, drawing my attention to the presence of horses there. Yolande's horse and mine! I landed quickly, I did not stop to contemplate the wondrous beauty of the spring flower. The horses were running after a charming white horse. I stopped hundreds of meters away to contemplate the unique scene.

I took off my long-legged shoes, thick wool socks, and stepped on the violets with my bare feet as a first attempt to have the certainty that my father, who dived into all the spectrums of flowers, and lay in the middle of a hill, wanted me to face life, not isolation. I passed the fields of daffodils, and lilies. I filled my lungs with the unique fragrance in the air, and continued to walk my father's path!

My horse raised his head, and I listened, he stopped chewing the grass, I slowly advanced from him, when I started facing him he looked at me with a silliness, I wiped his head, and hugged him to me. Wipe me and be niggardly. She bit off the delicious canola leaves, and gave him her flowers. He carried me on his back, and flew me.

[38]The yellow spring flowers known in our country eat their leaves, which resemble horseradish leaves in their pungent taste, and can be minced with salad. Popularly known as "Al Khreijleh".

His whistling had no echo, and the wind did not stand in his face, she cleared her chest, and the valley descended at full speed.

The last time I turned back to say goodbye to the peaks of the mountains, I saw a horse on the top of the mountain mounted by a woman wearing an Amazigh cloak, and I shouted from the depths "Jehan!"... Not a moment passed until I saw another shadow of a horse carrying a woman in a red dress. My heart beat, "It's Nasreen." Before I turned around, a woman wrapped her head in a green scarf.. It's Jullanar!

The wind was echoing Teyla's last words, which she wrote down in her book "The Book of Shadow":

It was time for me to leave the village. This time, not in search of my father, but for the light that disappeared with Teyla, and she did not tell anyone about her destination!

I used to see her in the dream coming out of a snowstorm, and she comes to me with the icon of Abdulhayy, a small dagger inscribed with his name attached to a golden chain in her neck, it is Teyla, the daughter of Amber and Abdulhayy.

I am the fruit of that dead love born on the fourteenth of February from my dead mother's womb, that pain that was "cutting" my guts, the pain of my leaving her womb before my body was fully developed.

The icon of Teyla, who gave it to me before I left the reserve, touched a chain of gold with a small dagger of green jade with the name of Abdulhay and Teyla on it! I held her between my fingers, and kissed her. My father did not leave me a hymn like my sisters, perhaps because he left me the essence of his soul, the essence of perfume.

I hid my head in the neck of the horse, and closed my eyes to the image of a man from the perfume of touching my back lightly, I knew that he was behind me and if my eyes did not see him, I had the certainty that the broken senses were also able to feel beauty!

Turkey/ Antioch, Istanbul/

September 2017

List of Works by author

1. Dead Roots (2001) Short story collection (Suad Al-Sabah Publishing House: Kuwait) (Winner of the first prize of the Suad Al-Sabah Competition)

2. Jabal Al-Summaq – Part I: Souk Al-Haddadin (2004) Novel (Dar Fussilat: Aleppo)

3. Women Without Cooing (2012) Short story collection (Rewayah Publishing House: Riyadh) (Winner of the first prize of Laha website Competition)

4. Memory of Ashes (2006) Novel (Dar Al-Hiwar: Lattakia)

5. Jabal Al-Summaq – Part II: Exit to Al-Tayyah (2007) Novel (Dar Al-Awam: Damascus) (Winner of the First Prize of the Al-Mazra'a Competition).

6. Al-Miraj (2008) Novel (Dar Al-Awam: Damascus)

7. Ain Al-Shams (2010) Novel (Arab House of Science: Beirut). (The novel that entered the long list of the Arab Booker Prize 2010).

8. The Seduction of Water (2011) Novel (Arab House of Science: Beirut)

9. Woman in the Haq (2013) Short story collection (Nova Plus House: Kuwait)

10. Cities of Al-Yamam (2014) Novel (Arab Book Library: Cairo)

11. Lamar (2015) Novel (Arab Book Library: Cairo)

12. Cadmium Curse (2016) Novel (House of Novels: Sharjah)

13. 24th Street North (2017) Novel (Dar Daffaf: Beirut)

14. The Shadow Book (2019) Novel (General Egyptian Book Organization: Cairo)

15. Stairway to Heaven (2019) Novel (Hamad House: Qatar)

16. White Shirts (2020) Novel (Mosaic House: Istanbul)

17. Daughters of Lahloha (2021) Novel (Arab Science Publishers for Culture: Sharjah)

18. Caligulain Damascus (2022) Novel (Maysaloun House: Istanbul)

19. Lilav "Dry Ice" (2023) Novel (Mosaic House: Istanbul)

THE SHADOW BOOK

IBTISAM TRAYCY

I do not advise you to read this novel, not even to flip its pages. Leave it aside if you can't live in it with all your names and senses, even the hidden ones. Let the carnations, the jullanar, the javelin, the jouri, the violet, the lavender, and the rest of the rose creatures in the gardens of words, and touch them not if your senses are all swarming with their highest longings for pleasure. How? This is the same as the rose in you, it will lead you in the way of the perfume that you came from, or that you are abandoned by, and it will open the door wide for you until you see yourself, and see others in you. Rather, you will hear, smell, touch, and taste the call of nature as well, and realize that you have been healed of the ego as much as you woke up to that call.

It is a warm aesthetic experience to which this novel invites you, in which the spiritual is clashed with the lustful, the sensual with the abstract, the real with the imaginary, and the realistic with the miraculous, in which narrative, poetry, painting, dance, music, gastronomy, decoration, cosmetology, fashion, perfumery and the cultivation of lusts are clashed... An aesthetic experience that addresses all the senses, filling them with joy and the meanings of the soul.

As for how Ibtisam Traycy was able to combine all this into one novel, this is the same as the roses in her, as they are what led her in the path of the fragrance from which she came, and in which she lives in reality and legend at the same time.

Juan Alado

9 781291 624847

Jidar
Culture & Publishing